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S.T. 17472

TRAGEDIES AND COMEDIES COLLECTED INTO ONE VOLVME.

Viz.

1. *Antonio and Mellida.*
2. *Antonio's Revenge.*
3. *The Tragedie of Sophonisba.*
4. *What you Will.*
5. *The Fawne.*
6. *The Dutch Courtezan.*



LONDON,
Printed by A. M. for William Sheares,
at the Harrow in Brittaines Burſſe.

I 6 3 3.

To the Reader.

As for the factious malice, and studied detractions of some few that tread in the same path with mee, let all know, I most easily neglect them, and (carelessly slumbering to their vicious endeavours) smile heartily at their selfe-hurting baseness. My bosome friend good *Epictetus* makes mee easily to contemne all such mens malice; since other mens tongues are not within my teeth, why should I hope to governe them? For mine owne interest for once let this be printed, that of men of my owne addition, I love most, pittie some, hate none: For let mee truly say it, I once onely loved my selfe, for loving them; and surely I shall ever rest so constant to my first affection, that let their ungentle combinings, discourteous whisperings, never so treacherously labour to undermine my unoffended reputation, I shall (as long as I have being) love the least of their graces, and onely pittie the greatest of their vices.

And now to kill envy, know you that affect to bee the only minions of *Phœbus*, I am not so blushlesly ambitious as to hope to gaine any the least supreamie eminencie among you; I affect not onely the *Euge tuum*, &c. *Belle!* tis not my fashion to thinke no writer vertuously confident, that is not swellingly impudent. Nor doe I labour to bee held the onely spirit, whose Poems may be thought worthy to be kept in Cedar chests.

*Heliconidasque Pallidamq; Pyrenen,
Illis relinquo, quorum imagines lambunt
Hederae sequaces.* Pers.

He that pursues fame, shall for mee without any rivall have breath enough; I esteeme felicity to bee more solid contentment, onely let it be lawfull for mee with unaffected modesty, and full thought, to end boldly with that of *persius*.

*Ipse semipaganus
Ad sacra vaturn carmen affera nostrum.*



THE HISTORY OF ANTONIO and MELLIDA.

The first Part.

INDUCTION.

Enter Galeatzo, Picro, Alberto, Antonio, Forobosco, Balurdo, Matzagente, and Feliche, with parts in their hands : having cloakes cast over their apparell.

Galeatzo.



Some first, come : the Musique will sound
straight for entrance. Are ye ready, are
ye perfect ?

Pier. Faith, we can say our parts : but
wee are ignorant in what mould wee
must cast our Actors.

Albert. Whom doe you personate ?

Pier. *Piero*, Duke of Venice.

Alb. O, ho : then thus frame your exterior shape,
To hautie forme of elate majesty ?
As if you held the palse shaking head
Of reeling chance, under your fortunes belt,
In strictest vassalage : grow big in thought,
As swolne with glory of successefull armes.

Pic. If that be all, feare not, Ile ture it right.
Who can not be proud, stroak up the haire, and strut ?

Al. Truth : such ranke custome is growne popular ;

B

And

The first part of

And now the vulgar fashion strides as wide,
And stalkes as proud, upon the weakest stilts
Of the slight'st fortunes, as if *Hercules*,
Or burly *Atlas* shouldred up their state.

Pie. Good: but whom act you?

Alb. The necessity of the play forceth mee to act two parts; *Andrugio*, the distressed Duke of *Genoa*, and *Alberto*, a *Venetian* gentleman, enamoured on the Lady *Rossaline*: whose fortunes being too weake to sustaine the port of her, he prov'd alwayes disastrous in loue: his worth being much underpoised by the vneuen scale, that currants all things by the outward stamp of opinion.

Gal. Well, and what dost thou play?

Ba. The part of all the world.

Alb. The part of all the world? What's that?

Ba. The foole. I in good deed law now, I play *Balardo*, a wealthy mountbanking *Burgomasto's* heire of *Venice*.

Alb. Ha, ha: one, whose foppish nature might seeme great, onely for wise mens recreation; and like a Iuicelle barke, to preserue the sap of more strenuous spirits. A servile hound, that loues the sent of forerunning fashion, like an empty hallow vault; still giving an eccho to wit: greedily championing what any other well valued judgement had beforehand shew'd.

Foro. Ha, ha, ha: tolerably good, good faith sweet wag.

Alb. Vmh, why tolerably good, good faith sweete wag? Goe, goe; you flatter me.

Foro. Right; I but dispose my speech to the habit of my part.

Alb. Why, what playes he? *To Feliche*.

Fe. The wolfe that eats into the breast of Princes, that breeds the Lethargie and falling sicknesse in honour: makes Iustice looke asquint, and blinds the eye of merited reward from viewing desertfull vertue.

Alb.

Antonio and Mellida.

Alb. What's all this Periphrasis ? ha ?

Fe. The substance of a supple-chapt flatterer.

Alb. O, doth hee play *Forobosco*, the Parasite ? Good
Ifaith. Sirrah, you must seeme now as glib and straight
in outward resemblance, as a Ladies buske ; though in-
wardly, as crosse as a paire of Taylors legs : having
a tongue as nimble as his needle, with servile patches of
glavering flattery, to stitch up the bracks of unworthi-
ly honoured.

Fe. I warrant you, I warrant you, you shall see mee
proue the very Perewig to cover the bald pate of braine-
lesse gentility.

Ho. I will so tickle the sense of *bella gratiosa madonna*,
with the titillation of Hyperbolicall praise, that Ile
strike it in the nick, in the very nick, chuck.

Fel. Thou promisest more, than I hope any Spectator
giues faith of performance : but why looke you so
duskie ? ha ?

To Antonio.

Ant. I was never worse fitted since the nativity of my
Actorship : I shall bee hilt at, on my life now.

Fel. Why, what must you play ?

Ant. Faith, I know not what : an Hermaphrodite ;
two parts in one : my true person being *Antonio*, sonne
to the Duke of *Genoa* ; though for the loue of *Mellida*,
Pieros daughter, I take this fained presence of an *Ama-
zon*, calling my selfe *Florizell*, and I know not what. I
a voice to play a Lady ! I shall neere doe it.

Al. O, an *Amazon* should haue such a voice, *virago*-
like. Not play two parts in one ? away, away : 'tis com-
mon fashon. Nay if you cannot beare two subtle fronts
under one hood, Ideot goe by, goe by ; off this worlds
stage. O times impurity !

An. I, but when use hath taught mee action, to hit
the right poynt of a Ladies part, I shall grow ignorant
when I must turne young Prince againe, how but to
traffe my hose.

The first part of

Fe. Tush never put them off: for women weare the breeches still.

Mat. By the bright honour of a *Millanoise*, and the resplendent fulgor of this Steele, I will defend the feminine to death; and ding his spirit to the verge of hell, that dares divulge a Ladies prejudice. *Exit Ant. & Al.*

Fel. Rampum scrampum, mount tustie *Tamburlaine*. What ratling thunder-clap breakes from his lips?

Alb. O, 'tis native to his part. For, acting a moderne *Bragadoch*, under the person of *Matzagente*, the Duke of *Millaines* sonne, it may seeme to suite with good fashion of coherence.

Pie. But me thinkes hee speakes with a spruce Attick accent of adulterate Spanish.

Al. So 'tis resolv'd. For *Millane* being halfe Spanish, halfe high Dutch, and halfe Italians, the blood of chiefest houses, is corrupt and mungrel'd: so that you shall see a fellow vaine-glorious for a Spaniard; gluttonous for a Dutchman; proud for an Italian, and a fantasticke Ideot for all. Such a one conceit this *Matzagenti*.

Fe. But I haue a part allotted me, which I haue neither able apprehension to conceit, nor what I conceit gracious ability to utter.

Gal. Whoop, in the old cut? good shew us a draught of thy spirit.

Fel. Tis steady, and must seeme so impregnablely fortified with his owne content, that no envious thought could ever invade his spirit: never surveying any man so unmeasuredly happy, whom I thought not justly hateful for some true impoverishment: never beholding any favour of *Madam Felicity* gracing another, which his well bounded content perswaded not to hang in the front of his owne fortune: and therefore as farre from envying any man, as hee valued all men infinitely distant from accomplisht beatitude. These native adjuncts appropriate to mee the name of *Fellicbe*. But last, good thy

Antonio and Mellida.

thy humour.

Exit Alberto.

An. Tis to be describ'd by signes and tokens. For unlesse I were possesst with a legion of spirits, 'tis impossible to be made perspicuous by any utterance: For sometimes hee must take austere state, as for the person of *Geleatzo*; the sonne of the Duke of *Florence*, and possesse his exteriour presence with a formall majestie: keepe popularitie in distance, and on the sudden sling his honour so prodigally into a common Arme, that he may seeme to giue up his indiscretion to the mercy of vulgar censure: Now as solemne as a Travailor, and as graue as a Puritanes ruffe: with the same breath as slight and scattered in his fashion as as as a a any thing. Now, as sweet and neat as a Barbours casting-bottle; straight as slovenly as the yeasty breast of an Ale-knight: now, lamenting: then chafing: straight laughing: then

Feli. What then?

An. Faith I know not what: 'tad beene a right part for *Proteus* or *Gem*: ho, blind *Gem* would ha den't rarely, rarely.

Feli. I feare it is not possible to limme so many persons in so small a tablet as the compasse of our playes afford.

Anto. Right: therefore I haue heard that those persons, as hee and you *Feliche*, that are but slightly drawen in this Comedie, should receiue more exact accomplishment in a second Part: which, if this obtaine gracious acceptance, meanes to try his fortune.

Feli. Peace, here comes the Prologue, cleare the Stage.

Exeunt.

The first part of

The Prologue.

THe wreath of pleasure, and delicious sweets,
Begirt the gentle front of this faire troope :
Select, and most respected Auditours,
For wits sake doe not dreame of miracles.
Alas, wee shall but falter, if you lay
The least sad waight of an vnus'd hope,
Vpon our weakenesse : onely we giue up
The worthlesse present of slight idlenesse,
To your authentick censure ; O that our Muse
Had those abstruse and synewy faculties,
That with a straine of fresh invention,
She might presse out the raritie of Art ;
The pur'st elixed joyce of rich conceit,
In your attentine eares ; that with the lip
Of gracious elocution, we might drinke
A sound carouse unto your health of wit.
But O, the heauy drineffe of her braine,
Foile to your fertile spirits, is asham'd
To breath her blushing numbers to such eares :
Yet (most ingenious) deigne to vaile our wants :
With sleeke acceptance, polish these rude Sceanes :
And if our slightnesse your large hope beguiles,
Cheek not with bended brow, but dimpled smiles.

Exit Prologue.

ACT.

Antonio and Mellida.

ACTVS PRIMVS.

The Cornets sound a battle within.

Enter Antonio, disguised like an Amazon

An. HEART, wilt not breake ! and thou abhorred life
Wilt thou still breath in my enraged blood ?
Vaines, sinewes, arteries, why crack yee not ?
Burst and diuul'st, with anguish of my grieve.
Can man by no meanes cteepe out of himselfe,
And leaue the slough of viperous grieve behind ?
Antonio, hast thou seene a fight at Sea,
As horrid as the hideous day of doome ;
Betwixt thy father, Duke of *Genoa*,
And proud *Piero*, the *Venetian* Prince ?
In which the Sea hath swolne with *Genoa's* blood,
And made spring tydes with the warme reeking gore,
That gusht from out our Gallies scupper holes ;
In which thy father, poore *Andrugio*,
Lies sunck, or leapt into the armes of chance,
Choakt with the laboring Oceans brackish some ;
Who even, despite *Pieros* cancred hate,
Would with an armed hand haue seiz'd thy loue,
And linkt thee to the beaurious *Mellida*.
Haue I outliu'd the death of all these hopes ?
Haue I felt anguish pourd into my heart,
Burning like *Balsamum* in tender wounds ;
And yet dost liue ! could not the fretting Sea
Haue rowl'd mee up in wrinkles of his brow ?
Is death growen coy ? or grim confusion nice ?
That it will not accompany a wretch,
But I must needs be cast on *Venice* shoare ?
And try new fortunes with this strange disguise ?
To purchase my adored *Mellida*.

The first part of

The Cornets sound a flourish : cease.

Harke how *Piero's* triumphs beat the ayre,
Orugged mischiefe how thou grat'st my heart !
Take spirit, blood, disguise, be confident :
Make a firme stand, here rests the hope of all,
Lower then hell there is no depth to fall.

*The Cornets sound a Synner : Enter Feliche and Alb^{erto},
Castillo and Ferobosco, a Page carrying a shield : pie-
ro in Armour : Catzo and Dildo and Balurdo : All
these (saving Piero) armed with petronels : Being
entred, they make a stand in divided foyles.*

Piero. Victorious fortune, with triumphant hand,
Hurleth my glory 'bout this ball of earth,
Whil'st the *Venetian Duke* is heaved up
On wings of faire successe, to over-looke
The low cast ruines of his enemies,
To see my selfe ador'd, and *Genoa* quake.
My fate is firmer then mischance can shake.

Feli. Stand, the ground trembleth,

Piero. Hah ? an earth-quake ?

Bal. Oh, I smell a sound.

Feli. *Piero* stay, for I descry a fume,
Creeping from out the bosome of the deepe,
The breath of darkenesse, fatall when 'tis whist
In greatnesse stomacke : this same smoake call'd pride,
Take heed shee'le lift thee to improvidence,
And breake thy necke from steepe security,
Shee'le make thee grudge to let *Iehoua* share
In thy successefull battailes : O, she's ominous,
Inticeth Princes to devoure heaven,
Swallow omnipotence, out-stare dread fate,
Subdue *Eternitie* in Giant thought,
Heavens up their hurt with swelling, puffed conceit,
Till their soules burst with venom'd *Arrogance*.

Be-

Antonio and Mellida.

Beware *piero*, Rome it selfe hath tryed,
Confusions traine blowes up this *Babell* pride.

Pier. Pish, *Dimitto superos, summa voto um attigi.*

Alberto. Hast thou yeelded up our fixt decree
Vnto the *Genean* Embassadour?
Are they content if that their Duke returne,
To send his, and his sonne *Antonios* head,
As pledges steapt in blood, to gaine their peace?

Alb. With most obsequious, sleek-brow'd intertainc,
They all embrace it as most gracious.

Pier. Are Proclamations sent through *Italy*,
That whosoever brings *Andrugios* head,
Or young *Anthionios*, shall be guerdoned
With twenty thousand double Pistolets,
And be indeered to *Pieros* loue?

Ferob. They are sent every way: sound policy.
Sweete Lord.

Fel. Confusion to these limber Sycophants.
No sooner mischief's borne in regency,
But flattery christens it with policy.

Pier. Why then: *O me Celitum excelsissimum!*
The intestine malice, and inveterate hate
I alwayes bore to that *Andrugio*,
Glories in triumph ore his misery:
Nor shall that carpet-boy *Antonio*
Match with my daughter, sweet cheeke *Mellida*.
No, the publick power makes my faction strong.

Fel. Il, when publick power strengthneth priuate wrong.

Pie. Tis horse-like, not for man, to know his force.

Fel. Tis god-like, for a man to feele remorse.

Pie. Pish, I prosecute my families revenge,
Which Ile pursue with such a burning chase
Till I haue dry'd up all *Andrugios* blood;
Weake rage, that with slight pitie is withstood.

The Cornets sound a flourish.

What meanes that fresh triumphall flourish sound?

Alb.

The first part of

Alb. The Prince of *Milane*, and young *Florence* heire
Approach to gratulate your victory.

Pie. Weele girt them with an ample waste of loue ;
Conduct them to our presence royally.
Let vollies of the great Artillery
From of our gallies banks play prodigall, (mouths.
And sound lowd welcome from their bellowing

Exit Piero tantum.

*The Cornets sound a Cynet. Enter aboue. Mellida, Rossa-
line and Flavia : Enter below, Galeatzo with atten-
dants : Piero meeteth him, embraceth ; at which the
Cornets sound a flourish : Piero and Galeatzo exeunt :
the rest stand still.*

Mell. What Prince was that passed through my fa-
thers guard ?

Fla. Twas *Galeatzo*, the young *Florentine*.

Ros. Troth, one that will besiege thy maidenhead,
Enter the wals I faith (sweet *Mellida*)
If that thy flankers be not Canon prooffe.

Mell. Oh *Mary Ambree*, good, thy judgement wench ;
Thy bright elections cleere, what will hee proue ?

Ros. Hath a short finger and a naked chinne ;
A skipping eye, dare lay my judgement (faith)
His loue is glibbery ; there's no hold on't, wench :
Giue me a husband whose aspect is firme,
A full cheekt gallant, with a bouncing thigh :
Oh, he is the *Paradizo dell madonne contento*.

Mell. Even such a one was my *Antonio*.

The Cornets sound a Cynet.

Ros. By my nine and thirtieth servant (sweete)
Thou art in loue, but stand on tiptoed faire,
Here comes Saint *Tristram Tirlery whiffe* I faith.

Enter

Antonio and Mellida.

Enter Matragente, Piero meets him, embraceth; at which the Cornets sound a flourish: they two stand, using seeming complements, whilst the Sceaue passeth aboue.

Mell. S. Marke, S. Marke, what kind of thing appears?

Ross. For fancies passion, spit upon him; high:
His face is varnisht, in the name of loue,
What countrey bred that creature?

Mell. What is hee *Flauia*?

Fla. The heire of *Millane*, *Segnior Matragent*.

Ross. *Matragent*? now by my pleasures hope,
He is made like a tilting staffe; and lookes
For all the world like an ore-rosted pig:
A great *Tobacco* taker too, that's flat.
For his eyes looke as if they had beene hung
In the smoake of his nose.

Mell. What husband, will hee proue sweete *Rossaline*?

Ross. Avoyd him: for hee hath a dwindled legge,
A low forehead, and a thinne cole-black beard,
And will be jealous too, beleeue it sweete:
For his chin sweats, and hath a gander neck,
A thinne lip, and a little monkish eye:
Pretious, what a slender waste hee hath!
Hee lookes like a May-pole, or a notched stick:
Heele snap in two at every little straine.
Giue me a husband that will fill mine armes,
Of steddie judgement, quicke and nimble sense:
Fooles relish not a Ladies excellence.

Exeunt all on the lower Stage: at which the Cornets sound a flourish, and a peale of shot is given.

Mell. The tryumph's ended, but looke *Rossaline*,
What gloomy soule in strange accustrements

Walkes

The first part of

Walkes on the pavement.

Ross. Good sweete lets to her, prece thee *Mellida*.

Mell. How covetous thou art of novelties!

Ross. Pish, tis our nature to desire things
That are thought strangers to the common cut.

Mell. I am exceeding willing, but ———

Ross. But what? prece the goe downe, lets see her face:
God send that neither wit nor beauty wants
Those tempting sweets, affections. Adamants. *Exeunt.*

Anto. Come downe, she comes like: O, no Simile
Is pretious, choyce, or elegant enough

To illustrate her descent: leape heart, shee comes,
She comes: smile heaven, and softest Southern wind
Kisse her cheeke gently with perfumed breath.

She comes: Creations puritie, admir'd,

Ador'd, amazing raritie, shee comes.

O now *Antonio* presse thy spirit forth

In following passion, knit thy senses close,

Heape up thy powers, double all thy man.

Enter Mellida, Rossaline, and Flavia.

She comes. O how her eyes dart wonder on my heart!
Mount blood, soule to my lips tast *Hebes* cup:
Stand firme on decke, when beauties close fight's up.

Mell. Lady, your strange habit doth beget
Our pregnant thoughts, even great of much desire,
To be acquaint with your condition.

Ross. Good sweete Lady, without more ceremonies,
What countrey claimes your birth, and sweet your name?

Anto. In hope your bounty will extend it selfe,
In selfe same nature of faire curtesie,
Ile shunne all nicenesse; my nam's *Florizell*,
My countrey *Scythia*, I am *Amazon*,
Cast on this shore by furie of the Sea.

Ross. Nay faith, sweete creature, wee le not vaile our
names.

Antonio and Mellida.

It pleas'd the Font to dip mee *Rossaline* :
That Lady beares the name of *Mellida*,
The Duke of *Venice* daughter.

Anto. Madam, I am oblig'd to kisse your hand,
By imposition of a now dead man.

To Mellida kissing her hand.

Ross. Now by my troth, I long beyond all thought,
To know the man ; syweet beauty deigne his name.

Anto. Lady, the circumstance is tedious.

Ross. Troth not a whit ; good faire, lets haue it all :
I loue not, I, to haue a jot left out,
If the tale come from a lov'd Orator.

Anto. Vouchsafe mee then your hush : observances.
Vehement in pursaite of strange novelties,
After long travaile through the *Asian* Maines,
I shipt my hopefull thoughts for *Britany* ;
Longing to view great natures miracle,
The glory of our sex, whose fame doth strike
Remotest eares with adoration.

Sayling some two moneths with inconstant winds,
Wee view'd the glistering *Venetian* forts ;
To which wee made : when loe, some three leagues off,
VVee might descry a horrid spectacle ;
The issue of blacke fury strow'd the Sea,
VVith tattered carcasses of splitted ships,
Halfe sinking, burning, floating, topsie turvy.
Not farte from these sad ruines of fell rage,
VVee might behold a creature presse the waues ;
Senselesse hee sprauld, all notch't with gaping wounds
To him wee made, and (short) wee tooke him up ;
The first word that hee spake, was *Mellida* ;
And then hee swoounded.

Mell. Aye mee !

Anto. VVhy sigh you faire ?

Ross.

The first part of

Ross. Nothing but little humours : good sweet, on.

Anto. His wounds being drest, and life recovered,
We can discourse ; when loe, the Sea grew mad,
His bowels rumbling with wind passion,
Straight swarthy darknesse popt out *Phæbus* eye.
And blurd the jocund face of bright cheekt day ;
Whilst crudl'd fogges masked even darkenesse brow :
Heaven bad's good night, and the rocks groan'd
At the intestine uprore of the Maine.

Now gusty flawes strooke up the very heeles
Of our maine mast, whilst the keene lightning shot
Through the blacke bowels of the quaking ayre :
Straight chops a waue, and in his slistred panch
Downe fals our ship, and there hee breaks his neck :
Which in an instant up was belkt againe.

When thus this martyred soule began to sigh ;

“ Giue me your hand (quoth he) now doe you graspe

“ Th'vnequall mirror of ragg'd misery :

“ Is't not a horrid storme? O, wel shapt sweet, (wounds,

“ Could your quicke eye strike through these gashed

“ You should behold a heart, a heart, faire creature,

“ Raging more wilde then is this franticke Sea.

“ Wolt doe me a favour, if thou chance surviue?

“ But visit *Venice*, kisse the pretious white

“ Of my most ; nay all all Epithires are base

“ To attribute to gracious *Mellida* :

“ Tell her the spirit of *Antonio*

“ Wissheth his last gaspe breath'd upon her breast.

Ross. Why weepes soft hearted *Florissell*?

Ant. Alas, the flintie rocks groand at his plaints.

Tell her (quoth he) that her obdurate fire
Hath crackt his bosome ; therewithall hee wept,
And thus sigh on. The Sea is mercifull ;
Looke how it gapes to bury all my grieve :
Well, thou shalt haue it, thou shalt bee his tombe :
My faith in my loue liue ; in thee, dye woe,

Antonio and Mellida

Dye unmatched anguish, dye *Antonio* :
With that hee tottered from the reeling decke,
And downe hee sunke.

Ross. Pleasures body, what makes my Lady weepe ?

Mell. Nothing sweete *Rossaline*, but the ayer's sharpe.
My fathers Palace, Madam will be proud
To entertaine your presence, if youle daine
To make repose within. Aye me!

Ant. Lady our fashion is not curious.

Ross. Faith all the nobler, tis more generous.

Mell. Shall I then know how fortune fell at last,
VVhat succour came, or what strange fate insew'd.

Ant. Most willingly : but this same Court is vast,
And publike to the staring multitude.

Ross. Sweet Lady, nay good sweet, now by my troth
VVeele bee bedfellowes : durt on complement froth.

Exeunt ; Rossaline giving Antonio the way.

ACTVS SECVNDVS.

Enter Catzo (with a Capon) eating, Dildo following him.

Dil. **H**AH *Catzo*, your master wants a cleane trencher : doe you heare ?

Bulurdo calls for your diminutiue attendance.

Catz. The belly hath no eares *Dildo*.

Dil. Good pugge giue me some capon.

Catz. No capon, no not a bit yee smooth bully ; capon's no meat for *Dildo* : milke, milke, yee glibbery Vrchin is food for infants.

Dil. Vpon mine honour.

Catz. Your honor with a paugh^dflid, now every Iack an Apes loads his backe with the golden coat of honour ; every Assie puts on the Lyons skinn and roars his honour

The first part of

honour, upon your honour. By my Ladies pantable ; I feare I shall liue to heare a Vintners boy cry ; tis rich neat Canary upon my honour.

Dil. My stomack's up.

Cat. I thinke thou art hungry.

Dil. The match of fury is lighted, fastned to the linstock of rage, and will presently set fire to the touch-hole of intemperance, discharging the double Coulevering of my incensement in the face of thy opprobrious speech.

Cat. Ile stop the barrell thus ; good *Dildo*, set not fire to the touch-hole.

Dil. My rage is stopt, and I will eate to the health of the foole thy master *Castilio*.

Cat. And I will suck the juyce of the Capon, to the health of the Idiot thy master *Balurdo*.

Dil. Faith, our masters are like a case of Rapiers sheathed in one scabberd of folly.

Cat. Right dutch blades. But was't not rare sport at the Sea-battle, whilst rounce robble hobble board from the ship sides, to view our masters pluck their plumes and drop their featners, for feare of being men of marke.

Di. Slud (cryd *Signior Balurdo*) O for *Don Bessiclers* armour, in the Mirror of Knighthood ; what coil's here ? O for an armour, Canon prooffe ; O, more cable, more featherbeds, more featherbeds, more cable, till hee had as much as my cable hatband, to fence him.

Enter Flavia in haste with a rebato.

Cat. Buxome *Flavia* : can you sing ? song, song.

Fla. My sweete *Dildo*, I am not for you at this time ; Madam *Rossaline* stayeres for a fresh ruffe to appeare in the presence ; sweete away.

Dil. Twill not be so put off, delicate, delicious, sparke eyed, sleek skind, slender wasted, clean legd, rarely shap't.

Fla.

Antonio and Mellida.

Fla. Who ; Ile be at all your service another season :
nay faith ther's reason in all things.

Dil. Would I were reason then, that I might be in all
things.

Car. The breefe and the semiquaver is , we must haue
the descant you made upon our names, ere you depart.

Fla. Faith, the song will seeme to come off hardly.

Car. Broth not a whit , if you seeme to come off
quickly.

Fla. Peart *Car.*o, knock it lustily then.

CANTANT.

*Enter Forobosco , with two torches : Castilio singing
fantastically : Rossaline running a Caranto pafe, and
Balurdo : Feliche following, wondring at them all.*

Foro. Make place gentlemen ; pages , hold torches,
the Prince approacheth the presence.

Dil. What squeaking cart-wheeles haue we here ? ha ?
Make place gentlemen, pages hold torches, the Prince ap-
proacheth the presence.

Ross. Faugh , what a strong sent's here , some body
vseth to weare socks.

Bal. By this faire candle-light, tis not my feet, I never
wore socks since I suckt pappe.

Ross. Savourly put off.

Cast. Hah, her wit stings, blisters, galls off the skinne
with the tart acrimony of her sharpe quicknesse : by
sweetnesse , shee is the very *Pallas* that flew out of *Iupi-*
ters braynepan. Delicious creature, vouchsafe mee your
service : by the purity of bounty, I shall be proud of such
bondage.

Ross. I vouchsafe it, bee my slaue. *Signior Balurdo,*
wilt thou bee my servant too ?

The first part of

Bal. O God: forsooth in very good earnest law, you wold make me as a man should say, as a man should say.

Fel. Slud sweet beauty, will you daigne him your service?

Ros. O, your foole is your only servant. But good *Feliche*, why art thou so sad? A pennie for thy thought, man.

Fel. I sell not my thought so cheape: I valew my meditation at a higher rate.

Bal. In good sober sadnesse, sweet mistris, you should haue had my thought for a penny: by this crimson Satten that cost eleven shillings, thirteene pence, three pence, halfe pennie a yard, that you should, law.

Ros. What was thy thought, good servant?

Bol. Marry forsooth, how many strike of pease would feed a hog fat against Christide.

Ros. Paugh; servant rub out my rheume, it soyles the presence.

Cast. By my wealthiest thought, you grace my shooe with an unmeasured honour: I will preserue the soale of it as a most sacred Relique for this service.

Ros. Ile spit in thy mouth, and thou wilt, to grace thee.

Felich. O that the stomacke of this queasie age Digests, or brookes such raw unseasoned gobs,
And vomits not them forth! O slavish sots.
Servant quoth you? faugh: if a dog should craue
And beg her service, he should haue it straight:
Shee'd giue him favours too, to licke her feet,
Or fetch her fanne, or some such drudgery:
A good dogs office, which these Amorists
Triumph of: 'tis rare, well giue her more Affe,
More sot, as long as dropping of her nose
Is sworne rich pearle by such low slaues as those.

Ros. *Flavia*, attend me to attire mee.

Exit Rosaline and Flavia.

Balur.

Antonio and Mellida.

Batur. In sad good earnest, Sir, you haue touch'd the very bare of naked truth; my silke stocking hath a good gloss; and I thanke my Planets, my legge is not altogether unpropitiously shap'd. There's a word: unpropitiously? I thinke I shall speake unpropitiously as well as any Courtier in Italy.

Foro. So helpe mee your sweet bounty, you haue the most gracefull presence, applausiue elecuty, amazing volubilitie, polisht adoration, delicious affabilitie.

Feli. Whoop: sut how hee tickles yon trowt under the gills! you shall see him take him by and by with groping flattery.

Forob. That ever ravisht the eare of wonder. By your sweet selfe; then whom I know not a more exquisite, illustrate, accomplished, pure, respected, ador'd, observed, precious, reall, magnanimous, bounteous: If you haue an idle rich cast Ierkin; or so, it shall not bee cast away, if; hah? heeres a forehead, an eye, a head, a haire, that would make a —: or if you haue any spare paire of silver spurres, Ile doe you as much right in all kinde offices.

Feli. Of a kinde Parasite.

Forob. As any of my meane Fortunes shall bee able to—

Batur. As I am true Christian now, thou hast wonne the spurres.

Feli. For flattery.

O how I hate that same Egyptian house;
A rotten maggot, that liues by stinking filth
Of tainted spirits: vengeance to such dogs,
That sprout by gnawing senselesse carrion.

Enter Alberto.

Alber. Gallants, saw you my Mistresse, the Lady *Rossaline*?

Foro. My Mistresse, the Ladie *Rossaline* left the presence euen now.

The first part of

Cast. My mistresse, the Lady *Rossaline*, vvithdrevv her gracious aspect even now.

Balur. My mistresse, the Lady *Rossaline* vvithdrevv her gracious aspect even novv.

Felich. Well said eccho.

Alb. My mistresse, and his mistresse, & your mistresse, and the dogs mistresse: pretious deare heaven, that *Alberro* liues, to haue such rivals.

Slid I haue beene searching every private roome,

Corner, and secret angle of the court:

And yet, and yet, and yet shee liues conceal'd.

Good svete *Feliche*, tell mee hovv to find

My bright face mistresse out.

Fel. VVhy man, cry out for lanthorne and candle-light. For tis your onely vvay, to find your bright flaming vvench, vvith your light burning torch: for most commonly, these light creatures liue in darkenesse.

Alb. Away you heretike, youle be burnt for —

Fel. Goe, you amorous hound, follow the sent of your mistresse shooc; away.

Foro. Make a faire presence, boyes, advanee your lights:

The Princesse makes approach.

Bal. And please the gods, now in very good deed law, you shall see me trickle the measures for the heavens. Doe my hangers shew?

Enter Piero, Antonio, Mellida, Rossaline, Galeatzo, Matragente, Alberto, and Flauia. As they enter, Feliche & Castilio make a ranke for the Duke to passe through. Forobosco ushers the Duke to his state: then whilst Piero speaketh his first speecch, Mellida is taken by Galeatzo and Matragente, to daunce; they supporting her: Rossaline, in like manner by Alberto and Balurdo: Flauia, by Feliche and Castilio.

Antonio and Mellida.

pic. Beautilous Amazon, sit, and seat your thoughts
In the repose of most soft content.
Sound musicke there. Nay daughter, cleare your eyes,
From these dull fogs of misty discontent :
Looke sprightly girl. What ? though *Antonio's* drown'd,
That peevish dotard on thy excellence,
That hated issue of *Andrugio* :
Yet maist thou triumph in my victories ;
Since, loe, the high borne bloods of Italy
Sue for thy seate of loue. *Let musique sound.*
Beauty and youth run descant on loues ground.

Matz. Lady, erect your gracious symmerry :
Shine in the spheare of sweete affection :
Your eye as heaue, as the heart of night.

Mell. My thoughts are as blacke as your beard, my
fortunes as ill proportioned as your legs ; and all the
powers of my mind, as leaden as your wit, and as dustie
as your face is swarthy.

Gal. Faith sweete, Ile lay thee on the lips for that jest.

Mell. I prece thee intrude not on a dead mans right.

Gal. No, but the livings just possession.
Thy lips, and loue are mine.

Mell. You nere tooke seizin on them yet : forbear :
There's not a vacant corner of my heart,
But all is filld with dead *Antonios* losse.

Then urge no more ; O leaue to loue at all ;
Tis lesse disgracefull, not to mount, then fall.

Mat. Bright and refulgent Lady, daine your eare :
You see this blade, had it a courtly lip,
It would divulge my valour, plead my loue,
Iustle that skipping feeble amorist
Out of your loues seate ; I am *Matz* agent.

Gal. Harke thee, I pray thee taint not thy sweete
care

With that sots gabble : By thy beautilous cheeke,
Hee is the flaggingst bulrush that ere droopt

The first part of

With each slight mist of raine. But with pleas'd eye
Smile on my courtship.

Mell. What said you sir? alas my thought was fixt
Vpon another object. Good forbear:

I shall but weepe. Aye me, what bootes a teare!

Come, come, lets daunce. O musicke thou distill'st

More sweetnesse in us then this jarring world:

Both time and measure from thy straines doe breath,

Whilst from the channell of this durt doth flow

Nothing but timelesse griefe, unmeasured woe.

Anto. O how impatience cramps my cracked veins,

And cruddles thicke my blood, with boyling rage:

O eyes, why leape you not like thunder bolts,

Or canon bullets in my rivals face;

O me infeliche misero, o lamenteuol fato!

Alber. What meanes the Lady fall upon the ground?

Ross. Belike the falling sicknes. (wilde:

Anto. I cannot brooke this sight, my thoughts grow
Here lies a wretch, on whom heaven never smilde.

Ross. What servant, neere a word, and I here man?

I would shoot some speech forth, to strike the time

With pleasing touch of amorous complement.

Say sweete, what keepes thy mind, what think'st thou on?

Alb. Nothing.

Ross. Whats that nothing?

Alb. A womans constancie.

Ross. Good, why, would'st thou haue us flats, and ne-
uer shift the vesture of our thoughts? Away for shame.

Alb. O no, thart too constant to afflict my heart,

Too too firme fixed in unmoved scorne.

Ross. Fish, pish; I fixed in unmoved scorne?

Why, Ile loue thee to night.

Alb. But whom to morrow?

Ross. Faith, as the toy puts me in the head.

Bal. And pleased the marble heavens, now would I
might be the toy, to put you in the head, kindly to con-

Antonio and Mellida.

cept my my my : pray you giue in an Epithite for loue.

Fel. Roaring, roaring.

O loue thou hast murdred me, made me a shadow,
and you heare not *Balardo* but *Balardos* ghost.

Ross. Can a ghost speake ?

Bal. Scurvily, as I doe.

Ross. And walke ?

Bal. After their fashon.

Ross. And eate apples ?

Bal. In a sort, in their garbe.

Fel. Pree thee *Flauia* by my mistresse.

Fla. Your reason, good *Feliche* ?

Fel. Faith, I haue nineteene mistresses already, and I
not much disdeigne that thou should'st make up the full
score.

Fla. Oh, I heare you make common places of your
mistresses, to performe the office of memory by. Pray
you, in ancient times were not those fatten hose ? In
good faith, now they are new dyed, pinkt and scoured,
they shew as well as if they were new.

What, mute *Balardo* ?

Fel. I in faith, and twere not for printing, and pain-
ting, my breech, and your face would bee out of repa-
ration.

Bal. I, an faith, and twere not for printing and pain-
ting, my breech, and your face would bee out of repa-
ration.

Fel. Good againe, Echo.

Fla. Thou art by nature, too foule to be affected.

Fel. And thou, by Art, too faire to bee beloved.

By wits life, most sparke spirits, but hard chance.

La ty dine.

Pie. Gallants, the night growes old ; & downy sleepe
Courts us, to entertaine his company :

Our tyred limbes, bruis'd in the morning fight,
Intreat soft rest, and gentle husht repose.

The first part of

Fill out Greeke wines ; prepare fresh cressit-light :
Weele haue a banquet : Princes, then good night.

*The Corners sound a Synnet, and the Duke goes out in
state. As they are going out, Antonio stayes Mellida:
the rest Excunt.*

(you ?
Ant. What meanes these scattred looks? why tremble
Why quake your thoughts in your distracted eyes?
Collect your spirits, Madam; what doe you see?
Dost not behold a ghost?
Look, looke where he stalks, wrapt up in clouds of griefe,
Darting his soule vpon thy wondring eyes:
Looke, he comes towards thee; see, he stretcheth out
His wretched armes to girt thy loved waste,
With a most wisht embrace: see'st him not yet?
Nor yet? Ha *Mellida*, thou well mayst erre:
For looke, hee walkes not like *Antonio*:
Like that *Antonio*, that this morning shone
In glistring habilliments of Armes,
To seize his loue, spight of her fathers spight:
But like himselfe, wretched, and miserable,
Banisht, forlorne, despairing, strook quite through
With sinking griefe, rowld up in seven-fold doubles
Of plagues, vanquishable: harke he speakes to thee.

Mell. Alas, I cannot heare, nor see him.

Ant. Why? all this night about the roome he stalkt,
And groan'd, and howl'd, with raging passion,
To view his loue (life blood of all his hopes,
Crowne of his fortunes) clipt by strangers armes.
Looke but behinde thee.

Mell. O *Antonio*; my Lord, my Loue, my—

Ant. Leaue passion, sweet; for time, place, ayre & earth
Are all our foes: feare, and be jealous; faire,
Let's flie.

Mell. Deare heart; ha, whither?

Ant. O

Antonio and Mellida.

Anto. O, tis no matter whether, but let's fly.

Ha ! now I thinke on't, I haue nere a home :

No father, friend, no countrey to imbrace

These wretched limbs : the world, the All that is,

Is all my foe : a Prince not worth a doite :

Onely my head is hoyfed to high rate,

Worth twenty thousand double Pistolets,

To him that can but strike it from these shoulders.

But come sweet Creature, thou shalt be my home,

My father, countrey, riches, and my friend :

My all, my soule, and thou and I will liue :

(Let's thinke like what) and thou and I will live

Like unmatched mirrors of calamity.

The jealous eare of night eave-drops our talke.

Hold thee, theres a jewell ; and look thee, theres a note,

That will direct thee when, where, how to fly :

Bid me adieu.

Mell. Farewell bleak misery.

Anto. Stay sweet, lets kisse before you goe.

Mell. Farewell deare soule.

Anto. Farewell my life, my heart.

ACT V S. TERTIVS.

*Enter Andrugio in armour, Lucio with a shepheard's gonne
in his hand, and a Page.*

An. IS not yon gleam, the shuddering morne that flakes,
With silver tincture, the East vierge of heaven ?

Lu. I thinke it is, so please your excellence.

And. Away, I haue no excellence to please.

Prithce observe the custome of the world ;

That onely flatters greatnesse, States exalts,

And please my excellence. O *Lucio* !

Thou hast bin ever held respected deare,

Even

The first part of

Even precious to *Andrugios* inmost loue.
Good, flatter not. Nay, if thou giv'st not faith
That I am wretched, O read that, read that.

PIERO SFORZA to the Italian Princes, fortune.

Excellent, the just overthrowe, *Andrugio* tooke in
the Venetian Gulfe, hath so assured the Genowayes
of the justice of his cause, and the hatefulnessse of his
person, that they haue banisht him and all his Family: and,
for confirmation of their peace with vs, haue vowed, that
if hee, or his sonne can bee attached, to send vs both their
heads. Wee therefore, by force of our united League, for-
bid you to harbour him, or his blood: but if you apprehend
his person, wee intreat you to send him, or his head to vs.
For wee vowe by the honour of our blood, to recompence any
man that bringeth his head, with twentie thousand double
pistolets, and the indeering to our choysest loue.

From Venice, PIERO SFORZA.

And. My thoughts are fixt in contemplation
Why this huge earth, this monstrous animall,
That eats her children, should not haue eyes and eares.
Philosophy maintaines that Nature's wise,
And formes no uselesse or unperfect thing.
Did Nature make the earth, or the earth Nature?
For earthly durt makes all things, makes the man,
Moulds me up honour; and like a cunning Dutchman,
Paints me a puppit even with seeming breath,
And giues a sot appearance of a soule.
Goe to, goe to; thou liest Philosophie,
Nature formes things unperfect, uselesse, vaine.
Why made she not the earth with eyes and eares?
That she might see desert, and heare mens plaints:

That

Antonio and Mellida.

That when a soule is splitted, sunke with griefe,
Hee might fall thus upon the breast of earth,
And in her eare, hallow his misery,
Exclaiming thus : O thou all-bearing Earth,
Which men doe gape for, till thou cramst their mouthes,
And choakst their throats with dust: O chaune thy brest,
And let me sinke into thee. Looke who knocks ;
Andrugio calls. But O, shee's deafe and blinde.
A wretch, but leane reliefe on earth can finde.

Lu. Sweet Lord, abandon passion, and disarme.
Since by the fortune of the tumbling sea,
We are rowll'd up upon the *Venice* Marsh,
Let's clip all fortune, lest more lowring fate—

And. More lowring fate ? O *Lucio*, choak that breath.
Now I defie chance. Fortunes brow hath frown'd,
Even to the utmost wrinkle it can bend :
Her venom's spit. Alas, what countrey rests,
What sonne, what comfort that she can depriue ?
Triumphes not *Venice* in my overthrow ?
Gapes not my natie countrey for my bloud ?
Lies not my sonne tomb'd in the swelling maine ?
And in more lowring fate ? There's nothing left
Vnto *Andrugio*, but *Andrugio* :
And that nor mischiefe, force, distresse, nor hell can take
Fortune my fortunes, not my mind shall shake.

Lu. Speak like your selfe: but giue me leaue my Lord,
To wish your safety. If you are but seene,
Your Armes display you ; therefore put them off,
And take —

And. Would't haue me go unarm'd among my foes ?
Being besieg'd by passion, entring lists,
To combate with despaire and mightie griefe :
My soule beleaguerd with the crushing strength
Of sharpe impatience. Ha *Lucio*, goe vnarm'd ?
Come soule, resume the valour of thy birth;
My selfe, my selfe will dare all opposites :

The first part of

Ile muster forces, an unvanquish't power :
Cornets of horse shall presse th'ungratefull earth,
This hollow wombed masse shall inly grone,
And murmur to sustaine the waight of armes :
Gastly amazement, with vpstart haire,
Shall hurry on before, and usher us,
Whil'st trumpets clamour with a sound of death.

Lu. Peace good my Lord, your speech is all too light.
Alas, survey your fortunes, looke what's left
Of all your forces, and your utmost hopes,
A weake old man, a Page, and your poore selfe.

And. *Andrugio* lues, and a faire cause of armes,
Why that's an army all invincible.
He, who hath that, hath a battalion
Royall, armour of prooffe, huge troupes of barbed Steeds,
Maine squares of pikes, millions of harguebush.
O, a faire cause stands firme, and will abide :
Legions of Angels fight upon her side.

Lu. Then, noble spirit, slide in strange disguise
Vnto some gracious Prince, and sojourne there,
Till time and fortune give revenge firme meanes.

And. No, Ile not trust the honour of a man :
Gold is growne great, and makes *perfidiousnesse*
A common waiter in most Princes Courts :
He's in the Chekle-roule : Ile not trust my blood :
I know none breathing but will cog a dye
For twenty thousand double Pistolets.
How goes the time ?

Lu. I saw no Sunne to day.

And. No Sun wil shine where poore *Andrugio* breaths,
My soule growes heavy, boy let's haue a song :
Weele sing yet, faith, even in despite of fate.

CANTANT.

And. Tis a good boy, and by my troth well sung.

O, and

Antonio and Mellida.

O, and thou felt'st my griefe, I warrant thee,
Thou would'st have strooke division to the height,
And made the life of musick breath : hold boy : why so?
For Gods sake call me not *Andrugio*,
That I may soone forget what I haue been.
For heavens name, name not *Antonio*,
That I may not remember he was mine.
Well, ere yon Sunne set, Ile shew my selfe my selfe,
Worthy my blood. I was a Duke, that's all.
No matter whether, but from whence we fall. *exunt.*

Enter Feliche walking, unbrac'd.

Fe. Castilio, Alberto, Balardo, none up?
Forobosco? Flattery, nor thou up yet?
Then there's no Courtier stirring, that's firme truth :
I cannot sleepe, *Feliche* seldom rests
In these court lodgings. I have walk'd all night,
To see if the nocturnall court delights
Could force me envy their felicity :
And by plaine troth, I will confesse plaine troth,
I envy nothing but the Travense light.
O, had it eyes, and cares, and tongues, it might
See sport, heare speech of most strange surquedries.
O, if that candle-light were made a Poet,
He would prove a rare firking Satyrist,
And draw the core forth of impostum'd sinne.
Well, I thanke heaven yet, that my content
Can envy nothing, but poore candle-light.
As for the other glistering copper spangs,
That glister in the tyre of the court,
Praise God, I either hate, or pitty them.
Well, here Ile sleepe, till that the sceane of up
Is past at Court. O calme husht rich content,
Is there a being blessednesse without thee?
How soft thou down'st the couch where thou dost rest,
Nectar to life, thou sweet Ambrosian feast.

Enter

The first part of

Enter Castilio and his Page, Castilio with a casting bottle of sweete water in his hand, sprinkling himselfe.

Cast. Am not I a most sweet youth now ?

Cat. Yes, when your throt's perfum'd, your very words Doe smell of Amber-greece. Oh stay sir, stay, Sprinkle some sweet wyater to your shooes heeles, That your Mistris may sweare you have a sweet foot.

Cast. Good, very good, very passing good.

Fel. Fut, what trebble minikin squeakes there, ha ? good, very good, very very good ?

Cast. I will warble to the delicious concave of my Mistrisse eare, and strike her thoughts with the pleasing touch of my voyce.

CANTANT.

Cast. *Feliche*, health, fortune, mirth, and wine,

Fel. To thee my love diuine.

Cast. I drinke to thee, sweeting.

Fel. Plague on thee for an Ass.

Cast. Now thou hast scene the Court, by the perfection of it, dost not envy it ?

Fel. I wonder it doth not envy me.

Why man, I have been borne upon the spirits wings;

The soules swift *Pegasus*, the phantasie :

And from the height of contemplation,

Have view'd the feeble joynts men totter on.

I envy none ; but hate, or pitty all.

For when I view, with an intentive thought,

That creature faire, but proud ; him rich, but sot :

The other witty, but unmeasured arrogant ;

Him great, yet boundlesse in ambition :

Him high-borne, but of base life : t'other fear'd,

Yet feared feares, and feares most, to be most loved :

Him wise, but made a foole for publike use :

The

Antonio and Mellida.

The other learn'd, but selfe-opinionate.
When I discourse all these, and see my selfe
Nor faire, nor rich, nor witty, great, nor fear'd :
Yet amply suted with all full content :
Lord, how I clap my hands, and smooth my brow,
Rubbing my quiet bosome, tossing up
A gratefull spirit to omnipotence !

Cast. Ha, ha : but if thou knew'st my happinesse,
Thou wouldst even grate away thy soule to dust,
In envy of my sweet beatitude :
I cannot sleep for kisses : I cannot rest
For Ladies letters, that importune me
With such unused vehemence of love,
Straight to sollicite them, that—

Fel. Confusion seize me, but I thinke thou lyeest.
Why should I not be sought to then as well ?
Fut, me thinkes, I am as like a man.
Troth, I have a good head of haire, a checke,
Not as yet wan'd ; a leg, faith, in the full :
I ha not a red beard, take not Tobacco much :
And S'lid, for other parts of manlinesse——

Cast. Pew waw, you nere courted them in pompe :
Put your good parts in presence, graciously.
Ha, and you had, why they would ha come off, sprung
To your armes, and su'd, and pray'd, and vow'd ;
And open'd all their sweetnesse to your love.

Fel. There are a number of such things, as then
I have often urg'd me to such loose beliefe :
But s'lid you all doe lie, you all doe lie.
I have put on good clothes, and smugg'd my face,
Tooke a faire wench with a smart speaking eye :
Courtred in all sorts, blunt, and passionate ;
Had opportunity, put them to the ah :
And by this light I find them wondrous chaste,
Impregnable, perchance a kisse, or so ;
But for the rest, O most inexorable.

The first part of

Cast. Nay then ifaith,prithee looke here.

Shewes him the superscription of a seeming Letter.

Fel. To her most esteemed, loued, and generous servant,
Sig. Castilio Balthazar.

Prthee from whom comes this? faith I must see.

*From her that is devoted to thee in most priuate sweetes of
love, Rossaline.*

Nay, god's my comfort, I must see the rest,
I must, *sans ceremonie*, faith I must.

Feliche takes away the Letter by force.

Cast. O, you spoile my Ruffe, unset my hayre: good
away.

Fel. Item for straight canvas, thirteene pence halfe-
penny. Item for an ell and a halfe of taffata to couer your
old canvas doublet, fourteene shillings and three pence.
S'light, this is a Taylors bill.

Cast. In sooth it is the outside of her letter, on which
I tooke the copy of a Taylors bill.

Dil. But tis not crost, I am sure of that. Lord have
mercy on him, his credite hath given up the last gaspe.
Faith Ile leaue him, for hee lookes as melancholly as a
wench the first night she— *exit.*

Fel. Honest musk-eod, twill not bee so stitched toge-
ther, take that, and that, and bely no Ladies loue: sweare
no more by Iesu, this Madam, that Lady: hence, goe,
for sweare the presence, travaile three yeares to bury this
bastinado: avoyde, puffe-past, avoyde.

Cast. And tell not my Lady mother. VVell, as I am
a true gentleman, if she had not wild me on her blessing,
not to spoyle my face, if I could not finde in my heart
to fight, would I might nere eate a Potatoe Pye
more.

Enter

The first part of

I may see when I sleepe, whether tis so, or not; take heed you lye not: goe to, take heed you lye not.

Fla. By my troth, you looke as like the Princeesse, now I, but her lip is lip is a little redder, a very little redder: but by the helpe of Art, or Nature, ere I change my perewigge, mine shall be as red

Bal. O, I, that face, that eye, that smile, that writhing of your body, that wanton dandling of your fan, becomes prethely, so sweetly, tis even the goodest Lady that breaths, the most amiable Faith the fringe of your sattin peticote is ript. Good faith Madam, they say you are the most bounteous Lady to your women, that ever O most delicious beautie! Good Madame let me kith it.

Enter Piero.

Fel. Rare sport, rare sport: A female foole, and a female flatterer.

Ross. Body a me, the Duke: away the glasse.

Pie. Take up your paper, *Rossaline*.

Ross. Not mine, my Lord.

Pie. Not yours, my Lady? Ile see what tis.

Bal. And how does my sweete mistresse? O Lady deare, even as tis an old say, Tis an old horse that can neither wighy, nor wagge his taile: even so doe I hold my set face still: euen so, tis a bad courtier that can neither discourse, nor blow his nose.

Pie. Meet me at *Abrahams*, the Iewes, where I bought my Amazon disguise. A shippe lies in the port, ready bound for England; make haste, come private.

Enter Castilio, Forobosco.

Antonio, Forobosco, Alberto, Feliche, Castilio, Balardo?
run, keepe the Palace, post to the ports, goe to my daughters

Antonio and Mellida.

ters chamber: whither now? scud to the Jewes, stay,
run to the gates, stop the gundolers, let none passe the
marth, doe all at once. *Antonio*? his head, his head.
Keepe you the Court, the rest stand still, or runne, or goe,
or shout, or search, or scud, or call, or hang, or doe doe
doe, su su su, something: I know not who who who,
what I doe doe doe, nor who who who, where I am.

*O trista tradirriche, rea, ribalda fortuna,
Negando mi vindetta mi causa fera morte.*

Fel. Ha ha ha, I could breake my spleene at his im-
patience:

Anto. *Alma 6^a gratiosa fortuna siate fauorevole,
Et fortunati siano vuoti del mia dulce Mellida, Mel-
lida.*

Mel. Alas *Antonio*, I haue lost thy note.
A number mount my staires; Ile straight returne.

Fel. Antonio,
Bee not affright, sweete Prince; appease thy feare,
Buckle thy spirits up, put all thy wits
In wimble action, or thou art surpris'd.

Anto. I care not.

Fel. Art mad, or desperate? or

Anto. Both, both, all, all: I prece thee let me lye;
Spight of you all, I can, and I will dye.

Fel. You are distraught; O, this is madnesse breath.

Ant. Each man take hence life, but no man death:
Hee's a good fellow, and keepes open house:
A thousand thousand wayes lead to his gate,
To his wide mouth'd porch: when niggard life
Hath but one little, little wicket through.
Wee wring our selues into this wretched world,
To pule, and weepe, exclaime, to curse and raile,
To fret, and ban the fates, to strike the earth
As I doe now. *Antonio* curse thy birth,
And dye.

The first part of

Fel. Nay, heaven's my comfort, now you are perverse ;
You know I alwayes lov'd you ; pree thee liue.
Wilt thou strike dead thy friends , draw mourning
teares.

An. Alas *Feliche*, I ha nere a friend ;
No countrey, father, brother, kinsman left
To weepe my fate, or sigh my funerall :
I roule but up and downe, and fill a seat
In the darke caue of dusky misery.

Fel. Fore heaven, the Duke comes : hold you, take my
key.

Slinke to my chamber, looke you ; that is it :
There shall you find a suite I wore at Sea :
Take it, and slip away. Nay, pretious,
If youle be peevisish, by this light, Ile sweare,
Thou rayl'dst upon thy loue before thou dyedst,
And call'd her strumpet.

Ant. Sheele not credit thee.

Fel. Tut, that's all one : Ile defame thy loue ;
And make thy dead trunke held in vile regard.

Ant. Wilt needs haue it so ? why then *Antonio*,
Vive speranza, in despetto del fato.

Enter Piero, Galeatzo, Matzagente, Forobosco, Balur-
do, and Castilio, with weapons.

Pie. O, my sweet Princes, was't not brauely found ?
Even there I found the note, even there it lay.
I kisse the place for joy, that there it lay.
This way hee went, here let us make a stand :
Ile keepe this gate my selfe : O gallant youth !
Ile drinke carouse unto your countries health,

Enter Antonio.

Even in *Antonio's* scull.

Ball. Lord blesse us : his breath is more fearefull then
a Ser-

Antonio and Mellida.

a Sergeants voice, when hee cryes ; I arrest.

Ant. Stop *Antonio*, keepe, keepe *Antonio*.

Pie. Where, where man, where ?

Ant. Heere, heere : let mee pursue him downe the marsh.

Pie. Hold, there's my signet, take a gundelet :
Bring me his head, his head, and by mine honour,
Ile make thee the wealthiest Mariner that breathes.

Anto. Ile sweate my blood out, till I haue him safe.

Pie. Speake heartily I faith, good Mariner.

O, wee will mount in triumph : soone at night,
Ile set his head up. Lets thinke where.

Bal. Vpon his shoulders, that's the fittest place for
it. If it bee not as fit as if it were made for them ; say
Balurdo, thou art a sot, an Ass.

Enter Mellida in Pages attire, dauncing.

Pie. Sprightly I faith. In troth he's somewhat like
My daughter *Mellida* : but alas poore soule,
Her honours heeles, God knowes, are halfe so light.

Mel. Escap't I am, spite of my fathers spight.

Pie. Ho, this will warme my bosome ere I sleepe.

Enter Flavia running.

Fla. O my Lord, your daughter.

Pie. I, I, my daughter's safe enough, I warrant thee.
This vengeance on the boy will lengthen out
My dayes unmeasuredly.

It shall bee chronicled, time to come ;

Piero Sforza slew *Andrugio's* sonne.

Fla. I, but my Lord your daughter.

Pie. I, I, my good wench, shee is safe enough.

Fla. O, then my Lord, you know she's run away.

Pie. Run away, away, how run away ?

The first part of

Fla. She's vanish'd in an instant, none knows whither
Pie. Pursue, pursue, fly, run, post, scud away.

Feliche singing, And was not good King Salomon.

Fly, call, runne, row, ride, cry, shout, hurry, hast;
Hast, hurry, shout, cry, ride, row, runne, call, fly
Backward and forward, every way about.

Maldetta fortuna chy condura sorta

Che faro, che duro, pur fugir tanto mal!

Cast. T was you that strook me even now, was it not?

Fel. It was I that strooke you even now,

Cast. You bastinadoed me, I take it.

Fel. I bastinadoed you, and you tooke it.

Cast. Faith sir, I have the richest Tobacco in the court
for you, I would bee glad to make you satisfaction, if I
have wronged you. I would not the Sun should set upon
your anger, give me your hand.

Fel. Content faith, so thou'lt breed no more such lies.
I hate not man, but mans lewd qualities.

ACT V S Q V A R T V S.

Enter Antonio, in his Sea gowne, running.

Ant. Stop, stop *Antonio*, stay *Antonio*.

Vaine breath, vaine breath, *Antonio's* lost,
He cannot finde himselfe, nor seize himselfe.

Alas, this that you see, is not *Antonio*,

His spirit hovers in *Piero's* court,

Hurling about his agill faculties,

To apprehend the sight of *Melida*.

But poore, poore soule, wanting apt instruments

To speake or see, stands dumbe and blinde, sad spirit,

Roul'd up in gloomy clouds as blacke as ayre,

Through which the rusty Coach of Night is drawne;

Tis

Antonio and Mellida.

Tis so, Ile give you instance that tis so.
Conceipt you me. As having claspt a rose
Within my palme, the rose being tane away,
My hand retaines a little breath of sweet :
So may mans trunk, his spirit slipt away,
Hold still a faint perfume of his sweet ghest.
Tis so ; for when discursive powers fly out,
And come in progresse through the bounds of heaven,
The soule it selfe gallops along with them,
As chieftaine of this winged troupe of thought,
Whil'st the dull lodge of spirit standeth wast,
Vntill the soule returne from—— VWhat was't I said ?
O, this is nought but speckling melancholly.
I have beene——

That *Morpheus* tender skin—— Cosen-germane
Beare with me good——

Mellida : clod upon clod thus fall.

Hell is beneath, yet heaven is over all.

Enter Andrugio, Lucio, Cole, and Norwood.

And Come *Lucio*, let's goe eate, what hast thou got ?
Rootes, rootes ? alas, they are seeded, new cut up.

O, thou hast wronged Nature, *Lucio* :

But bootes not much, thou but pursu'st the world,

That cuts off vertue 'fore it comes to growth,

Lest it should seed, and so ore-run her sonne,

Dull pur-blind errour. Give me water, boy.

There is no poyson in't I hope, they say

That lukes in massie plate : and yet the earth

Is so infected with a generall plague,

That he's most wise, that thinkes there's no man foole :

Right prudent that esteemes no creature just :

Great policy the least things to mistrust.

Give me Assay— How we mocke greatnesse now ?

Lu. A strong conceipt is rich, so most men deeme :
If not to be, tis comfort yet to seeme.

The first part of

And. VVhy man, I never was a Prince till now.
Tis not the bared pate, the bended knees,
Guilt Tipstaues, Tyrian purple, chaires of State,
Troopes of pide butterflies, that flutter still
In Greatnesse Summer, that confirme a Prince :
Tis not the unsavory breath of multitudes,
Shouting and clapping, with confused dinne,
That makes a Prince. No *Lucio*, hee's a King,
A true right King, that dares doe ought, saue wrong,
Feares nothing mortall, but to be unjust;
VVho is not blowne up with the flattering pusses
Of spungie Sycophants: Who stands unmoou'd,
Despight the jussling of opinion :
VVho can enjoy himselfe, maugre the throng
That strue to presse his quiet out of him :
VVho sits upon *Ioues* footstoole, as I doe,
Adoring, not affecting Majestie :
VVhose brow is wreathed with the silver crowne
Of cleare content : This, *Lucio*, is a King.
And of this Empire, every man's posselt,
'That's worth his soule.

Lu. My Lord, the *Genowayes* had wont to say—

And. Name not the *Genowayes* : that very word
Vnkings me quite, makes me vile passions slaue.
O, you that made open the glibbery Ice
Of vulgar favour, view *Andrugio*.
Was never Prince with more applause confirm'd,
With lowder shouts of triumph launched out
Into the surgie maine of Government :
Was never Prince with more despight cast out,
Left shipwrackt, banisht, on more guiltlesse ground.
O rotten props of the craz'd multitude.
How you still double, faulters, vnder the lightest chance
That straines your vaines. Alas, one battell lost,
Your whoorish loue, your drunken healths, your houts
and shouts,

Your

Antonio and Mellida.

Your smooth God saue's, and all your devils last,
That tempts our quiet, to your hell of throngs.
Spit on me *Lucio*, for I am turn'd slaue;
Obserue how passion dominieres over me.

Lu. No wonder, noble Lord, having lost a sonne,
A Countrey, Crowne, and —

And. I *Lucio*, having lost a sonne, a sonne,
A countrey, house, crowne, sonne. O *lares, misereri lares.*
Which shall I first deplore? My sonne, my sonne,
My deare sweet boy, my deare *Antonio*.

Ant. *Antonio*?

And. I, eccho, I; I meane *Antonio*.

Ant. *Antonio*, who meanes *Antonio*?

And. Where art? what art? know'st thou *Antonio*?

Ant. Yes.

And. Liues hee?

Ant. No.

And. Where lies he dead?

Ant. Heere.

And. VWhere?

Ant. Heere.

And. Art thou *Antonio*?

Ant. I thinke I am.

And. Dost thou but think? what, dost not know thy self?

Ant. He is a foole that thinks he knowes himselfe.

Andr. Vpon thy faith to heaven, giue me thy name.

Anto. I were not worthy of *Andrugio's* blood,
If I denied my name's *Antonio*.

Andr. I were not worthy to bee call'd thy father,
If I denied my name *Andrugio*.

And dost thou liue? O let me kisse thy cheeke,
And deaw thy brow with trickling drops of joy.

Now heavens will be done: for I haue liu'd

To see my joy, my sonne *Antonio*.

Giue me thy hand; now Fortune doe thy worst,
His blood, that lapt thy spirit in the wombe,

Thus

The first part of

Thus (in his loue) will make his armes thy tombe.

Ant. Blesse not the body with your twining armes,
Which is accurst of heaven. O, what black sinne
Hath been committed by our ancient House,
Whose scalding vengeance lights upon our heads,
That thus the world, and fortune casts us out,
As loathed objects, ruines branded slaues.

And. Doe not expostulate the heavens will :
But O, remember to forget thy selfe :
Forget remembrance what thou once hast been.
Come, creepe with me from out this open ayre.
Even trees haue tongues, and will betray our life.
I am a rayeing of our house, my boy :
Which fortune will not envie; tis so meane,
And like the world (all durt) there shalt thou rip
The inwards of thy fortunes, in mine eares,
Whilst I sit weeping, blind with passions teares :
Then Ile begin, and weele such order keepe,
That one shall still tell griefes, the other weepe.

Exit Andrugio, leaving Antonio and his Page.

Ant. Ile follow you. Boy, prethee stay a little.
Thou hast had a good voice, if this cold Marsh,
Wherin we lurke, haue not corrupted it.

Enter Mellida, standing out of sight in her Pages sute.
I prethee sing; but firra (marke you me)
Let each note breathe the heart of passion,
The sad extracture of extreamest griefe.
Make me a straine speake groaning like a Bell,
That rowles departing soules.
Breathe me a poynt that may inforce me weepe,
To wring my hands, to breake my cursed breast,
Raue and exclaime, lie groueling on the earth,
Straight start up frantick, crying, *Mellida.*
Sing but, *Antonio hath lost Mellida,*
And thou shalt see me (like a man posselt)
Howle out such passion, that euen this brinish Marsh

Will

Antonio and Mellida.

Will squeeze out teares from out his spongie cheekes,
The rockes even groane, and —

Prece thee, prece thee sing :

Or I shall nere ha done when I am in.

Tis harder for me end, then to begin.

The boy runnes a note, Antonio breakes it.

For looke thee boy, my grieve that hath no end,
I may begin to plaine, but — prece thee sing.

CANTANT.

Mell. Heaven keepe you fir.

Ant. Heaven keepe you from me, fir.

Mell. I must be acquainted with you, fir.

Ant. Wherefore ? Art thou infected with misery,
Sear'd with the anguish of calamitie ?

Art thou true sorrow, hearty grieve; canst weepe ?

I am not for thee if thou canst not raue,

Antonio falls on the ground.

Fall flat on the ground, and thus exclaime on heauen;

O trifling Nature, why inspir'dst thou breath ?

Mell. Stay fir, I thinke you named *Mellida*.

Anto. Know'st thou *Mellida* ?

Mell. Yes.

Anto. Hast thou scene *Mellida* ?

Mell. Yes.

Anto. Then thou hast scene the glory of her sex,

The musicke of Nature, the unequall'd lustre

of unmatched Excellence, the united sweet

Of heavens graces, the most adored beautie,

That ever stricke amazement in the world.

Mell. You seeme to loue her.

Ant. With my very soule.

Mell. Sheele not requite it : all her loue is fixt

Vpon a Gallant, one *Antonio*,

The Duke of *Genoas* sonne. I was her Page;

And

The first part of

And often as I wayted she would sigh,
O, deare *Antonio* ; and to strengthen thought,
Would clip my necke, and kisse, and kisse me thus.
Therefore leave loving her : fa, faith me thinkes,
Her beauty is not halfe so ravishing
As you discourse of, she hath a freckled face,
A low forehead, and a lumpish eye.

Ant. O heaven, that I should heare such blasphemy.
Boy, rogue, thou lyest, and
Spauento dell mio core dolce Mellida,
Di graua morte restoro vero dolce Mellida,
Celesta saluatrice sourana Mellida
Del mio sperar ; trofeo vero Mellida.

Mel. *Diletta & soaue anima mia Antonio,*
Godeuole belezza cortese Antonio.
Signior mio & virginal amore bell' Antonio
Gusto delli mei sensi car' Antonio.

Ant. O suamisce il cor in vn soaue baccio,

Mel. Muro no i sensi nel desiato desio :

Ant. Nel Cielo puo lesser belta pia chiara.

Mel. Nel mondo pol esser belta pia chiara ?

Ant. Dammi vn baccio da quella bocca beata,
Bastiammi, coglier l'aura odorata
Che in sua neggia in quello dolce labra.

Mel. Dammi pimpero del tuo gradit' amore
Che bea me, co sempiterno honore,
Cosi, cosi mi conuerra morir.

Good sweer, scout ore the marsh : for my heart trembles
At every little breath that strikes my eare,
When thou returnest : and I will discourse
how I deceiv'd the Court : then thou shalt tell
How thou escap'dst the watch : wee cle poynt our speech
With amorous kissing, kissing commaes, and even sucke
The liquid breath from out each others lips.

Ant. Dull clod, no man but such sweet favour clips.
I goe, and yet my panting blood perswades me stay.

Antonio and Mellida.

Turne coward in her sight? away, away.

I thinke confusion of *Babell* is fallen upon these lovers that they change their language; but I feare mee, my master having but feigned the person of a woman, hath got their unfeigned imperfection, and is growne double tongu'd: as for *Mellida*, shee were no woman, if shee could not yield strange language. But howsoever, if I should sit in judgement, tis an errorr easier to bee pardoned by the auditors, then excused by the authors; and yet some private respect may rebate the edge of the keener censure.

Enter Piero, Castilio, Matzagente, Forobosco, Feliche, Galeatzo, Balurdo, and his Page, at another doore.

Pie. This way she tooke, search my sweet gentlemen, How now *Balurdo*, canst thou meet with any body?

Bal. As I am true gentleman, I made my horse sweat that he hath nere a dry thread on him, and I can meete with no living creature, but men and beasts. In good sadnesse, I would have sworne I had seene *Mellida* even now, for I saw a thing stirre under a hedge, and I peep't, and I spyed a thing, and I peer'd, and I tweer'd underneath: and truly a right wise man might have been deceived, for it was ———

Pie. What in the name of heaven?

Bal. A dun cowe.

Fel. Sh'ad nere a kettle on her head?

Pie. Boy, didst thou see a yong Lady passe this way?

Gal. Why speake you not?

Bal. Gods neakes, proud else, give the Duke reverence, stand bare with a ———

Whogh! heavens blesse me, *Mellida*, *Mellida*.

Pie. Where man, where?

Bal. Turn'd man, turn'd man: women weare the breeches, loe here.

The first part of

Pie. Light and undutious ! kneele not, peevish Blfe,
Speake not, entreat not, shame unro my house,
Curse to my honour. VWhere's *Antonio* ?
Thou traytresse to my hate, what is he shipt
For England now ? well, whimpring harlot, hence.

Mell. Good father——

Pi. Good me no goods. Seeft thou that sprightly youth ?
Ere thou canst terme to morrow morning old,
Thou shalt call him thy husband, Lord, and Love.

Mell. Ay mee !

Pie. Blirt on your ay mees, guard her safely hence.
Drag her away, Ile be your guard to night.
Young Prince, mount up your spirits, and prepare
To solemnize your Nuptialls Eve with pompe.

Gal. The time is scant, now nimble wits appeare,
Phæbus beginnes to gleame, the welkin's cleare.

Exeunt all, but Balurdo and his Page.

Bal. Now nimble wits appeare : Ile my selfe appeare,
Balurdo's selfe, that in quicke wit doth surpasse,
VWill shew the substance of a compleat——

Dil. Affe, Affe.

Bal. Ile mount my courser, and most gallantly prick——

Dil. Gallantly prick is too long, and stands hardly in
the verse, sir.

Bal. Ile speake pure rime, and will so bravely prank it,
That Ile tosse love like a pranke, pranke it, a rime for
pranke it.

Dil. Blankit.

Bal. That Ile tosse love like a dog in a blanket :
Ha, ha, indeede law, I thinke ha, ha, I thinke ha, ha,
I thinke I shall tickle the Muses. And I strike it
not deade, say, *Balurdo*, thou art an arrrant
Sot.

Dil. *Balurdo*, thou art an arrrant Sot.

Enter

Antonio and Mellida.

*Enter Andrugio and Antonio wreathed together,
Lucio.*

And. Now, come united force of chap-fall'n death :
Come, power of fretting anguish, leave distresse.
O, thus infolded, we have breasts of prooffe,
Gainst all the venom'd stings of misery.

Ant. Father, now I have an Antidote,
Gainst all the poyson that the world can breath.
My *Mellida*, my *Mellida* doth blesse
This bleake wast with her presence. How now boy,
Why dost thou weepe ? alas, where's *Mellida* ?

Ant. Ay me, my Lord.

And. A sudden horror doth invade my blood,
My sinewes tremble, and my panting heart
Scuds round about my bosome to goe out,
Dreading the assailant, horrid passion :
O, be no tyrant, kill me with one blow.
Speake quickly, briefly boy.

Pa. Her father found, and seiz'd her, she is gone.

And. Son, heat thy blood, be not frose up with griefe.
Courage sweet boy, sinke not beneath the waight
Of crushing mischief. O where's thy dauntlesse heart,
Thy fathers spirit ? I renounce thy blood,
If thou forsake thy valour.

Lu. See how his griefe speakes in his slow-pac't steps :
Alas, 'tis more then he can utter, let him goe.
Lambe solitary path best sureth woe.

And. Give me my armes, my armour *Lucio*.

Lu. Deare Lord, what meanes this rage, when lacking
Scarce safes your life, will you in armour rise ? use

And. Fortune feares valour, pressest cowardize.

Lu. Then valour gets applause, when it hath place,
And meanes to blaze it.

And. *Nunquam potest non esse.*

Lu. Patience, my Lord, may bring your ills some end.

And.

The first part of

And. What patience, friend, can ruin'd hopes attend?
Come, let me dye like old *Andrugio* :
Worthy my birth. O blood-true-honoured graues
Are farre more blessed then base life of slaues. *Exeunt.*

ACTVS QVINTVS.

Enter Balurdo, a Painter with two pictures, and Dildo.

Bal. **A**ND are you a Painter sir, can you draw,
can you draw?

Pay. Yes sir.

Bal. Indeed law; now so can my fathers fore-horse.
And are these the workmanship of your hands?

Pay. I did limne them.

Bal. Limne them? a good word, limne them: whose
picture is this? *Anno Domini*, 1599. Belceue mee ma-
ster *anno Domini* was of a good settled age when you
lymn'd him. 1599. yeares old? Lets see the other.
Etatis sue 24. Bir Lady he is somewhat younger. Belike
master *Etatis sue* was *Anno Domines* sonne.

Pay. Is not your master a——

Dil. Hee hath a little proclivitie to him.

Pay. Proclivitie, good youth? I thanke you for your
sourtly proclivitie.

Bal. Approach good sir. I did send for you to draw
mee a devise, an *Imprezza*, by *Synecdoche* a *Mott*. By
Phæbus crymson taffata mantle, I thinke I speake as me-
lodiously, looke you sir, how thinke you on't? I would
haue you paint mee, for my device, a good fat legge of
ewe mutton, swimming in stewd broth of plums (boy
keepe your mouth, it runs over) and the word shall be;
Hold my dish, whilst I spill my pottage. Sure in my con-
science, twould be the most sweete device, now——

Pay. Tywould sent of kitchin-stuffe too much.

Bal.

Antonio and Mellida.

Bal. Gods neaks, now I remember me, I ha the rarest devise in my head that ever breathed. Can you paint me a driveling reeling Song, and let the word be, Vh.

Pain. A belch.

Bal. O no, no : Vh, paint me vh, or nothing.

Pain. It can not be done sir, but by a seeming kind of drunkenness.

Bal. No ? well, let mee haue a good massie ring, with your owne poesie graven in it, that must sing a small trebble, word for word, thus;

And if thou wilt my true lover be,

Come follow me to the greene wood.

Pain. O Lord sir, I cannot make a picture sing.

Ba. Why? zlid, I haue seen painted things sing as sweet: But I hau't twill tickle it, for a conceit ifaith.

Enter Feliche, and Alberto.

Alb. O deare *Feliche*, giue me thy device.
How shall I purchase loue of *Rossaline*?

Fel. S'will, flatter her soundly.

Alb. Her loue is such, I cannot flatter her :
But with my utmost vehemence of speech,
I haue ador'd her beauties.

Fel. Hast writ good mooving unaffected rimes to her?

Alb. O yes, *Feliche*, but she scornes my writ.

Fel. Hast thou presented her with sumptuous gifts?

Alb. Alas; my fortunes are too weake to offer them.

Fel. O then I haue it, ile tell thee what to doe.

Alb. What, good *Feliche*?

Fel. Goe hang thy selfe; I say, goe hang thy selfe;
If that thou canst not giue, goe hang thy selfe :
It's rime thee dead, or verse thee to the rope.
How thinkst thou of a Poet that sung thus?

Munera sola pacant, sola addunt munera formam:

Munere sollicitus Pallada, Cypris erit.

Munera, munera.

Alb. Ile goe and breathe my woes unto the rocks,

The first part of

And spend my griefe vpon the deafeſt ſeas.
He weepe my paſſion to the ſenſcleſſe trees,
And load moſt ſolitarie ayre with plaints.
For woods, trees, ſea, or rocky *Appenine*,
Is not ſo ruthleſſe as my *Roffaline*.
Farewell deare friend, expect no more of me,
Here ends my part in this loues Comedy. *Exit Alb.*

Exit Painter.

Fel. Now maſter *Balurdo*, whither are you going, ha?

Bal. Signior *Feliche*, how doe you faith, and by my troth, how doe you?

Fel. VVhither art thou going, bully?

Bal. And as heauen helpe me, how doe you?
How doe you I faith he?

Fel. Whither art going man?

Bal. O God, to the Court, He bee willing to giue you grace and good countenance, if I may but ſee you in the Preſence.

Fel. O to Court? Farewell.

Bal. If you ſee one in a yellow *Taffata* doublet, cut upon carnation *Velure*, a greene hat, a blew paire of velvet hoſe, a gilt rapier, and an orange tawney paire of worſted ſilke ſtockings, that's I, that's I.

Fel. Very good, farewell.

Bal. Ho, you ſhall know me as eaſily, I haue bought me a new greene feather with a red ſprigg; you ſhall ſee my wrought ſhirt hang out at my breeches; you ſhall know mee.

Fel. Very good, very good, farewell.

Bal. Marry in the Maſke twill be ſomewhat hard. But if you heare any body ſpeake ſo wittily, that he makes a' the roome laugh, that's I, that's I. Farewell good Signior.

Enter Foroboſco, Caſtilio, a boy carrying a gilt harpe, Piero, Mellida in night apparell Roffaline, Flavia, two Pages.

Pier. Advance the Muſicks prize, now capring wits,
Riſe

Antonio and Mellida.

Rise to your highest mount; let choyce delight
Garland the brow of this triumphant night.
Sfoot, a fits like *Lucifer* himselfe.

Rossa. Good sweet Duke, first let their voyces straine
for Musicks prize. Giue me the golden harpe: faith with
your favour, Ile bee Vmpetresse.

Pie. Sweet neece content: boyes cleare your voice and
sing.

I. CANTAT.

Rossa. By this Gold, I had rather haue a servant with
a short nose, and a thinn hayre, then haue such a high
stretcht minikin voyce.

Pier. Faire Neece, your reason?

Ross. By the sweet of Loue, I should feare extreameely
that he were an Eunuch.

Cast. Sparke spirit, how like you his voyce?

Ross. Sparke spirit, how like you his voyce?

So helpe mee youth, thy voyce squeakes like a drie corke
throoe: come, come, lets heare the next.

2. CANTAT.

Pie. Trust me, a good strong meane. Wel sung my boy.

Enter Balurdo.

Bal. Hold, hold, hold: are yee blinde? could you not
see my voyce comming for the Harpe. And I knocke not
Division on the head, take hence the harpe, make mee a
flap, and let me goe but for nine pence. Sir Marke, strike
up for Master *Balurdo*.

3. CANTAT.

Iudgement Gentlemen, iudgement. Wast not aboute line?
I appeale to your mouches that heard my song.
Doe me right, and dub me Knight, *Balurdo*.

The first part of

Ross. Kneele downe , and Ile dub thee Knight of the golden harpe.

Ba. Indeed law, doe ; and Ile make you Lady of the silver fiddlestick.

Ross. Come kneele, kneele.

Enter Page to Balurdo.

Bal. My troth, I thanke you, it hath never a whistle in't.

Ross. Nay, good sweet cuz raise up your drooping eies, & I were at the point of, To haue and to hold, from this day forward , I vvould be asham'd to looke thus lumpish. What, my pretty Cuz, tis but the losse of an od maiden-head : shall's daunce ? thou art so sad, harke in mine eare. I vvvas about to say, but Ile forbear.

Ba. I come , I come , more then most hunny-suckle sweete Ladies , pine not for my presence, Ile returne in pompe. Well spoke sir *Jeffrey Balurdo*. As I am a true Knight, I feele honourable eloquence begin to grope me already.

Exit.

Pie. Faith , mad neece , I wonder when thou wilt marry ?

Ross. Faith , kind Vncle, when men abandon jealousie, forsake taking of Tobacco, and cease to weare their beards so rudely long. Oh , to haue a husband with a mouth continually snoaking, with a bush of furs on the ridge of his chinne , ready still to flop into his foming chaps ; ah, tis more than most intollerable.

Pie. Nay faith , sweet neece, I was mighty strong in thought wee should haue shut up night with an old Comedie : the Prince of *Millane* shall haue *Mellida* , and thou shouldst haue ———

Ross. No body , good sweete Vncle. I tell you sir, I haue 39 servants , and my munkey that makes the fortieth. Now I loue all of them lightly for something, but affect none of them seriously for any thing. One's a passionate foole , and he flatters mee aboue beliefe : the second's a teasty ape , and he railes at me beyond reason :
the

Antonio and Mellida.

the third's as graue as some Censor, and he strokes up his mustachoes three times ; and makes six plots of set faces, before hee speakes one wise word : the fourth's as dry, as the burre of an heartichoke ; the fifth paints, and hath alwayes a good colour for what he speakes : the sixth—

Pie. Stay, stay, sweet neece, what makes you thus suspect young gallants worth.

Ross. Oh, when I see one weare a perewig, I dread his haire ; another wallow in a great slop, I mistrust the proportion of his thigh ; and wears a ruffled boot, I feare the fashion of his legge. Thus, something in each thing, one trick in every thing makes mee mistrust imperfection in all parts ; and there's the full poynt of my addiction.

The Cornets sound a Cynet.

Enter Galeatzo, Matzagente, and Balurdo in maskery.

Pie. The roome's too scant: boyes, stand in there close.

Mel. In faith, faire sir, I am too sad to daunce.

Pie. How's that, how's that? too sad? By heaven dance, And grace him to, or, goe to, I say no more.

Mell. A burning glasse, the word *splendente phæbo*? Tis too curious, I conceit it not.

Cal. Faith ile tell thee. Ile no longer burne ; then youle shine and smile upon my loue. For looke yee fairest by your pure sweets,

I doe not dote upon your excellence.

And faith, unlesse you shed your brightest beames

Of sunny favour, and acceptiue grace

Vpon my tender loue, I doe not burne :

Marry but shine, and ile reflect your beames,

With seruent ardor. Faith I would be loath to flatter thee

faire soule, because I loue, not doat, court like thy hus-

band ; which thy father sweares, to morrow morne I

must be. This is all, and now from henceforth, trust me

Mellida, ile not speake one wise word to thee more.

The first part of

Mell. I trust yee.

Gal. By my roth, Ile speak pure foole to thee now.

Mell. You will speake the liker your selfe.

Gal. Good faith, Ile accept of the cockescombe, so you will not refuse the bable.

Mell. Nay good sweet, keepe them both, I am enamour'd of neither.

Gal. Goe to, I must take you downe for this. Lend mee your eare.

Ross. A glow worme, the word? *Splendescit tantum renebris.*

Marr. O Lady, the glow worme figurates my valour: which shineth brightest in most darke, dismall and horrid atchieuements.

Ross. Or rather, your glow worme represents your wit, which onely seemes to haue fire in it, though indeed tis but an *ignis fatuus*, and shines onely in the darke dead night of fooles admiration.

Marr. Lady, my wit hath spurs, if it were dispos'd to ride you.

Ross. Faith sir, your wits spurs haue but walking rowels; dull, blunt, they will not draw blood: the gentlemen Vshers may admit them the Presence, for any wrong they can doe to Ladies.

Bal. Truly, I haue strayned a note aboue Ela, for a device; looke you, tis a faire rul'd singing booke: the word, *Perfekt*, if it were prickr.

Fla. Though you are mask't, I can guesse who you are by your wit. You are not the exquisite *Baturdo*, the most rarely shap't *Balurdo*.

Ba. Who I? No I am not sir *Ieffrey Balurdo*. I am not as well knownen by my wit, as an Alehouse by a red lattice. I am not worthy to loue and be belov'd of *Flauia*.

Fla. I will not scorne to fayour such good parts, as are applauded in your rarest selfe.

Bal. Truly you speake wisely, and like a Iantlewo-
man

Antonio and Mellida.

man of fourteene yeares of age. You know the stone called *lapis* ; the neerer it comes to the fire, the hotter it is : and the bird , which the Geometricians call *avis*, the farther it is from the earth, the neerer it is to the heaven : and loue, the nigher it is to the flame, the more remote (ther's a word , remote) the more remote it is from the frost. Your wit is quick , a little thing please a young Lady , and a small favour contenteth an old Courtier ; and so sweet mistresse I trusse my codpeece point.

Enter Feliche.

Pie. What might import this flourish ? bring us word.

Fel. Stand away : here's such a company of filibotes, hulling about this galleasse of greatnesse, that there's no boarding him.

Doe you heare yon thing call'd, Duke ?

Pie. How now blunt *Feliche*, what's the newes ?

Fel. Yonder's a Knight hath brought *Andrugio's* head, and craues admittance to your chaire of state.

Cornets sound a Syner : Enter Andrugio in armour.

Pie. Conduct him with attendance sumptuous,
Sound all the pleasing instruments of joy :

Make tryumph, stand on tiptoe whil'st wee meet :

O sight most gracious, O revenge most sweete !

And. *Wee vow , by the honour of our birth, to recompence any man that bringeth Andrugio's head, with twenty thousand double pistolets, and the endeering to our choyssest loue.*

Pi. Wee still with most unmov'd resolv'd confirme
Our large munificence : and here breath

A sad and solemne protestation :

When I recall this vow, O, let our house

Be even commanded, staine'd, and trampled on,

As worthlesse rubbish of nobilitie.

And. Then here, *piero*, is *Andrugio's* head,

Royally cask'd in a helme of Steele :

Giue me thy loue, and take it. My dauntlesse soule

The first part of

Hath that unbounded vigor in his spirits,
That it can beare more ranke indignity,
With lesse impatience, then thy canced hate
Can sting and venome his untainted worth,
With the most viperous sound of malice. Strike,
O, let no glimpse of honour light thy thoughts,
If there be any heat of royall breath
Creeping in thy veines, O stifle it.

Be still thy selfe, bloody and treacherous.
Fame not thy house with an admired act
Of Princely pittie. *Piero*, I am come,
To soyle thy house with an eternall blot
Of savage cruelty, strike, or bid me strike.
I pray my death, that thy nere dying shame
Might live immortall to posterity.

Come, be a Princely hangman, stop my breath.
O dread thou shame no more then I dread death,

pie. We are amaz'd, our royall spirits numm'd
In stiffe astonisht wonder at thy prowesse,
Most mighty, valiant, and high-towring heart.
We blush, and turne our hate upon our selves,
For hating such an unpeer'd excellence.
I joy my state : him whom I loath'd before,
'That now I honour, love, nay more, adore.

The still Flutes sound a mournfull Cynet.

Enter a Coffin.

But stay, what tragicke spectacle appeares,
Whose body beare you in that mournfull hearse ?

Lu. The breathlesse trunk of young *Antonio*.

Mell. *Antonio* (ay me) my Lord, my Love, my——

And. Sweet pretious issue of most honour'd blood,
Rich hope, ripe vertue, O untimely losse :
Come hither friend. Prithee doe not weepe :
Why, I am glad he's dead, he shall not see
His father vanquisht by his enemy.

Even

Antonio and Mellida.

Even in Princely honour, nay prithee speake,
How dy'd the boy ?

Lu. My Lord——

And. I hope he dyed yet like my sonne, ifaith.

Lu. Alas my Lord ——

And. He dyed unforc'd, I trust, and valiantly.

Lu. Poore Gentleman, being ——

And. Did his hand shake, or his eye looke dull,

His thoughts reele, fearefull when he strooke the stroke ?

And if they did, Ile rend them out the hearse,

Rip up his ceare-cloth, mangle his bleake face ;

That when he comes to heaven, the Powers divine

Shall nere take notice that he was my sonne.

Ile quite disclaime his birth : nay prithee speak :

And twere not hoopt with Steele, my brest would breake.

Mell. O that my spirit in a figh could mount,
Into the Spheare where thy sweet soule doth rest.

Pie. O that my teares, bedewing thy wan cheekes,
Could make new spirit sprout in thy cold blood.

Bal. Verily, he lookes as pittifully as poore *John* ; as I
am true knight, I could weepe like a ston'd horse.

And. Villaine, tis thou hast murdered my sonne,
Thy unrelenting spirit (thou blacke dog,
That took't no passion of his fatall love)
Hath forc'd him give his life untimely end.

Pie. Oh that my life, her loue, my dearest blood
Would but redeeme one minute of his breath.

Ant. I seize that breath. Stand not amaz'd great states:
I'le rise from death, that never liv'd till now.

Piero, keepe thy vow, and I enjoy

More unexpressed height of happinesse

Then power of thought can reach : if not, loe here,

There stands my tombe, and here a pleasing stage :

Most wisht Spectators of my tragedy,

To this end have I fain'd, that her faire eye,

For whom I liv'd, might blesse me ere I dye.

Mell.

The first part of

Mell. Can breath depaint my unconceived thoughts ?
Can words describe my infinite delight,
Of seeing thee, my Lord *Antonio* ?
O no, concept, breath, passion, words be dumbe,
Whil'st I instill the deaw of my sweet blisse,
In the soft preffure of a melting kisse ;
Sic, sic juyat ire sub umbras.

Pie. Faire sonne, now Ile be proud to call thee sonne,
Enjoy me thus, my very brest is thine ;
Possesse me freely, I am wholly thine.

Ant. Deare father —

And. Sweet son, sweet son ; I can speake no more :
My joyes passion flowes above the shore,
And choakes the current of my speech.

Pie. Young *Florence* Prince, to you my lips must beg
For a remittance of your interest.

Gal. In your faire daughter, with all my thought,
So helpe me faith, the naked truth Ile unfold ;
He that was nere hot, will soone be cold.

Pie. No man else makes claime unto her.

Matz. The valiant speake truth in brieft, no.

Bal. Truly, for sir *Ieffrey Balurdo*, hee disclaimes to
have had any thing in her.

Pie. Then here I give her to *Antonio*.
Royall, valiant, most respected Prince,
Let's clip our hands, Ile thus observe my vow,
I promis'd twenty thousand double Pistolets,
With the indeering to my dearest love,
To him that brought thy head ; thine be the gold,
To solemnize our houses unity :
My love be thine, the all I have be thine.
Fill us fresh wine, the forme weele take by this :
Weele drinke a health, while they two sip a kisse.
Now there remaines no discord that can sound
Harsh accents to the eare of our accord ;
So please your neece to match.

Antonio and Mellida.

Ros. Troth uncle, when my sweet-fac'd cuz hath told me how shee likes the thing, call'd wedlocke, may be Ile take a survey of the check-roll of my servants ; and hee that hath the best parts of — Ile prick him downe for my husband.

Bal. For passion of love now, remember mee to my Mistresse, Lady *Rossaline*, when shee is pricking downe the good parts of her servants. As I am true knight, I grow stiffe, I shall carry it.

Pie. I will.

Sound Lydian wires, once make a pleasing note,
On Nectar streames of your sweet ayres, to flote.

Ant. Here ends the comicke crosses of true love,
Oh may the passage most successfull prove.

FINIS.

EPILOGVS.

Gentlemen, though I remaine an armed Epilogue, I stand not as a peremptory challenger of desert, either for him that compos'd the Comcedy, or for us that acted it : but a most submissive suppliant for both. What imperfection you have seene in us, leave with us, and weele amend it ; what hath pleased you, take with you, and cherish it. You shall not be more ready to imbrace any thing commendable, then wee will endeavour to amend all things reproveable. What wee are, is by your favour. What wee shall bee, rests all in your applause encouragements.

THE HISTORY OF THE

PROGRESS OF THE
ART OF PRINTING IN
ENGLAND, FROM THE
FIRST INTRODUCTION OF
THE PRESS, TO THE PRESENT
STATE OF THE ART.

BY
JOHN BARNARD, ESQ.
OF THE MIDDLE TEMPLE, ESQ.
IN THE FIRST INSTANCE
OF THE ART OF PRINTING
IN ENGLAND.

IN TWO VOLUMES.
THE FIRST VOLUME
CONTAINS THE HISTORY OF
THE ART OF PRINTING
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VOLUME I.

OF THE ART OF PRINTING.

THE FIRST PART OF THIS
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ANTONIO'S REVENGE.

The Second Part of the Hi-
storie of ANTONIO and
MELLIDA.

As it hath beene sundrie times
Acted by the Children of
PAVLS.



LONDON,

Printed for WILLIAM SHEARES,

1633.

AMTOS

REVUE

The second part of the 11th

volume of Amtos and

1811

As it is the second volume of

the 11th volume of

1811

1811



1811

1811

1811



ANTONIO REVENGE.

The History of ANTONIO
and MELLIDA.

The second Part.

The PROLOGVE.

THE rawish danke of clumzie Winter
rampes

The fluent Summers vaine : and driz-
ling fleet

Chilleth the wan bleak cheeke of the num'd earth,
Whilst snarling gusts nibble the juicelesse leanes,
From the nak't shuddring branch; & pils the skin
From off the soft and delicate aspects :

O, now me thinkes, a sullen Tragicke Sceane
Would suit the time with pleasing congruence.

May we be happy in our weake devoyr,
And all part pleased in most wist content :

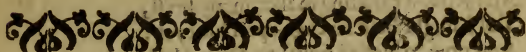
But

The second part of

But sweat of Hercules can nere beget
So blest an issue. Therefore wee proclaime,
If any spirit breathes within this Round,
Vncapable of waightie passion
(As from his birth, being hugg'd in the armes,
And nuzled twixt the breasts of happinesse.
Who winkes, and shuts his apprehension, up
From common sense of what men were, and are,
Who would not know what men must be; let such
Hurry amaine from our blacke visag'd shewes:
Wee shall affright their eyes. But if a breast,
Nail'd to the earth with grieve: if any heart
Pierc't throggh with anguish, pant within this ring:
If there be any blood, whose heat is choakt,
And stifled with true sense of misery:
If ought of these straines fill this Consort up,
Th'arrine most welcome. O that our power
Could lackie, or keepe wing with our desires;
That with unused paize of stile and sense,
Wee might weigh massie in iudicious scale.
Yet heere's the prop that doth support our hopes;
When our Sceanes faulter, or Invention halts,
Your favour will gine crutches to our faults.

Exit.

ACT V



ACTVS I. SCENA I.

Enter Piero unbrac'd, his armes bare, smear'd in blood, a poniard in one hand bloody, and a Torch in the other, Strotzo following him with a Cord.

Pie. **H**O, *Gasper Strotzo*, bind *Feliches* trunk
Vnto the panting side of *Mellida*. *Exit Str.*

Tis yet dead night, yet all the earth is cloucht
In the dull leaden hand of snoring sleepe :
No breath disturbs the quiet of the aire,
No spirit moves upon the breast of earth,
Save howling dogs, night-crowes, and screeching owles,
Save meager ghosts, *Piero*, and blacke thoughts.
One, two, Lord, in two houres what a topleffe mount
Of unpeer'd mischief have these hands cast up !

Enter Strotzo.

I can scarce coope triumphing vengeance up,
From bursting forth in bragart passion.

Str. My Lord, tis firmly said that —

Pie. *Andrugio* sleeps in peace ; this braine hath chok'd
The organ of his brest. *Feliche* hangs
But as a baite to tice on mischief. I am great in blood,
Vnequall'd in revenge, you horrid scouts,
That centinell swart night, give lowd applause
From your large palmes. First know my heart was rais'd
Vnto *Andrugios* life, upon this ground :

Str. Duke, tis reported —

Pie. We both were rivalls in our May of blood,
Vnto *Maria*, faire *Ferraras* heire.

He wonne the Lady, to my honours death,
And from her sweets cropt his *Antonio* :
For which I burnt in inward sweltring hate,

The second part of

And fester'd rankling malice in my brest,
Till I might belk revenge upon his eyes :
And now (o blessed now) tis done. Hell, night,
Give lowd applause to my hypocrisy.
VVhen his bright valour even dazled sence,
In offering his owne head, publike reproach
Had blurd my name, Speake *Stratza*, had it not ?
If then I had ———

Str. It had, so please ———

Pie. VVhat had it so please ? Vnseasoned Sycophant,
Piero Sforza is no nummed Lord,
Sensles of all true touch, stroak not the head
Of infant speach, till it be fully borne.
Go to.

Str. How now ? Fur, Ile not smother your speach.

Pie. Nay, right thine eyes ; twas but a little spleen :
(Huge plunge !

Strane's growne a slave, and must observe slight evils.

Huge villaines are inforc'd to claw all divells.)

Pish, sweet thy thoughts, and give me —

Str. Stroak not the head of infant speech ? Go to ?

Pie. Nay, calme this storme, I ever held thy brest
More secret, and more firme in league of blood,
Then to be stricke in heat with each slight puffle.
Give me thy eares ; Huge infamy

Presse down my honour ; if even then, when
His fresh act of prowesse bloom'd out full,
I had tane vengeance on his hated head —

Str. VVhy it had —

Pie. Could I avoyd to give a seeming grant
Vnto fruition of *Antonio's* love ?

Str. No.

Pie. And didst thou ever see a *Judas* kisse
VVith a more covert touch of fleering hate ?

Str. No.

Pie. And having clipt them with pretence of love,

Have

Antonio and Mellida.

Haue I not crusht them with a cruell wring ?

Stro. Yes.

Pier. Say, faith, didst thou ere heare, or reade, or see
Such happie vengeance, unsuspected death ?
That I should drop strong poyson in the bowle,
Which I my selfe caroust unto his health,
And future fortune of our vnitie,
That it should work euen in the husht of night,
And strangle him on sudden ; that faire show
Of death, for the excessive joy of his fate,
Might cloke the murder ? Ha *Stroz*o, is't not rare ?
Nay, but weigh it. Then *Feliche* stabd,
(Whose sinking thought frighted my conscious heart)
And layd by *Mellida*, to stop the match,
And hale on mischiefe. This all in one night ?
Is't to be equall'd thinkst thou ? O, I could eat
Thy fumbling throat, for thy lagd censure. Fur,
Is't not rare ?

Stro. Yes

Pier. No ? yes ? nothing but no, and yes ; dull lumpe,
Canst thou not honey me with fluent speech,
And even adore my topleesse villany ?
VVill I not blast my owne blood for revenge ?
Must not thou straight be perju'd for revenge ?
And yet no creature dreame tis my revenge.
VVill I not turne a glorious bridall morne
Vnto a *stygian* night ? Yet nought but no, & yest

Stro. I would haue told you, if the *Incubus*,
That rides your bosome, would haue patience:
It is reported, that in private state,
Maria, *Genoas* Dutchesse, makes to Court,
Longing to see him, whom she nere shall see,
Her Lord *Andrugio*. Belike she hath receiv'd
The newes of reconciliation :
Reconciliation with a death ?
Poore Lady shall but find poore comfort in't.

The second part of

Pie. O, let me swoone for joy. By heaven I thinke
I ha said my prayers, within this moneth at least;
I am so boundlesse happy. Doth shee come?
By this warme reeking goate, ile marry her.
Looke I not now like an inamorate?
Poyson the father, butcher the sonne, and marry the mo-
ther; ha?

Strotzo to bed: snort in securest sleepe:
For see, the dapple gray coursers of the morne
Beat up the light with their bright silver hoooves,
And chase it through the sky. To bed, to bed.
This morne my vengeance shall be amply fed. *Exit.*

SCENA SECVNDA.

Enter Luceo, Maria, and Nutriche.

Mar. **S**Tay gentle *Luceo*, and vouchsafe thy hand.
Lu. **S**O, Madam——

Ma. Nay, pree thee giue me leaue to say, vouchsafe,
Submisse intreats besee me my humble fate,
Here let us set. O *Luceo*, fortunes gilt
Is rub'd quite off from my slight tin-foild state,
And poore *Maria* must appeare ungrac't
Of the bright fulgor of gloss'd Majestie.

Luc. Cheer up your spirits Madam; fairer chance
Then that which courts your presence instantly,
Can not be form'd by the quick mould of thought.

Ma. Art thou assur'd the Dukes are reconcil'd?
Shall my wombes honour wed faire *Mellida*?
Will heaven at length grant harbour to my head?
Shall I once more clip my *Andrugio*?

And wreath my armes about *Antonio's* necke?
Or is glib rumor growne a parasite,
Holding a false glasse to my sorrowes eyes,
Making the wrinkl'd front of grieffe seeme faire,

Though

Antonio and Mellida.

Though tis much riveld with obortive care.

Lu. Most vertuous Princeſſe, baniſh ſtragglng feare,
Keepe league with comfort. For theſe eyes beheld
The Dukes vnited: yon faint glimmering light
Nere peeped through the crannies of the Eaſt,
Since I beheld them drinke a ſound carouſe,
In ſparkling *Bacchus*,
Vnto each others health:

Your ſonne aſſur'd to beaution *Mellida*:
And all clouds clear'd of threatening diſcontent.

Ma. What age is morning of?

Lu. I thinke about ſiue.

Ma. *Nutriche, Nutriche.*

Nu. Beſhrow your fingers marry, you haue diſturb'd
the pleaſure of the fineſt dreame. O God, I was even
comming to it law. O Ieſu, twas comming of the ſweet-
teſt. Ile tell you now, me thought I was married, and me
thought I ſpent (O Lord why did you wake me) and me
thought I ſpent three ſpur Roials on the Fidlers for ſtri-
king up a freſh hornpipe. Saint *Prſala*, I was even going
to bed, and you, me thought, my husband was even put-
ting out the tapers, when you, Lord I ſhall never haue
ſuch a dreame come upon mee, as long as —

Ma. Peace idle creature, peace.

— When will the Court riſe?

Lu. Madam, twere beſt you tooke ſome lodging up,
And lay in private till the ſoile of griefe
Were clear'd your cheeke, and new burniſht luſtre
Cloath'd your preſence, fore you ſaw the Dukes,
And enterd, among the proud *Venetian* States.

Mar. No *Lucio*, my deare Lord's wiſe, and knowes
That tinſill glitter, or rich purſled robes,
Curled haire, hung full of ſparkling Carcanets,
Are not the true adornements of a wiſe.
So long as wiues are faithfull, modeſt, chaſte,
Wiſe Lords affect them. Vertue doth not waſte,

The second part of

With each slight flame of crackling vanitie.
A modest eye forceth affection,
Whilest outward gaineffe light lookes but entice.
Fa rer then Natures faire is fowleſt vice.
Sh that loues Art, to get her cheeke more lovers,
Mc h outward gaudes ſlight inward grace diſcovers.
I cre not to ſeeme faire, but to my Lord.
Toſe that ſtrſue moſt to pleaſe ſtrangers ſight,
F lie may judge moſt faire, wiſedome moſt light.

Muſique ſound a ſhort ſtraine.

But harke, ſoft muſique gently moues the ayre :
I thinke the Bridegroom's up. *Lucio*, ſtand cloſe.
O, new *Maria*, challenge griefe to ſtay
The joyes encounter. Look *Lucio*, tis cleare day.

SCENA TERTIA.

Enter Antonio, Galeatzo, Matzagente, Balurdo, Pandulpho, Feliche, Alberto, Foroboſco, Caſtilio, and a Page.

'(drawne

Ant. Darkeneſſeis fled : look, infant morne hath
Bright ſilver curtaines, 'bout the couch of night :
And now *Aurora*'s horſe trots azure rings,
Breathing faire light about the firmament,
Stand, what's that ?

Mat. And if a horned devill ſhould burſt forth,
I would paſſe on him with a mortall ſtocke.

Alb. Oh, a horned devill would proue ominous,
Vnto a Bridegroomes eyes.

Mat. A horned devill? good, good: 'ha ha ha, very good.

Alb. Good tand Prince laugh not. By the joyes of loue,
When thou doſt girne, thy ruſty face doth looke
Like the head of a roſted rabbit : ſie upon't.

Bal. By my troth, mee thinkes his noſe is juſt colour
de Roy.

Mat.

Antonio and Mellida.

Mat. I tell thee foole, my nose will abide no jest.

Bal. No in truth, I doe not jeast, I speake truth. Truth is the touchstone of all things: and if your nose will not abide the truth, your nose will not abide the touch: and if your nose will not abide the touch, your nose is a copper nose, and must be nail'd up for a slip.

Mat. I scorne to retort the obtuse jeast of a foole.

Balurdo drawes out his writing tables, and writes.

Bal. Retort and obtuse, good words, very good words.

Gal. Young Prince, looke sprightly; fie, a Bridegroom sad!

Bal. In truth, if hee were retort, and obtuse, no question hee would bee merry: but and please my *Genius*, I will bee most retort and obtuse ere night. Ile tell you, what Ile beare soone at night in my shield, for my device.

Gal. What, good *Balurdo*?

Bal. O, doe mee right: sir *Iefferey Balurdo*: sir, sir, as long as yee liue sir.

Gal. What, good sir *Gefferey Balurdo*?

Bal. Marry forsooth, Ile carry for my device, my grand fathers, great stone-horse, flinging up his head, and jerking out his left legge. The word, *Wighy Purt*. As I am a true Knight, wil't not be most retort and obtuse, ha?

Ant. Blow hence these saplesse jests. I tell you bloods My spirit's heavie, and the juyce of life

Creepes slowly through my stifned arteries.

Last sleepe, my sense was steep't in horrid dreames:

Three parts of night were swallow'd in the gulfe

Of ravenous time, when to my slumbring powers,

Two meager ghosts made apparition. (wounds:

The one's breast seem'd fresh pauncht with bleeding

Whose bubling gore sprang in frighted eyes,

The other ghost assum'd my fathers shape:

Both cride *Revenge*. At which my trembling joynts

The second part of

(Iced quite over with a froz'd cold sweate)
Leap't forth the sheets. Three times I gaspt at shades ;
And thrice deluded by erroneous sense,
I forc't my thoughts make stand ; when loe, I op't
A large bay window, through which the night
Struck terror to my soule. The verge of heaven
Was ringd with flames, and all the upper vault
Thick lacc with flakes of fire ; in midst whereof
A blazing Comet shot his threatening traine
Iust on my face. Viewing these prodigies,
I bow'd my naked knee, and pierc't the starre,
With an outfacing eye ; pronouncing thus ;
Deus imperat astris. At which my nose straight bled :
Then doubl'd I my word, so slunke to bed.

Bal. Verely, fir *Iefferey* had a monstrous strange
dreame the last night. For me thought I dreamt I was
asleepe, and mee thought the ground yaun'd and belkt up
the abhominable ghost of a mishapen *Simile*, with two
ugly Pages : the one called master, even as going before ;
and the other *Mounser*, even so following after ; whil' st
Signior Simile stalked most prodigiously in the midst.
At which I bewrayed the fearefulnesse of my nature :
and being ready to forsake the fortresse of my wit, start
up, called for a cleane shirt, eate a messe of broth, and
with that I awakt.

Ant. I pree thee peace. I tell you gentlemen,
The frightfull shades of night yet shake my braine :
My gellied blood's not thaw'd : the sulphur damp,
That flow in winged lightning 'bout my couch,
Yet stick within my sense, my soule is great,
In expectation of dire prodigies.

pan. Tut, my young Prince, let not thy fortunes see
Their Lord a coward. He, thats nobly borne,
Abhors to feare. Base feare's the brand of slaues.
He that obserues, pursues, flinks back for fright,
Was never cast in mould of noble spright.

Go. Tush,

Antonio and Mellida.

Ga. Tush, there's a sun will straight exhale these damps
Of chilling feare. Come, shal's salute the Bride?

Ant. *Castilio*, I pree thee mixe thy breath with his:
Sing one of *Signior Renalde's* ayres,
To rouse the slumbring Bride from gluttoning,
In surfet of superfluous sleepe. Good Signior sing.

CANTANT.

What meanes this silence and unmooved calme!

Boy, wind thy Cornet: force the leaden gares
Of lasie sleepe flye open, with thy breath.

My *Mellida* not vp? not stirring yet? umh.

Ma. That voice, should be my sonnes *Antonio's*.
Antonio?

Ant. Here, who calls? here stands *Antonio*.

Mar. Sweete sonne.

Ant. Deare mother.

Ma. Faire honour of a chaste and loyall bed,
Thy fathers beauty, thy sad mothers loue,
Were I as powerfull as the voice of fate,
Felicities compleat should sweete thy state:
But all the blessings, that a poore banisht wretch
Can powre upon thy head, take gentle sonne:
Liue gracious youth, to close thy mothers eyes,
Lov'd of thy parents, till their latest hower:
How cheares my Lord, thy father? O sweet boy,
Part of him thus I clip, my deare, deate joy.

Ant. Madam, last night I kist his princely hand,
And tooke a treasur'd blessing from his lips:
O mother, you arriue in *Jubile*,
And firme attonement of all boistrous rage:
Pleasure, vnited loue, protested faith,
Guard my lov'd father, as sworne Pensioners:
The Dukes are leagu'd in firmest bond of loue,
And you arriue even in the *Solsticie*,

And

The second part of

And highest point of sun-shine happinesse.

One winds a Cornet within.

Harke Madam, how yon Cornet jerketh up
His strain'd shrill accents in the capring ayre;
As proud to summon up my bright-cheek't loue.
Now mother, ope wide expectation:
Let loose your amplest sense, to entertaine
Th'impression of an object of such worth,
That lifes too poore to —

Gal. Nay leaue *Hyperboles*.

Ant. I tell thee Prince, that presence straight appears,
Of which thou canst not forme *Hyperboles*,
The trophee of triumphing excellence:
The heart of beaurie, *Mellida* appears.
See, looke the curtaine stirres, shine natures pride,
Loves vitall spirit, deare *Antonios* bride.

*The Curtaine's drawne, and the body of Feliche stabd
thick with wounds, appears hung up.*

What villaine bloods the window of my loue?
VVhat slaue hath hung yon goarie Ensigne up,
In flat defiance of humanitie?
Awake thou faire unpotted puritie.

Death's at thy window, awake bright *Mellida*:
Antonio calls.

SCENA IIII.

Enter Piero as at first, with Forobosco.

Pier. Who giues these ill-befitting attributes
Of chaste, unpotted, bright, to *Mellida*?
He lies as lowd as thunder; shee's unchaste,
Tainted, impure, blacke as the soule of hell.

*Antonio drawes his Rapier, offers to run at Piero: but
Maria holds his arme, and staves him.*

Ant. Dog, I will make thee eat thy vomit up,
Which thou hast belkt gainst taintlesse *Mellida*.

Pier.

Antonio and Mellida.

Pier. Ramm't quickly downe, that it may not rise up
To upbraid my thoughts. Behold my stomacke,
Strike me quite through with the relentlesse edge
Of raging fury. Boy, ile kill thy loue.

Pandulfe Feliche, I haue stabd thy sonne:
Looke, yet his life-bloud reekes upon this Steele.

Albert, yon hangs thy friend. Haue none of you
Courage of vengeance? Forget I am your Duke.

Thinke *Mellida* is not *Pieros* blood.

Imagine on slight ground ile blast his honour.

Suppose I saw not that incestuous slaue,

Clipping the strumpet with luxurious twines:

O, numme my sense of anguish, cast my life

In a dead sleepe, whilst law cuts off yon maim,

Yon putred ulcer of my royall blood.

Foro. Keepe league with reason, gracious Sovereigne.

Pie. There glow no sparks of reason in the world;

All are rak't up in ashie beastlinesse.

The bulke of man's as darke as *Erebus*,

No branch of Reasons light hangs in his trunk:

There liues no Reason to keepe league withall.

I ha no reason to be reasonable.

Her wedding Eve, linkt to the noble blood

Of my most firmly reconciled friend,

And found even cling'd in sensualitie!

O heaven! O heaven! vvere she as neere my heart

As is my liver, I would rend her off.

SCENA V.

Enter Strozco.

Stroz. Whither, O whither shall I hurle vast griefe?

Pier. Here, into my breast: tis a place built wide

By Fate, to giue receit to boundlesse woes.

Str. O no; here throb those hearts, which I must cleaue

VVith my keene pearcing Newes. *Andrugio's* dead.

Pier.

The second part of

Pier. Dead?

Ma. O me most miserable.

pie. Dead, alas, how dead? *Giue seeming passion.*

For weepe, act, faine. Dead, alas, how dead?

Str. The vast delights of his large sudden joyes
Opened his pores so wide, that's native heat
So prodigally flow'd t' exterior parts,
That thinner Citadell was left unmand,
And so surpriz'd on sudden by cold death.

Mar. O fatall, disastrous, cursed, dismall!
Choake breath and life. I breath, I liue too long.
Andrugio my Lord, I come, I come.

pier. Be cheerefull Princess, helpe *Castilio*,
The Lady's swounded, helpe to beare her in.
Slow comfort to huge cares, is swiftest sin.

Bal. Courage, courage sweet Lady, tis sir *Gefferey Baturdo* bids you courage. Truly I am as nimble as an Elephant about a Lady.

Pan. Dead?

Ant. Dead.

Alb. Dead?

Ant. Why now the wombe of mischiefe is deliverd
Of the prodigious issue of the night.

Pan. Ha, ha, ha.

Ant. My father dead, my loue attaint of lust:
That's a large lye, as vast as spacious hell:
Poore guiltlesse Lady. O accursed lye.
What, vvhom, vvhether, vvhich shall I first lament?
A dead father, a dishonour'd wife. Stand.
Me thinks I feele the frame of Nature shake.
Cracks not the joynts of earth to beare my woes?

Alb. Sweet Prince be patient.

Ant. Slid sir, I will not in despite of thee.
Patience is slaue to fooles: a chaine that's fixt
Onely to postes, and senslesse log-like dolts.

Alb. Tis reasons glory to commaund affects.

Ant. Lies thy cold father dead, his glossed eyes

Antonio and Mellida.

New closed up by thy sad mothers hands?
Hast thou a loue as spotlesse as the brow
Of clearest heaven, blurd with false defames?
Are thy moyst entralls crumpled up with grieve
Of parching mischiefes? Tell me, does thy heart
With punching anguish spur thy galled ribs?
Then come and let's sit and weep, & wreath our armes:
Ile heare thy counsell.

Alb. Take comfort —

Ant. Confusion to all comfort: I defie it.

Comfort's a Parasite, a flattering jacker,
And melts resolu'd despaire. O boundlesse woe,
If there be any black yet unknowne grieve:
If there be any horror yet unfelt,
Vnthought of mischiefe in thy fiendlike power,
Dash it upon my miserable head.
Make me more wretch, more cursed if thou canst.
O, now my fate is more then I could feare:
My woes more waighty then my soule can beare. *Exit*

Pan. Ha, ha, ha.

Alb. Why laugh you vnle? Thats my cuz, your son,
Whose brest hangs cased in his cluttered gore.

Pan. True man, true: why, wherefore should I weepe?
Come sit, kinde Nephew: come on: thou and I
Will talke as *Chorus* to this Tragedie.

Intreat the Musicke straine their instruments,
With a slight touch, whilst we — Say on faire cuz.

Al. He was the very hope of Italy, *Musick sounds softly.*
The blooming honor of your drooping age.

Pan. True cuz, true. They say that men of hope are
Good are suppress't by base desertlesse clods, (*crush.*)
That stifle gasping vertue. Looke sweet youth,
How provident our quick *Venerians* are,
Least hooues of jades should trample on my boy:
Looke how they lift him up to eminence,
Heaue him boue reach of flesh. Ha, ha, ha.

Alb.

The second part of

Alb. Vncle, this laughter ill becomes your griefe.

Pan. Wouldst have me cry, run raving up and downe;
For my sonnes losse? wouldst have me turne ranke mad:
Or wring my face with mimick action;
Stampe, curse, weep, rage, and then my bosome strike?
Away, tis apish action: player-like,
If he is guiltlesse, why should teares be spent?
Thrice blessed soule that dyeth innocent.
If he is leaped with so foule a guilt,
VVhy should a sigh be lent, a teare be spilt?
The gripe of chance is weake, to wring a teare,
From him that knowes what fortitude should beare.
Listen young blood. Tis not true valours pride,
To swagger, quarrell, sweare, stampe, rave, and chide,
To stab in fume of blood, to keepe loud coyles,
To bandy factions in domesticke broyles,
To dare the acts of sins, whose filth excells
The blackest customes of blind Infidells.
No, my lov'd youth, he may of valour vaunt,
VVhom fortunes lowdest thunder cannot daunt,
VVhom fretfull galls of chance, sterne fortunes siege,
Makes not his reason flinke, the soules faire liege,
VVhose well pais'd action ever rests upon
No giddy humours, but discretion.
This heart in valour even *love* out-goes:
love is without, but this 'bove sense of woes:
And such a one eternity: Behold,
Good morrow sonn: thou bidst a fig for cold.
Sound lowder musicke, let my breath exact,
You strike sad Tones unto this dismall act.

ACTVS II. SCENA I.

The Cornets sound a Cynet.

*Enter two Mourners with torches, two with Streamers:
Castilio and Forobosco with torches: a Herald bearing
Andru-*

Antonio and Mellida.

Andrugio's helme and sword, the Coffin : Maria supported by Lucio and Alberto, Antonio by himselfe : Piero and Strotzo talking : Galeatzo and Matzagente, Balurdo and Pandulfo : the coffin set down : helme, sword, and streamers hung up, placed by the Herald : whilst Antonio and Maria wet their handkerchers with their tears kisse them, and lay them on the barse, kneeling : all goes out but Piero. Cornets cease, and he speaks.

Pie. **R**ot there thou cearcloth that infolds the flesh
Of my loath'd foe ; moulder to crumbling dust :
Oblivion choake the passage of thy fame.

Trophees of honour'd birth drop quickly downe :
Let nought of him, but what was vicious, live.
Though thou art dead, thinke not my hate is dead :
I have but newly twone my arme in the curl'd lockes
Of snaky vengeance, pale beetle-brow'd hate
But newly buittles up. Sweet wrong, I clap thy thoughts :
O let me hug thy bosome, rub thy brest,
In hope of what may hap. *Andrugio* rots :

Antonia lives : umh : how long ? ha, ha ; how long ?

Antonio packt hence, Ile his mother wed,
Then cleare my daughter of supposed lust,
Wed her to *Florence* heire. O excellent.

Venice, Genoa, Florence, at my becke,

At *Piero's* nod. *Balurdo*, o ho.

O, twill be rare, all unexpected done.

I have been nurst in blood, and still have suckt

The steem of reaking gore. *Balurdo*, ho ?

Enter Balurdo with a beard, halfe off, halfe on.

Bal. When my beard is on, most noble Prince, when
my beard is on.

Pie. Why, what dost thou with a beard ?

Bal. In truth, one told me that my wit was bald, and
that a Mermayde was halfe fish, and halfe fish : and
therefore to speake wisely, like one of your Councell

The second part of

as indeede it hath pleased you to make me, not onely being a foole, of your councell, but also to make mee of your councell, being a foole? If my wit be bald, and a Mermayd be halfe fish and halfe cunger, then I must be forced to conclude — the tyring man hath not glewed on my beard halfe fast enough. Gods bores, it will not sticke to fall off. (while?)

Pie. Dost thou know what thou hast spoken all this

Bal. O Lord Duke, I would bee sorry of that. Many men can utter that, which no man but themselves can conceive: but I thanke a good wit, I have the gift to speake that, which neither any man else, nor my selfe understands.

Pie. Thou art wise. He that speakes hee knowes not what, shall never sinne against his owne conscience: go to, thou art wise.

Bal. Wise? O no. I have a little naturall discretion, or so: but for wise, I am somewhat prudent: but for wise, O Lord.

Pie. Hold, take those keyes, open the Castle vault, and put in *Mellida*.

Bal. And put in *Mellida*? well, let me alone.

Pie. Bid *Forobosco*, and *Castlio* guard, Indeeere thy selfe *Piero's* intimate.

Bal. Indeeere and intimate, good, I assure you. I will indeere and intimate *Mellida* into the dungeon presently.

Pie. Will *Pandulfo Feliche* waite on me?

Bal. Ile make him come, most retort and obtuse, to you presently. I thanke sir *Jeffrey* talkes like a counseller. Go to, gods neaks, I thinke I tickle it.

Pie. Ile seeme to wind yon foole with kindest arme. He that's ambitious minded, and but man, Must have his followers beasts, dubb slavish sots: Whose service is obedience, and whose wit Reacheth no further then to admire their Lord, And stare in adoration of his worth.

I love

Antonio and Mellida.

I loue a flauer rak't out of common mud
Should seeme to fit in counsell with my heart.
High honour'd blood's too squemish to assent,
And lend a hand to an ignoble act.
Poyson from Roses who could ere abstract?
How now *Pandulfo*, weeping for thy sonne?

SCENA SECVNDA.

Enter Pandulfo.

Pan. No, no, *Piero*, weeping for my sinnes:
Had I been a good father, he had been a gracious sonne.

Pier. Pollution must be purg'd.

Pan. Why taintst thou then the ayre with stench of
And humane putrifactions noysome sent? (flesh,
I pray his body. Who lesse boone can craue,
Than to bestow upon the dead his graue?

Pie. Graue, why? think'st thou he deserues a graue,
That hath defil'd the temple of —

Pan. Peace, peace:

Me thinks I heare a humming murmur creepe
From out his gellied wounds. Looke on those lips,
Those now lawne pillowes, on whose tender softnesse,
Chaste modest speech, stealing from out his breast,
Had wont to rest it selfe, as loath to poast
From out so faire an Inne: look, look, they seeme to stir,
And breathe defiance to blacke obloquie.

Pie. Think'st thou thy sonne could suffer wrongfully?

Pan. A wise man wrongfully, but never wrong
Can take: his breast's of such well tempered prooffe,
It may be rac'd, not pierc'd by savage tooth
Of foaming malice: showres of darts may darke
Heavens ample brow, but not strike out a sparke;
Much lesse pearce the Suns cheek. Such songs as these,
I often dittied till my boy did sleepe:
But now I turne plaine foole, (alas) I weepe.

G

Pie. Fore

The second part of

Pie. Fore heaven hee makes me shrug: would a were
He is a vertuous man. What has our court to doe (dead:
With vertue, in the devils name! *Pandulpho*, harke,
My lustfull daughter dies: start not, she dies.
I pursue justice, I loue sanctitie,
And an undefiled temple of pure thoughts.
Shall I speake freely? Good *Andrugio's* dead:
And I doe feare a fetch; but (umph) would I durst speake.
I doe mistrust; but (umh) death: is he all, all man:
Hath he no part of mother in him, ha?
No licorish womanish inquisitiuenesse?

Pan. *Andrugio's* dead!

Pie. I, and I feare, his owne unnaturall blood,
To whom he gaue life, hath given death for life.
How could he come on, I see false suspect
Is vicde; wrung hardly in a vertuous heart.
Well, I could giue you reason for my doubts.
You are of honour'd birth, my very friend.
You know how god-like tis to roote out sinne,
Antonio is a villaine. Will you joyne
In oath with me, against the traitors life,
And sweare, you knew, hee sought his fathers death?
I lov'd him well, yet I loue justice more.
Our friends we should affect, justice adore.

Pan. My Lord, the clapper of my mouth's not glidd
With court oyle, twill not strike on both sides yet.

Pie. Tis just that subjects act commands of Kings.

Pan. Command then just and honourable things.

Pie. Even so my selfe then will traduce his guilt.

Pan. Beware, take heed, lest guiltlesse blood be spilt.

Pie. Where only honest deeds to Kings are free,
It is no Empire, but a beggery.

Pan. Where more then noble deeds to Kings are free,
It is no Empire, but a tyrannie.

Pie. Tush juicelesse gray-beard, tis immunity,
Proper to princes, that our state exacts,

Our

Antonio and Mellida.

Our subjects not alone to beare, but praise our acts.

Pan. O, but that prince that worthfull praise aspires,
From hearts, and not from lips, applause desires.

Pie. Pish, true praise, the brow of common men doth
False, only girts the temple of a King, (ring,
He that hath strength, and's ignorant of power,
He was not made to rule, but to be rul'd.

Pan. Tis praise to doe, not what we can, but should.

Pie. Hence doring Stoick: by my hope of blisse,
Ile make thee wretched.

Pan. Defiance to thy power, thou risted Iawne.
Now, by the lov'd heaven, sooner thou shalt
Rince thy foule ribs from the black filth of sinne,
That soots thy heart, then make me wretched. Pish,
Thou canst not coupe me up. Hadst thou a Iale
With trebble wals, like antick *Babylon*,
Pandalpho can get out. I tell thee Duke
I haue old *Fortunatus* wishing cap:
And can be where I list, even in a trice,
Ile skip from earth into the armes of heaven:
And from tryumphall arch of blessednesse,
Spit on thy froathy breast. Thou canst not slaue
Or banish me; I will be free at home,
Maugre the beard of greatnesse. The port holes
Of sheathed spirit are nere corb'd up:
But still stand open ready to discharge
Their precious shot into the throwds of heaven.

Pie. O torture! slaue, I banish thee the towne,
Thy natie seate of birth.

Pa. How proud thou speak'st! I tel thee Duke the blasts
Of the swolne cheekt winds, not all the breath of kings
Can puffle me out my natie seat of birth.

The earth's my bodies, and the heaven's my soules
Most natie place of birth, which they will keepe,
Despite the menace of mortality.

Why Duke?

The second part of

That's not my native place, where I was rockt.

A wise mans home is where soere he is wise.

Now that, from man, not from the place doth rise.

Pie. Would I were deafe (O plague) hence dotard
Tread not in court. All that thou hast, I seize. (wretch :
His quiet's firmer then I can diseafe.

Pan. Goe, boast unto thy flattrring Sycophants ;
Pandulpho's slaue, *Piero* hath orethrowne,
Loose fortunes rags are lost ; my owne's my owne.

*Piero's going out, lookes backe, Exeunt at
severall doores.*

Tis true *Piero*, thy next heart shall see,
Thou hast but tript my slaue, not conquered me.

SCENA TERTIA.

*Enter Antonio with a booke, Lucio, Alberto, Antonio
in blacke.*

Alb. Nay sweet be comforted, take counsell and—

Ant. *Alberto*, peace : that griefe is wanton sicke,
Whose stomacke can digest and brooke the dyet
Of stale ill relisht counsell. Pigmie cares
Can shelter under patience shield : but gyant griefes
Will burst all covert.

Lu. My Lord, tis supper time.

Ant. Diinke deepe *Alberto* : eate good *Lucio* :
But my pined heart shall eate on naught but woe.

Alb. My Lord, we dare not leaue you thus alone.

Ant. You cannot leaue *Antonio* alone.
The chamber of my breast is even throngd,
With firme attendance, that forswears to flinch.
I haue a thing sits here ; it is not griefe,
Tis not despaire, nor the most plague
That the most wretched are infected with :
But the most griefefull, despairing, wretched,
Accursed, miserable. O, for heavens sake

Forfake

Antonio and Mellida.

Forſake me now ; you ſee how light I am,
And yet you force me to defame my patience.

Lu. Faire gentle Prince——

Ant. Away, thy voice is hatefull : thou doſt buz,
And beat my eares with intimations
That *Mellida*, that *Mellida* is light,
And ſtained with adulterous luxury :
I cannot brooke. I tell thee *Lucio*,
Sooner will I giue faith, that vertue's ſcant
In Princes courts, will be adorn'd with wreath
Of choice reſpect, and indeerd intimate.
Sooner will I belecue that friendships reine,
VVill curbe ambition from vilitie,
Then *Mellida* is light. Alas poore ſoule,
Didſt ere ſee her (good heart) haſt heard her ſpeake ?
Kind, kind ſoule. Incredulitie it ſelfe (cheeks
VVould not be ſo braſſe hearted, as ſuſpect ſo modeſt

Lu. My Lord——

Ant. Away, a ſelfe-one guilt doth only hatch diſtrult :
But a chaſte thought's as farre from doubt, as luſt.
I increat you leaue me.

Alb. VVill you endeavour to forget your grieve ?

Ant. Ifaith I will, good friend, Ifaith I will.

Ile come and eate with you. *Alberto* ſee,
I am taking Phiſicke, here's Philoſophie.
Good honeſt leaue me, Ile drinke wine anone.

Alb. Since you enforce us, faire Prince we are gone.

Exeunt Alberto, and Lucie.

Antonio reads.

Ant. *Ferte fortiter : hoc eſt quo deum anteceditis. Ille enim extra patientiam malorum ; vos ſupra. Contemnite dolorem : aut ſolvetur, aut ſolvet. Contemnite fortunam : nullum telum, quo feriret animum habet.*

Piſſa, thy mother was not lately widdowed,
Thy deare affied loue, lately defam'd,
VVith blemiſh of foule luſt, when thou wrot'ſt thus.

The second part of

Thou wrapt in furies, beaking thy limbes fore fires,
Forbidst the frozen Zone to thudder. Ha, ha, tis nought
But some bubbling of a steamy braine,
Nought else but smoake. O what danke marriish spirit,
But would bee fired with impatience,
At my — No more, no more : he that was never blest,
VVith height of birth, faire expectation
Of mounted fortunes, knowes not what it is
To be the pitied object of the world.

O poore *Antonio*, thou mayst sigh.

Mell. Ay me.

Ant. And curse.

Pan. Blacke powers.

Ant. And crie.

Mar. O heaven.

Ant. And close laments with

Alb. O me most miserable.

pan. Woe for my deare, deare sonne.

Mar. Wo for my deare, deare husband.

Mell. Woe for my deare loue.

Ant. Woe for me all, close all your woes in me :

In me *Antonio*; ha ? Where liue these sounds ?

I can see nothing ; griefes invisible,

And lurkes in secret angles of the heart.

Come sigh againe, *Antonio* beates his part.

Mell. O here, here is a vent to passe my sighs.

I haue surcharg'd the dungeon with my plaints.

Prison, and heart will burst, if voyd of vent.

I, that is *Phæbe*, Empresse of the night,

That gins to mount ; O chastest deitie :

If I be false to my *Antonio*;

If the least soyle of lust smeeres my pure loue,

Make me more wretched, make me more accurst

Then infamie, torture, death, hell and heauen

Can bound with amplest power of thought : if not,

Purge my poore heart from defamations blot.

Ant.

Antonio and Mellida.

Ant. Purge my poore heart from defamations blot !
Poore heart, how like her vertuous selfe she speaks:

Mellida, deare *Mellida*, it is *Antonio* :

Slinke not away, tis thy *Antonio*.

Mell. How found you out, my Lord (alas) I know
Tis easy in this age to find out woe.

I have a sute to you.

Ant. What is't, deare soule ?

Mell. Kill me, ifaith Ile winke, not stirre a jot.
For Gods sake kill me : in sooth, lov'd youth,
I am much injur'd ; looke, see how I creep.
I cannot wreak my wrong, but sigh and weep.

Ant. May I be cursed but I credit thee.

Mell. To morrow I must die.

Ant. Alas, for what ?

Mell. For loving thee ; tis true my sweetest brest,
I must die falsely : so must thou, deare heart.
Nets are a knitting to intrap thy life.
Thy fathers death must make a Paradise

To my (I shame to call him) father. Tell me sweet,
Shall I dye thine ? dost love me still, and still ?

Ant. I doe.

Mell. Then welcome heavens will.

Ant. Madam, I will not swell like a Tragedian,
In forced passion of affected straines.

If I had present power of ought but pittying you,
I would be as ready to redresse your wrongs,
As to pursue your love. Throngs of thoughts
Crowd for their passage, somewhat I will doe.
Reach me thy hand : thinke this is honours bent,
To live unslaved, to dy innocent.

Mell. Let me intreat a favour, gracious love.
Be patient, see me dye, good, doe not weepe :
Goe sup, sweet chucked, drinke, and securely sleepe.

Ant. Ifaith I cannot, but Ile force my face
To palliate my sicknesse.

The second part of

Mell. Give me thy hand. Peace on thy bosome dwell,
That's all my woe can breath : kisse. Thus farewell.

Ant. Farewell : my heart is great of thoughts,
Stay dove :

And therefore I must speake : but what ? O Love !
By this white hand : no more : reade in these teares,
What crushing anguish thy *Antonio* beares.

*Antonio kisseth Mellida's hand : then Mellida
goes from the gate.*

Mell. Good night good heart.

An. Thus heat from blood, thus souls from bodies part.

Enter Piero and Strotzo.

Pie. He grieves, laugh *Strotzo*, laugh, he weepes.

Hath he teares ? O pleasure ! hath he teares ?

Now doe I scourge *Andrugio* with steele whips

Of knotty vengeance. *Strotzo*, cause me straight

Some plaining ditty to augment despaire.

Triumph *piero*, harke, he groanes, O rare !

Ant. Behold a prostrate wretch layd on his tombe.

His Epitaph, thus, *Ne plus ultra*. Ho,

Let none out-woe me, mine's *Herculean* woe.

CANTANT.

Exit Piero at the end of the song.

SCENA QUARTA.

Enter Maria.

Ant. May I be more cursed then heaven can make me,
If I am not more wretched

Then man can conceive me. Sore forlorne

Orphant, what omnipotence can make thee happy ?

Mar. How now sweet sonne ? good youth,
what dost thou ?

Ant. Weepe, weepe.

Mar.

Antonio and Mellida.

Mar. Dost nought but weep, weep?

Ant. Yes mother, I doe sigh, and wring my hands,
Beat my poore brest, and wreath my tender armes.
Harke ye, Ile tell you wondrous strange, strange newes.

Ma. What my good boy, starke mad?

Ant. I am not.

Ma. Alas, is that strange newes?

Ant. Strange newes? why mother, is't not wondrous

I am not mad? I run not frantick, ha? (strange

Knowing my fathers trunk scarce cold, your love

Is sought by him that doth pursue my life?

Seeing the beauty of creation,

Antonio's bride, pure heart, defam'd, and stoad

Vnder the hatches of obscuring earth.

Heu quo labor, quo vota ceciderunt mea!

Enter Piero.

Pie. Good evening to the faire *Antonio*,

Most happy fortune, sweet succeeding time,

Rich hope: think not thy fate a bankrout though.

Ant. Vmh, the diuell in his good time and tide for-
sake thee.

Pie. How now? harke ye Prince.

Ant. God be with you.

Pie. Nay, noble blood, I hope you not suspect.

Ant. Suspect? I scorn't. Here's cap and leg, goodnight:
Thou that want'st power, with dissemblance fight.

Exit Ant.

Pie. Madam, oh that you could remember to forget

Ma. I had a husband, and a happy sonne.

Pie. Most powerfull beauty, that enchanting grace—

Ma. Talke not of beauty, nor enchanting grace.

My husband's dead, my sonn's distraught, accurst.

Come, I must vent my griefes, or heart will burst.

Exit Ma.

Pie. She's gone (and yet she's here) she hath left a print
Of her sweet graces fixt within my heart,

As

The second part of

As fresh as is her face. Ile marry her.
Shee's most faire, true, most chaste, false : because
Most faire, tis firme, Ile marry her.

SCENA QUINTA.

Enter Strotzo.

Str. My Lord.

Pie. Ha *Strotzo*, my other soule, my life,
Deare, hast thou steel'd the poynt of thy resolve ?
Will't not turne edge in execution ?

Str. No.

Pie. Doe it with rare passion, and present thy guilt,
As if 'twere wrung out with thy conscience gripe.
Swear that my daughter's innocent of lust,
And that *Antonio* brib'd thee to defame
Her mayden honour, on inveterate hate
Vnto my blood ; and that thy hand was feed
By his large bounty, for his fathers death.
Swear plainly that thou choak'dst *Andrugio*,
By his sonnes onely egging. Rush me in
Whil'st *Mellida* prepares her selfe to dye :
Halter about thy necke, and with such sighs,
Laments, and acclamations lifen it,
As if impulsive power of remorse ———

Str. Ile weep.

Pie. I, I, fall on thy face, and cry, why suffer you
So lewd a slave as *Strotzo* is to breath ?

Str. Ile beg a strangling, grow importunate.

Pie. As if thy life were loathsome to thee : then I
Catch straight the cords end, and as much incens'd
With thy damn'd mischiefes, offer a rude hand,
As ready to gird in thy pipe of breath :
But on the sudden straight Ile stand amaz'd,
And fall in exclamations of thy vertues.

Str.

Antonio and Mellida.

Str. Applaud my agonies, and penitence.

Pie. Thy honest stomach, that could not digest
The crudities of murder : but surcharg'd,
Vomited 'st them up in Christian piety.

Str. Then clip me in your armes.

pi. And call thee brother, mount thee straight to state,
Make thee of counsell ; tut, tut, what not, what not ?
Thinke on't, be confident, pursue the plot.

Str. Looke here's a troop, a true rogues lips are mute,
I doe not use to speak, but execute.

He layes his finger on his mouth, and drawes his dagger.

pie. So, so ; runne headlong to confusion :

Thou slight-brain'd mischiefe, thou art made as durt,
To plaster up the bracks of my defects.

Ile wring what may be squeez'd from out his use :

And good night *Strotzo*. Swell plump bold heart :

For now thy tyde of vengeance rowleth in :

O now *Tragædia Cothurnata* mounts.

Piero's thoughts are fixt on dire exploit.

Pell mell : confusion, and blacke murder guides

The organs of my spirit : Shrink not heart.

Capienda rebus in malis præcepta via est.

ACTVS III. SCENA I.

A dumbe show. The Cornets sounding for the Act.

*Enter Castilio and Forobosco, Alberto and Balurdo, with
polaxes : Strotzo talking with Piero, seemeth to send out
Strotzo. Exit Strotzo. Enter Strotzo, Maria, Nutriche,
and Lucio. Piero passeth through his Guard, and talkes
with her with seeming amorousnesse: she seemeth to reject
his sute, flies to the tombe, kneeles, and kisseth it. Piero
bribes Nutriche and Lucio : they goe to her, seeming to
solicite his sute. She riseth, offers to goe out, Piero stay-
eth her, teares open his brest, imbraceth and kisseth her,
and so they all goe out in state.*

Enter

The second part of

Enter two Pages, the one with two tapers, the other with a chafing dish, a perfume in it. Antonio in his night gowne, and a night cap, unbrac't, following after.

Ant. **T**He black jades of swart night trot foggy rings
Bout heavens brow. (12) Tis now starke dead
Is this Saint Markes Church? (night.

1. pag. It is, my Lord.

Ant. Where stands my fathers hearse?

2. pag. Those streamers beare his Armes. I, that is it.

Ant. Set tapers to the tombe, and lampe the Church.

Giue me the fire. Now depart and sleepe. *Ex. pages.*

I purifie the ayre with odorous fume.

Graues, vaults & tombs, groane not to beare my weight.

Cold flesh, bleak trunks, wrapt in your half-rot shrowds,

I presse you softly with a tender foot.

Most honour'd Sepulchre, vouchsafe a wretch

Leaue to weepe ore thee. Tombe, ile not be long

Ere I creepe in thee, and with bloodlesse lips

Kisse my cold fathers cheeke. I prethee, graue,

Provide soft mould to wrap my carcasle in.

Thou royall spirit of *Andrugio*, where ere thou hover'st,

(Ayrie intellect) I heauc up tapers to thee (view thy son)

In celebration of due obsequies.

Once every night ile dew thy funerall Hearse

With my religious teares.

O blessed father of a cursed sonne,

Thou diedst most happy, since thou livedst not

To see thy sonne most wretched, and thy wife

Pursu'd by him that seekes my guiltlesse blood.

O, in what orbe thy mightie spirit soares;

Stoope and beat downe this rising fog of shame,

That striues to blur thy blood, and girt defame

About my innocent and spotlesse browes.

Non est mori miserum, sed misere mori.

And. Thy

Antonio and Mellida.

And. Thy pangs of anguish rip my seardloth up:
And loe the ghost of old *Andrugio*
Forfakes his coffin. *Antonio*, revenge.
I was impoyson'd by *Piero's* hand:
Revenge my blood; take spirit gentle boy:
Revenge my blood. Thy *Mellida* is chaste:
Onely to frustrate thy pursuit in loue,
Is blaz'd unchaste. Thy mother yeelds consent
To be his wife, and giue his blood a sonne,
That made her husbandleffe, and doth complot
To make her sonlesse: But before I touch
The bankes of rest, my ghost shall visite her.
Thou vigour of my youth, iuyce of my loue,
Seize on revenge, graspe the sterne bended front
Of frowning vengeance, with unpaized clutch.
Alarum *Nemesis*, rouze up thy blood,
Invent some stratageme of vengeance,
Which but to thinke on, may like lightning glide,
VVith horreur through thy breast; remember this.
Scelera non ulcisceris, nisi vincis. *Exit Andrug. ghost.*

SCENA SECVNDA.

*Enter Maria, her hayre about her eares: Nutriche, and
Lucio, with Pages, and torches.*

Mar. Where left you him? shew me good boyes, away;

Nut. Gods me, your haire.

Mar. Nurse, tis not yet proud day:

The neat gay mistes of the light's not up,
Her cheekes not yet flurd over with the paynt
Of borrowed crimson; the unpranked world
VVearcs yet the night-clothes: let flare my loosed haire.
I scorne the presence of the night.

Where's my boy? Run. Ile range about the Church,

Like

The second part of

Like frantick *Bachanell*, or *Iasons* wife,
Invoking all the spirits of the graues,
To tell me where. Hah? O my poore wretched blood,
What dost thou up at midnight, my kind boy?
Deare soule, to bed: O thou hast struck a fright
Vnto thy mothers panting——

O quisquis noua

Supplicia functis dirus umbrarum arbiter

Disponis, quisquis exeso jaces

Pavidus sub antro, quisquis venturi times

Montis ruinam, quisquis avidorum feres

Rictus leonum, & dira furiarum agmina

Implicitus horres, Antonij vocem excipe

Properantis ad vos——Vlciscar.

Ma. Alas my son's distraught. Sweet boy appease
Thy mutining affections.

Ant. By the astonying terror of swart night,
By the infectious damps of clammie graues,
And by the mould that presseth downe,
My dead fathers scull: Ile be reveng'd.

Ma. Wherefore? on whom? for what? go, go to bed
Good dutious sonne. Ho, but thy idle——

Ant. So I may sleepe tomb'd in an honour'd hearse,
So may my bones rest in that Sepulcher.

Ma. Forget not dutie sonne: to bed, to bed.

An. May I be cursed by my fathers ghost,
And blasted with incensed breath of heaven,
If my heart beat on ought but vengeance,
May I be numd with horror, and my vaines
Pucker with sing'ing torture, if my braine
Disgest a thought, but of dire vengeance:
May I be fetter'd slaue to coward Chaunce,
If blood, heart, braine, plot ought saue vengeance.

Ma. Wilt thou to bed? I wonder when thou sleepest!
I faith thou look'st sunk-ey'd; goe couch thy head:
Now faith tis idle: sweet, sweet sonne to bed.

Ant.

Antonio and Mellida.

Ant. I haue a prayer or two, to offer up,
For the good, good Prince, my most deare, deare Lord,
The Duke *piero*, and your vertuous selfe :
And then when those prayers haue obtain'd successe,
In sooth Ile come (beleue it now) and couch
My head in downie mould : but first Ile see
You safely laid. Ile bring yee all to bed.

piero, Maria, Strotzo, Luceo,
Ile see you all laid : Ile bring you all to bed,
And then, ifaith, Ile come and couch my head,
And sleepe in peace.

Ma. Looke then, wee goe before.

Exeunt all but Antonio.

Ant. I, so you must, before we touch the shore
Of wisht revenge. O you departed soules,
That lodge in coffin'd trunkes, which my feete presse
(If *Pythagorian Axiomes* be true,
Of spirits transmigration) fleete no more
To humane bodies, rather liue in swine,
Inhabit wolues flesh, scorpions, dogs, and toads,
Rather then man. The curse of heaven raignes
In plagues unlimited through all his dayes,
His mature age growes only mature vice,
And ripens only to corrupt and rot
The budding hopes of infant modestie,
Still striving to be more then man, he prooues
More then a devill, diuellish suspect, diuellish crueltie :
All hell-strained iuyce is powred to his vaines,
Making him drunke with fuming surquedries,
Contempt of heaven, untam'd arrogance,
Lust, state, pride, murder.

And. Murder.

Fel. Murder.

Pa. Murder.

} *From aboue and beneath*

Ant. I, I will murder : graues and ghosts
Fright me no more, Ile suck red vengeance

Out

The second part of

Out of *Pieros* wounds — *pieros* wounds:

Enter two Boyes, with Piero in his night-gowne, and night-cap.

pie. *Maria*, loue *Maria* : she tooke this Ile
Left you her here ? On lights away :
I thinke we shall not warme our beds to day.

Enter Iulio, Forobosco, and Castilio.

Iul. Ho, father, father.

pier. How now *Iulio*, my little prettie sonne ?
Why suffer you the childe to walke so late ?

Foro. He will not sleepe, but calls to follow you,
Crying that bug-beares and spirits haunted him.

Antonio offers to come neere and stab, Piero presently

Ant. No, not so. *(withdrawes.)*

This shall be sought for ; Ile force him feed on life
Till he shall loath it. This shall be the close
Of vengeance straine.

pier. Away there : Pages, leade on fast with light.
The Church is full of dampes : tis yet dead night.

Exit all, saving Iulio.

SCENA TERTIA.

Iul. Brother *Antonio*, are you here ifaith ?
Why doe you frowne ? Indeed my sister said,
That I should call you brother, that she did,
When you were married to her. Buss me ; good
Truth, I loue you better then my father, deede.

Ant. Thy father ? Gracious, O bounteous heaven !
I doe adore thy justice ; *Venit in nostras manus*
Tandem vindicta, venit & tota quidem.

Iul. Truth, since my mother dyed, I lov'd you best.
Something hath angered you ; pray you looke merrily.

Ant. I will laugh, and dimple my thin checke,
With capring joy ; chuck, my heart doth leape
To graspe thy bosome. Time, place, and blood,

How

Antonio and Mellida.

How fit you close together ! *Heavens tones*
Strike not such musique to immortall soules,
As your accordance sweets my breast withall.
Me thinkes I pase upon the front of *Ioue*,
And kick corruption with a *hornefull heele*,
Griping this flesh, *disdaine mortality*.
O that I knew which joynt, which side, which lim
Were father all, and had no mother in't :
That I might rip it vaine by vaine ; and carue revenge
In bleeding races : but since 'tis mixt together,
Haue at adventure, peill mell, no reverse.
Come hither boy. This is *Andrugio's* earse.

Iul. O God, youle hurt me. For my sisters sake,
Pray you doe not hurt me. And you kill me, deed
Ile tell my father—

An. O, for thy sisters sake, I flagge revenge.

Andr. Revenge.

Ant. Stay, stay, deare father, fright mine eyes no more.
Revenge as swift as lightning buriteth forth,
And cleares his heart. Come, pretty tender child,
It is not thee I hate, not thee I kill.
Thy fathers blood that flowes within thy veines;
Is it I loath ; is that, Revenge must sucke.
I loue thy soule : and were thy heart lapt up
In any flesh, but in *Piero's* blood,
I would thus kisse it : but being his : thus, thus,
And thus ile punch it Abandon feares.
Whil'st thy wounds bleed, my browes shall gush out
teares.

Iul. So you will loue me, doe even what you will.

Ant. Now barks the Wolfe against the full cheekt
Moone.

Now Lyons halfe-clamd entrals roare for food.
Now croaks the toad, and night-crowes screech aloud,
Fluttering 'bout casements of departing soules.
Now gapes the graues, & through their yawnes let loose

The second part of

Imprison'd spirits to revisit earth :
And now swarte night, to swell thy hower out,
Behold I spurt warme blood in thy blacke eyes.

From under the stage a groane. (graues,

Ant. Howle not thou putry mould, groane not yee
Be dumbe all breath. Here stands *Andrugio's* sonne,
Worthy his father. So : I feele no breath.
His jawes are falne, his dislodg'd soule is fled :
And now there's nothing, but *Piero* left.
He is all *Piero*, father all. This blood,
This breast, this heart, *piero* all :
Whom thus I mangle. Spright of *Julio*,
Forget this was thy trunke. I liue thy friend.
Maist thou be twined with the soft'lt imbrace
Of cleare eternitie : but thy fathers blood,
I thus make incense of, to vengeance.
Ghost of my poysoned Sire, sucke this fume :
To sweete revenge perfume thy circling aire,
With smoake of blood. I sprinkle round his goare,
And dew thy hearse, with these fresh reeking drops.
Loe thus I heaue my blood-died hands to heaven :
Even like insatiate hell, still crying ; More.
My heart hath thirsting Dropsies after goare.
Sound peace and rest, to Church, night ghosts, & graues.
Blood cryes for blood ; and murder murder craues.

SCENA QVARTA.

*Enter two Pages with torches. Maria her haire loose,
and Nutriche.*

Nut. Fic, fie ; to morrow your wedding day, and
weepe ! Gods my comfort. *Andrugio* could doe well :
Piero may doe better. I haue had foure husbands my
selfe. The first I called, *Sweet Duck*, the second, *Deare*
Heart ;

Antonio and Mellida.

Heart; the third, *Pretty pudge*. But the fourth, most sweet, deare, pretty, all in all: hee was the very Cockall of a husband. What Lady? your skinne is smooth, your blood warme, your cheeke fresh, your eye quick: change of pasture makes fat calues: choise of linnen, cleane bodies; and (no question) variety of husbands perfect wiues. I would you should know it, as few teeth as I haue in my head, I haue read *Aristotles Problemes*, which saith; that woman receiveth perfection by the man. VVhat then bee the men? Goe to, to bed, lye on your backe, dreame not on *Piero*. I say no more: to morrow is your wedding: doe, dreame not of *Piero*.

Enter Balurdo with a base Viole.

Ma. VVhat an idle prate thou keep'st? good nurse goe sleepe.

I haue a mighty taske of teares to weepe.

Bal. Lady, with a most retort and obtuse legge I kisse the curled locks of your loose haire. The Duke hath sent you the most muscall sir *Iefferey*, with his not base, but most innobled Viole, to rock your baby thoughts in the Cradle of sleepe.

Ma. I giue the noble Duke respectiue thankses.

Bal. Respectiue; truely a very pretty word. Indeed Madam, I haue the most respectiue fiddle; Did you ever smell a more sweet sound. My dittie must goe thus; very witty, I assure you: I my selfe in an humorous passion made it, to the tune of my mistresse *Nutriches* beauty. Indeed, very pretty, very retort, and obtuse; Ile assure you tis thus.

*My mistresse eye doth oyle my ioynts,
And makes my fingers nimble:*

O loue come on, untrusse your paynts,

My fiddlestick wants Rozzen.

My Ladies dugges are all so smooth,

That no flesh must them handle:

The second part of

*Her eyes doe shine, for to say sooth,
Like a new snuffed candle.*

Ma. Truly, very patheticall, and unvulgar.

Bal. Patheticall and unvulgar; words of worth;
excellent words. In sooth Madam, I haue taken a
murre, which makes my nose run most pathetically, and
unvulgarly. Haue you any Tobacco?

Ma. Good Signior, your soag.

Ba. Instantly, most unvulgarly, at your service.
Truely, here's the most patheticall rozzen-Vmh.

C A N T A N T.

Ma. In sooth, most knightly sung, and like sir *Gefferey*.

Ba. Why, looke you Lady, I was made a Knight only
for my voice; and a counsellor only for my wit.

Ma. I beleue it. Good night gentle sir, good night.

Bal. You will giue me leaue to take my leaue of my
mistresse, and I will doe it most famously in rime.

*Farewell, adieu: Saith thy loue true,
As to part loath.*

Time bids us part, Mine owne sweet heart,

God bleffe us both.

Exit Balurdo.

Ma. Good night *Nutriche*. Pages leaue the roome.

The life of night growes short, tis almost dead.

Exeunt Pages and Nutriche.

O thou cold widdow bed, sometime thrice blest,

By the warme preffure of my sleeping Lord:

Open thy leaues, and whilst on thee I tread,

Groane out. Alas, my deare *Andrugio's* dead.

*Maria draweth the curtaine: and the ghost of Andru-
gio is displayed, sitting on the bed.*

Amazing terror, what portent is this?

SCENA

Antonio and Mellida.

SCENA QUINTA.

And. Disloyall to our Hymenæall rites,
What raging heate raines in thy strumpet blood ?
Hast thou so soone forgot *Andrugio* ?
Are our loue-bands so quickly cancelled ?
Where liues thy plighted faith unto this breast ?
O weake *Maria* ! Goe to, calme thy feares,
I pardon thee, poore soule. O shed no teares,
Thy sexe is weake. That blacke incarnate fiend
May trip thy faith, that hath orethrowne my life :
I was impoyson'd by *Piero's* hand.
Ioyne with my sonne, to bend up straind revenge.
Maintaine a seeming favour to his suite,
Till time may forme our vengeance absolute.

Enter Antonio, his armes bloody : a torch and a poniard.

An. See, unamaz'd, I will behold thy face,
Outstare the terror of thy grimme aspect,
Daring the horrid'st object of the night.
Looke how I smoake in blood, reek in the steame
Of foming vengeance. O my soule's inthroan'd
In the tryumphant chariot of revenge.
Me thinkes I am all ayre, and feele no waight
Of humane dirt clogge. This is *Iulio's* blood.
Rich musique father ; this is *Iulio's* blood.
Why liues that mother ?

And. Pardon ignorance. Fly deare *Antonio* :
Once more assume disguise, and dog the Court
In fained habit, till *Piero's* blood
May even oreflow the brim of full revenge.

Exit Antonio.

Peace, and all blessed fortunes to you both.
Fly thou from Court, be pearelesse in revenge :
Sleepe thou in rest, loe here I close thy couch.

Exit Maria to her bed, Andrugio drawing the curtaines.
And now yee sootie coursers of the night,

The second part of

Hurry your charriot into Hells black womb.
Darknesse, make flight ; Graves eat your dead againe ;
Let's repoflesse our throwds. Why lags delay ?
Mount sparkling brightnesse, give the world his day.

Exit Andrugio.

ACTV s III. SCENA I.

*Enter Antonio in a fooles habite, with a little toy of a
wal-nut ſhell, and ſope, to make bubbles : Maria, and
Alberto.*

Ma. **A** Way with this diſguiſe in any hand.

Alb. **A** Fie, tis unſuting to your elate ſpirit :
Rather put on ſome tranſhap'd Cavalier,
Some habit of a ſpitting Critick, whoſe mouth
Voyds nothing but gentile and unvulgar
Rheum of cenſure : rather aſſume ———

Ant. Why then ſhould I put on the very fleſh
Of ſollid folly. No, this cockſcombe is a crowne
Which I affect, even with unbounded zeale.

Al. Twil thwart your plot, diſgrace your high reſolve.

Ant. By wiſedomes heart there is no eſſence mortall,
That I can envy, but a plump-cheek'd foole :
O, he hath a patent of immunities
Confirm'd by cuſtome, ſeal'd by policy,
As large as ſparious thought.

Alb. You cannot preſſe among the Courtiers,
And have acceſſe to ———

Ant. What ? not a foole ? why friend, a golden Aſſe,
A babl'd foole, are ſole Canonically,
Whil'ſt pale-cheek'd wiſedome, and leane-ribb'd Art
Are kept in diſtance at the Halberts poynt :
All held *Apocrypha*, not worth ſurvey.
Why, by the *Genius* of that *Florentine*,
Deep, deep obſerving, ſound-brain'd *Macheveil*,

Hee

Antonio and Mellida.

He is not wise, that strives not to seeme foole.
When will the Duke hold feed intelligence,
Keepe wary observation in large pay,
To dogge a fooles act ?

Mar. I, but such feigning known, disgraceth much.

Ant. Pish, most things that mortally adhere to soules,
Wholly exist in drunk opinion :
Whose reeling censure, if I value not,
It values nought.

Mar. You are transported with too slight a thought,
If you but meditate of what is past,
And what you plot to passe.

Ant. Even in that, note a fooles beatitude :
He is not capable of passion,
Wanting the power of distinction,
He beares an unturn'd saile with every wind :
Blow East, blow VVest, he steeres his course alike.
I never saw a foole leane : the chub-fac'd fop
Shines sleek with full cramm'd fat of happinesse,
VVhil'st studious contemplation sucks the juice
From wisards cheekes : who making curious search
For Natures secrets, the first innating cause
Laughs them to scorne, as man doth busy Apes
VVhen they will zany men. Had heaven bin kind,
Creating me an honest senselesse dolt,
A good poore foole, I should want sense to feele
The stings of anguish shoot through every vaine,
I should not know what 'twere to lose a father :
I should be dead of sense, to view defame
Blurre my bright love ; I could not thus run mad,
As one confounded in a maze of mischiefse,
Staggerd, stark felld with bruising stroke of chance.
I should not shoot mine eyes into the earth,
Poring for mischiefse, that might counterpoysse

Enter Lucio

Mischiefse, murder, and ——— How now *Lucio* ?

The second part of

Lu. My Lord, the Duke, with the *Venetian States*,
Approach the great Hall, to judge *Mellida*.

Ant. Ask't he for *Iulio* yet?

Lu. No motion of him: dare you trust this habit?

Ant. *Alberto*, see you straight rumour me dead:
Leave me good mother, leave me *Lucio*,
Forfake me all. Now patience hoop my sides,

Exeunt all, saving Antonio.

With steeled ribs, lest I doe burst my brest

With struggling passions. Now disguise stand bold.

Poore scorned habits of choice soules infold.

The Cornets sound a Cynet.

SCENA SECVNDA.

Enter Castilio, Forobosco, Balurdo, & Alberto, with poles: *Lucio bare.* *Piero & Maria talking together: two Senators, Galeatzo, and Matzagente, Nutriche.*

Pie. Intreat me not: there's not a beauty lives,
Hath that impartiall predominance
Ore my affects, as your enchanting graces;
Yet give me leave to be my selfe.

Ant. A Villaine.

Pie. Iust.

Ant. Most just.

Pie. Most just and upright in our judgement seat.
Were *Mellida* mine eye, with such a blemish
Of most loath'd loosenesse, I would scratch it out.
Produce the strumpet in her bridall robes,
That she may blush t'appeare so white in show,
And blacke in inward substance. Bring her in.

Exeunt Forob. & Castil.

I hold *Antonio*, for his fathers sake,
So very dearely, so entirely choice,
That knew I but a thought of prejudice,

Imagin'd

Antonio and Mellida.

Imagin'd 'gainst his high innobled blood,
I would maintaine a mortall feude, undying hate
'Gainst the conceivers life. And shall justice sleep
In fleshly lethargy, for mine owne bloods favour,
V When the sweet Prince hath so apparant scorne
By my (I will not call her) daughter ? Goe,
Conduct in the lov'd youth *Antonio*.

Exit Alberto to fetch Antonio.

He shall behold me spurne my private good.
Piero loves his honour more then's blood.

Ant. The divell he does more then both.

Ba. Stand backe there, foole ; I doe hate a foole most
pathetically. O these that have no sap of retort and ob-
tuse wit in them : faugh.

Ant. Puffe, hold world : puffe, hold bubble ; Puffe,
hold world : puffe, breake not behind : puffe, thou art
full of wind ; puffe, keepe up by wind : puffe, 'tis broke :
and now I laugh like a good foole at the breath of mine
owne lips, he, he, he, he, he.

Bal. You foole.

Ant. You foole, puffe.

Bal. I cannot digest thee, the unvulgar foole. Goe
foole.

Pie. Forbeare *Balurdo*, let the foole alone.
Come hither (*sisto*) is he your foole ?

Ma. Yes, my lov'd Lord.

Pie. V Would all the States in *Venice* were like thee.
O then I were secur'd.

He that's a villaine, or but meanelly soul'd,
Must still converse, and cling to routs of fooles,
That cannot search the leakes of his defects.
O, your unsalted fresh foole is your only man :
These vinegar tart spirits are too piercing,
Too searching in the unglu'd joynts of shaken wits.
Find they a chinke, they'l wriggle in and in,
And eat like salt sea in his fiddow ribs,

Till

The second part of

Till they haue opened all his rotten parts,
Vnto the vaunting surge of base contempt,
And sunke the tossed Gallie in depth
Of vvhirlepoole scorne. Giue me an honest fopp:
Dud a, dud a? why loe sir, this takes he
As gratefull now, as a Monopolie.

SCENA TERTIA.

The still Flutes sound softly.

*Enter Forobosco, and Castilio: Mellida supported by
two waiting women.*

Mell. All honour to this royall confluence.

Pier. Forbeare (impure) to blot bright honours name
VVith thy defiled lips. The fluxe of sinne
Floues from thy tainted bodie: thou so foule,
So all dishonour'd, canst no honour giue,
No wish of good, that can haue good effect
To this graue Senate, and illustrate bloods.
Why stayes the doome of death?

1. Sen. Who riseth up to manifest her guilt?

2. Sen. You must produce apparant prooffe, my Lord.

Pier. Why, where is *Strotzo*? He that swore he saw
The very act: and vow'd that *Feliche* fled
Vpon his sight: on which I brake the breast
Of the adulterous lecher with five stabbes.
Goe fetch in *Strotzo*. Now thou impudent,
If thou hast any drop of modest blood
Shrowded within thy checks, blush, blush for shame,
That rumour yet may say, thou felt'st defame.

Mell. Produce the devill; let your *Strotzo* come:
I can defeat his strongest arguments,
Which ———

Pier. VVith what?

Mell. With teares, with blushes, sighs, & clasped hands
Wit

Antonio and Mellida.

VVith innocent upreared hands to heaven :
VVith my unnookt simplicitie. These, these
Must, will, can onely quit my heart of guilt.
Heaven permits not taintlesse blood be spilt.
If no remorse liue in your savage breast,

Pier. Then thou must die.

Mell. Yet dying, Ile be blest.

Pier. Accurst by me.

Mell. Yet blest, in that I stroue
To liue, and dyc.

Pier. My hate.

Mell. Antonio's loue.

Ant. Antonio's loue !

Enter Strotzo, a cord about his necke.

Stro. O what vast ocean of repentant teares
Can cleanse my breast from the polluting filth
Of ulcerous sinne ? *Supream Efficient,*
Why cleau'st thou not my breast with thunderbolts
Of wing'd revenge ?

Pier. What meanes this passion ?

Ant. What villany are they decocting now ? Vmh.

Strot. *In me convertite ferrum, O proceres.*

Nihil iste, nec ista.

Pie. Lay hold on him. What strange portent is this ?

Strot. I will not flinch. Death, hell more grimly stare
VVithin my heart, then in your threatning browes.
Record, thou threefold guard of dreadest power,
What I here speake, is forced from my lips,
By the pulsiue straine of conscience,
I haue a mount of mischief clogs my soule,
As waightie as the high-nold *Appenine*,
Which I must straight disgorge, or breast will burst.
I haue defam'd this Lady wrongfully,
By instigation of *Antonio* :
Whose reeling loue, tost on each fancies surge,
Began to loath, before it fully joyed.

Pier. Goe,

The second part of

Pie. Go, seize *Antonio*, guard him strongly in.

Exit

Stro. By his ambition, being onely brib'd,

Foro.

Feed by his impious hand, I poysoned
His aged father : that his thirstie hope
Might quench their dropsie of aspiring drought,
With full unbounded quaffe.

Pier. Seize me *Antonio*.

Stro. O why permit you such a scum of filth
As *Strotzo* is, to liue, and taynt the ayre
With his infectious breath ?

Pie. My selfe will be thy strangler, unmatched slaue.

*Piero comes from his chaire, snatcheth the cords end, and
Castilio aydeth him ; both strangle Strotzo.*

Stro. Now change your ———

Pier. I, pluck *Castilio* : I change my humour ? plucke
Castilio.

Dye, with thy deaths intreats even in thy jawes.
Now, now, now, now, now, my plot begins to worke.
VVhy thus should States-men doe,
That cleaue through knots of craggie policies,
Vse men like wedges, one strike out another ;
Till by degrees the tough and knurly trunk
Bee riv'd in sunder. Where's *Antonio* ?

Enter Alberto running.

Alb. O black accursed fate. *Antonio's* drown'd.

Pier. Speake on thy faith, on thy alleageance, speake.

Alb. As I doe loue *Piero*, he is drown'd.

Ant. In an inundation of amazement.

Mell. I, is this the close of all my straines in loue ?
O me most wretched mayd.

Pie. *Antonio* drown'd ? how ? how ? *Antonio* drown'd ?

Alb. Distraught and raving, from a turrets top
He threw his body in the high swolne sea,
And as he headlong topsie turvie ding'd downe,
Hee still cry'd *Mellida*.

Ant. My loues bright crowne.

Mell. He

Antonio and Mellida.

Mell. He still cry'd *Mellida*?

Pie. Daughter, me thinks your eyes should sparkle joy,
Your bosome rise on tiptoe at this news.

Mell. Aye me.

Pie. How now? Ay me? why, art not great of thanks
To gracious heaven, for the just revenge
Upon the Author of thy obloquies!

Mar. Sweet beautie, I could sigh as fast as you,
But that I know that which I weepe to know,
His fortunes should be such hee dare not show
His open presence.

Mell. I know he lou'd mee dearly, dearly, I:
And since I cannot liue with him, I die.

Pie. Fore heaven, her speech falters, look she swouns.
Convey her up into her private bed.

*Maria, Nutriche, and the Ladies beare out Mellida, as
being fwooned.*

I hope shee'll liue, if not ———

Ant. *Antonios* dead, the foole wi' follow too, he, he, he.
Now workes the sceane; quick observation scud
To coat the plot, or else the path is lost:
My very selfe am gone, my way is fled:
I, all is lost, if *Mellida* be dead. *Exit Antonio.*

Pier. *Alberto*, I am kinde, *Alberto*, kinde.

I am sorry for thy Couz, ifaith I am.

Goe, take him downe, and beare him to his father;
Let him be buried; looke ye, Ile pay the Priest.

Alb. Please you to admit his father to the Court?

Pier. No.

Alb. Please you to restore his lands & goods againe?

Pier. No.

Alb. Please you vouchsafe him lodging in the citie?

Pier. Gods fut, no, thou odde uncivill fellow:

I thinke you doe forget sir, where you are.

Alb. I know you doe forget sir, where you must be.

Forg. You are too malapert, ifaith you are.

Your

The second part of

Your honour might doe well to——

Alb. Peace Parasite, thou bur, that only sticks
Vnto the nappe of greatnesse.

Pie. Away with that same yelping cur, away.

Alb. I, I am gone, but marke, *piero* this.

There is a thing cald scourging *Nemesis*. *Exit Alb.*

Bal. Gods neakes he has wrong, that hee has : and
S'fut, and I were as hee, I would beare no coles, law I,
I beginne to swell puffed.

Pie. How now foole, fop, foole ?

Ba. Foole, fop, foole ? Marry muffed. I pray you, how many
fooles haue you seene goe ina suite of Sattin ? I hope
yet, I do not looke like a foole ifaith ; a foole ? Gods bores,
I scorn't with my heele. S'neaks, and I were worth but
three hundred pound a yeare more, I could sweare richly ;
nay ; but as poore as I am, I will sweare the fellow
hath wrong.

Pie. Young *Galeazzo* ? I, a proper man.

Florence, a goodly citie : it shall be so.

Ile marry her to him instantly.

Then *Genoa* mine, by my *Mariaes* match,
Which Ile solemnize ere next setting Sun.

Thus *Venice*, *Florence*, *Genoa*, strongly leagu'd.

Excellent, excellent. Ile conquer *Rome*,

Pop out the light of bright religion :

And then, helter skelter, all cock sure.

Ba. Goe to, tis just, the man hath wrong : goe to.

Pie. Goe to, thou shalt haue right. Goe to *Castilio*,

Clap him into the Palace dungeon :

Lap him in rags, and let him feed on slime,

That smeares the dungeon cheeke. Away with him.

Bal. In very good truth now, Ile nere doe so more ; this
one time and——

Pie. Away with him, obserue it strictly, goe.

Ba. Why then, O wight, alas poore Knight.

O, well aday, sir *Gefferey* let Poets roare,

And

Antonio and Mellida.

And all deplore; for now I bid you good night.

Exit Balurdo with Castilio.

Ma. O pittious end of loue: O too too rude hand
Of unrespected death! Alas, sweet mayd.

Pie. Forbear me heaven. What intend these plaints?

Mar. The beauty of admir'd creation,
The life of modest unmixt purity,
Our sexes glory, *Mellida* is ———

pie. What? o heaven, what?

Ma. Dead.

pie. May it not sad your thoughts, how?

Ma. Being layd upon her bed, she graspt my hand,
And kissing it, spake thus, Thou very poore,
Why dost not weep? The jewell of thy brow,
The rich adornment that inchac't thy brest,
Is lost; thy son, my love is lost, is dead.

And doe I live to say *Antonio's* dead?

And have I liv'd to see his vertues blurr'd

With guiltlesse blots? O world thou art too subtile,
For honest natures to converse withall:

Therefore Ile leave thee; farewell mart of woe,
I fly to clip my love, *Antonio*.

With that her head sunk downe upon her brest:

Her cheek chang'd earth, her senses slept in rest:

Vntill my foole, that crept unto the bed,

Screech't out so loud, that he brought back her soule,

Call'd her againe, that her bright eyes gan ope,

And star'd upon him: he audacious foole,

Dar'd kisse her hand, wisht her soft rest, lov'd Bride;

She fumbled out thanks good, and so she dy'd.

pie. And so she dy'd: I doe not use to weep:

But by thy love (out of whose fertile sweet

I hope for as faire fruit) I am deep sad:

I will not stay my marriage for all this:

Castilio, Forobosco, all

Straine all your wits, wind up invention

The second part of

Vnto his highest bent : to sweet this night,
Make vs drinke *Lethe* by your queint conceits ;
That for two dayes, oblivion smother griefe :
But when my daughters exequies approach,
Let's all turne sighers. Come, despight of fate,
Sound lowdest musick, lets passe out in state.

The Cornets sound.

Exeunt.

SCENA IIII.

Enter Antonio solus, in fooles habit.

Ant. I, heaven, thou mayst, thou mayst omnipotence.
VVhat vermine bred of putrefacted slime,
Shall dare to expostulate with thy decrees !
O heaven, thou mayest indeed, shee was all thine,
All heavenly, I did but humbly beg
To borrow her of thee a little time.
Thou gav'st her me, as some weake breasted dame
Giveth her infant, puts it out to nurse,
And when it once goes high lone, takes it back.
Shee was my vitall blood, and yet, and yet,
Ile not blaspheame. Looke here, behold,

Antonio puts off his cap, and lieth just upon his backe.
I turne my prostrate breast upon thy face,
And vent a heaving sigh. O heare but this,
I am a poore poore Orphant, a weake, weake child,
The wrack of splitted fortune, the very Ouze,
The quick-sand that devours all misery.
Behold the valiantst creature that doth breath.
For all this, I dare liue, and I will liue,
Onely to numme some others cursed blood,
With the dead palfie of like misery.
Then death, like to a stifling *Incubus*,
Lie on my bosome. Lo sir, I am sped.
My breast is *Golgotha*, graue for the dead.

SCENA

SCENA V.

Enter Pandulpho, Alberto, and a page, carrying Feliches trunk in a winding sheet, and lay it thwart Antonio's breast.

*Pan. Antonio, kisse my foot: I honour thee,
In laying thwart my blood upon thy breast.
I tell thee boy, he was Pandulphos sonne:
And I doe grace thee with supporting him,
Young man.
The dominiering Monarch of the earth,
He that hath nought that fortunes gripe can seize,
He who is all impregnably his owne,
He whose great heart heaven cannot force with force,
Vouchsafes his loue. Non servio Deo, sed assentio.*

Ant. I ha lost a good wife.

*Pa. Didst find her good, or didst thou make her good?
If found, thou mayst refind, because thou hadst her!
If made, the worke is lost: but thou that mad'st her
Liv'st yet as cunning. Hast lost a good wife?
Thrice blessed man that lost her whilst she was good,
Faire, young, vnblemisht, constant, loving, chaste.
I tell thee youth, age knowes, young loues seeme grac't,
Which with gray cares, rude jarres, are oft defac't.*

Ant. But shee was full of hope.

*Pan. May be, may be: but that which may be, stood,
Stands now without all may; she died good.
And dost thou grieue?*

Alber. I ha lost a true friend.

*Pan. I liue incompast with two blessed soules.
Thou lost a good wife, thou lost a true friend, ha?
Two of the rarest lendings of the heavens:
But lendings: which at the fixed day of pay
Set downe by fate, thou must restore againe.
O what vnconscionable soules are here?*

The second part of

Are you all like the spoke-slaves of the Church ?

Have you no maw to restitution ?

Hast lost a true friend, cuz ? then thou hadst one.

I tell thee youth, tis all as difficult

To find true friend in this apostate age,

(That balkes all right affiance twixt two hearts)

As tis to find a fixed modest heart,

Vnder a painted brest. Lost a true friend ?

O happy soule that lost him whil'ft he was true.

Beleeve it cuz, I to my teares have found,

Oft durts respect makes firmer friends unsound.

Alb. You have lost a good sonne.

Pan. Why there's the comfort on't, that he was good,

Alas, poore innocent.

Alb. Why weepes mine uncle ?

Pan. Ha, dost aske me why ? ha ? ha ?

Good cuz, looke here.

He shewes him his sonnes brest.

Man will breake out, despight Philosophy.

Why, all this while I have but playd a part,

Like to some boy, that acts a tragœdy,

Speakes burly words, and raves out passion :

But, when he thinkes upon his infant weakenesse,

He droopes his eye. I spake more then a god ;

Yet am lesse then a man.

I am the miserablest soule that breathes.

Antonio starts up.

Ant. S'lid fir, ye lye : by th'heart of griefe, thou lyest.

I scorn't, that any wretched should survive,

Outmounting me in that Superlative,

Most miserable, most unmatch'd in woe :

Who dare assume that, but *Antonio* ?

Pan. Will't still be so ? and shal yon bloodhound live ?

Ant. Have I an arme, a heart, a sword, a soule ?

Alb. Were you but private unto what we know,

Pan. Ile know it all : first let's interre the dead :

Let's

Antonio and Mellida.

Let's dig his grave with that shall dig the heart,
Liver, and entralls of the murderer.

*They strike the stage with their daggers, and
the grave openeth.*

Ant. Will't sing a Dirge, boy?

Pan. No, no song: twill be vile out of tune.

Ant. Indeed he's hoarse, the poor boyes voice is crackt.

Pan. Why cuz? why should it not be hoarse & crackt,
When all the strings of Natures symphony
Are crackt, and jarre? why should his voice keepe tune?
When there's no musick in the brest of man?

Ile say an honest antick rime I have:

(Helpe me good sorrowe mates to give him grave)

They all help to carry Feliche to his grave.

Death, exile, plaints, and woes,

Are but mans lackies, not his foes.

No mortall scapes from fortunes warre,

Without a wound, at least a scarre.

Many have led these to the grave:

But all shall follow, none shall save.

Blood of my youth, rot and consume,

Vertue, in durt, doth life assume:

VVith this old sawe, close up this dust;

Thrice blessed man that dyeth just.

Ant. The gloomy wing of night begins to stretch
His lasy pinion over all the ayre:

VVe must be stiffe and steddy in resolve.

Let's thus our hands, our hearts, our armes involve.

They wreath their armes.

Pan. Now sweare we by this Gordian knot of love,

By the fresh turn'd up mold that wraps my sonne:

By the dead brow of triple *Hecate*:

Ere night shall close the lids of yon bright starres,

VVee'll sit as heavy on *Piero's* heart,

As *Aetna* doth on groaning *Pelorus*.

Ant. Thankes good old man.

The second part of

Weele cast at royall chance.

Lets thinke a plot; then pell mell vengeance.

Exeunt, their armes wreathed.

The Cornets sound for the Act.

ACTVS V. SCENA I.

The dumbe show.

Enter at one doore, Castilio and Forobosco, with halberts: foure Pages with torches: Lucio bare: Piero, Maria and Alberto, talking: Alberto drawes out his dagger, Maria her knife, ayming to menace the Duke. Then Galeatzo betwixt two Senators, reading a paper to them: at which they all make semblance of loathing Piero, and knit their fistes at him: two Ladies and Nutriche: all these goe softly over the stage, whilst at the other doore enters the ghost of Andrugio, who passeth by them, tossing his torch about his head in triumph. All forsake the Stage, saving Andrugio, who speaking, begins the Act.

And. V Enit dies, temp'is que, quo reddat suis
Animam squallentem sceleribus.

The fist of strenuous vengeance is clutcht,

And sterne *Vindicta* towreth up aloft,

That shee may fall with a more waightie paife,

And crush lifes sap from our Pieros vaines.

Now gins the leprous cores of ulcered sinnes

Wheale to a head: now is his fate growne mellow,

Instant to fall into the rotten jawes

Of chap falne death. Now downe looks Providence,

T'attend the last act of my sonnes revenge.

Be gracious, Observation, to our Scape:

For now the plot unites his scattered limbes

Close

Antonio and Mellida.

Close in contracted bands. The *Florence* Prince,
(Drawne by firme notice of the Dukes black deeds)
Is made a partner in conspiracie.

The States of *Venice* are so swolne in hate
Against the Duke, for his accursed deeds,
(Of which they are confirm'd by some odde letters
Found in dead *Strozcos* Studie, which had past
Betwixt *Piero* and the murdring slaue)
That they can scarce retaine from bursting forth
In plaine revolt. O, now triumphs my ghost;
Exclaiming, heaven's just; for I shall see
The scourge of murder and impietie. *Exit.*

SCENA SECVNDA.

Balurdo from under the stage.

Balurd. Hoe, who's aboue there, hoe? A murren
on all Proverbs. They say, hunger breaks through stone
walles; but I am as gant, as leane ribb'd famine: yet
I can burst through no stone walles. O, now sir *Geffe-*
rey, shewe thy valour, breake prison, and bee hangd.
Nor shall the darkest nooke of hell containe the dis-
contented sir *Balurdo's* ghost. VVell, I am out well,
I haue put off the prison to put on the rope. O poore
shotten herring, what a pickle art thou in! O hunger,
how thou dominier'st in my gutts! O, for a fat legge of
Ewe mutton in stewde broath, or drunken song to feed
on. I could belch rarely, for I am all winde. O colde,
cold, cold, cold, cold. O poore Knight, O poore sir *Gef-*
ferey, sing like an Vnicorne, before thou doest dip thy
horne in the water of death; O cold, O sing, O cold, O
poore sir *Geffrey*, sing, sing.

CANTAT.

The second part of

SCENA TERTIA.

Enter Antonio and Alberto at severall doores, their rapiers drawn, in their masking attire.

Ant. Vindicta.

Alb. Mellida.

Ant. Alberto.

Alb. Antonio.

Ant. Hath the Duke slept?

Alb. Yes, and triumphant revels mount aloft.

The Duke drinks deepe to overflow his griefe.

The Court is rackt to pleasure, each man straines

To faine a jocond eye. The *Florentine* —

Ant. Young Galeazzo.

Alb. Even hee is mightie on our part. The States of Venice —

Enter Pandulpho running in masking attire.

Pan. Like high-swoln floods, driue downe the muddy
Of pent allegiance. O, my lustie bloods, (dammes.
Heaven sits clapping of our enterprife.

I haue been labouring generall favour firme,

And I doe finde the Citizens growne sicke

With swallowing the bloody crudities

Of blacke *Pieros* actes; they faine would cast

And vomit him from off their government.

Now is the plot of mischiefe ript wide ope:

Letters are found twixt *Stroz* and the Duke,

So cleare apparant: yet more firmly strong

By suiting circumstance; that as I walkt

Muffled, to eves-drop speech, I might obserue

The graver States-men whispering fearfully.

Here one giues nods and hummes, what he would speak:

The rumour's got 'mong troops of Citizens,

Making lowd murmur, with confused dinne:

One shakes his head, and sighes; O ill us'd power:

Another

Antonio and Mellida.

Another frets, and sets his grinding teeth,
Foaming with rage, and swears this must not be.
Here one complots, and on a sudden starts,
And cries, O monstrous, O deepe villanie !
All knit their nerves, and from beneath swolne browes
Appeares a gloring eye of much mislike,
Whilst swart *Pieros* lips reake steame of wine,
Swallowes lust-thoughts, deuoures all pleasing hopes,
With strong imagination of, what not ?
O, now *Vindicta* ; that's the word we haue :
A royall vengeance, or a royall graue.

Ant. Vindicta.

Bal. I am acold.

Pan. Who's there ? sir *Geffrey* ?

Bal. A poore knight, God wot: the nose of my knight-
hood is bitten off with cold. O poore sir *Geffrey*, cold,
cold.

Pan. What chance of fortune hath tript up his heeles,
And layd him in the kennell ? ha ?

Alb. I will discourse it all. Poore honest soule,
Hadst thou a Bever to claspe up thy face,
Thou shouldst associate us in Masquery,
And see revenge.

Bal. Nay, and you talke of revenge, my stomach's up,
For I am most tyrannically hungry. A bever ? I have
a head-piece, a skull, a braine of prooffe I warrant yee.

Alb. Slinke to my chamber then, and tyre thee.

Bal. Is there a fire ?

Alb. Yes.

Bal. Is there a fat leg of Ewe mutton ?

Alb. Yes.

Bal. And a cleane shirt ?

Alb. Yes.

Bal. Then am I for you, most pathetically and un-
vulgarly law. *exit.*

Ant. Resolved hearts, time curtalls night, opportunity
shakes us his foretop. Steele your thoughts, sharpe your
resolve, imbolden your spirit, grasp your swords, alarum
I 4 mischiefe,

The second part of

mischiefe, and with an undanted brow, out scout the
grim opposition of most menacing perill.

Harke here, proud pompe shoots mounting tryumph up,
Borne in lowd accents to the front of Ioue.

Paz. O now, he that wants soule to kill a slaue,
Let him dye slaue, and rot in pesants graue.

Ant. Giue me thy hand, and thine most noble heart,
Thus will we liue, and, but thus, never part.

Exeunt twin'd together.

Cornets sound a Cynet.

SCENA QVARTA.

*Enter Castilio and Forobosco, two pages with torches,
Lucio bare Piero, and Maria, Galeatzo, two Se-
nators and Nutriche.*

piero to Maria.

Pie. Sit close unto my breast, heart of my loue,
Advance thy drooping eyes.

Thy sonne is drownd,

Rich happinesse that such a sonne is drownd.

Thy husband's dead, life of my joyes most blest,

In that the saplesse logge, that prest thy bed

With an unpleasing waight, being listid hence,

Even I *piero*, liue to warme his place.

I tell you Lady, had you view'd us both,

With an unpartiall eye, when first we woo'd

Your maiden beauties, I had borne the prize,

Tis firme I had : for faite, I ha done that——

Ma. Murder.

pie. Which he would quake to haue adventur'd ;
Thou know'st I haue——

Mar. Muredred my husband.

Pis. Borne out the shock of war, and done, what not,
That valour durst. Do'st loue me fairest ? say.

Ma. As I doe hate my sonne, I loue thy soule.

Pie.

Antonio and Mellida.

pie. Why then *Io to Hymen*, mount a loftie note :
Fill red cheekt *Bacchus*, let *Lyews* flote
In burnisht gobblets. Force the plumpet lipt god,
Skip light lavoltaes in your full sapt veines.
Tis well brim full. Even I haue glut of blood :
Let quasse carouse ; I drinke this *Burdeaux* wine
Vnto the health of dead *Andrugio*,
Feliche, *Strorzo*, and *Antonios* ghosts.
Would I had some poyson to infuse it with ;
That having done this honour to the dead,
I might send one to giue them notice on't.
I would indeere my favour to the full.
Boy, sing alowd, make heavens vault to ring
With thy breaths strength. I drinke. Now lowdly sing.

CANTANT.

The song ended, the Cornets sound a Cyner.

SCENA QVINTA.

*Enter Antonio, Pandulfo, and Alberto, in maskery,
Balurdo, and a torch-bearer.*

pie. Call *Iulio* hither ; where's the little soule ?
I saw him not to day. Here's sport alone
For him ifaith ; for babes and fooles I know,
Relish not substance, but applaud the show.

To the Conspirators as they stand in ranke for the measure.

To Antonio.

Gal. All blessed fortune crowne your braue attempt,

To Pandulpho.

I haue a troope to second your attempt.

To Alberto.

The *Venice* States joyne hearts unto your hands.

Pie. By the delights in contemplation
Of conning joyes, 'tis magnificent.

The second part of

You grace my mariage eue with sumptuous pompe.
Sound still lowd musique. O, your breath giues grace
To curious feete, that in proud measure pasc.

Ant. Mother, is *Iulios* body——

Ma. Speake not, doubt not; all is about all hope.

Ant. Then will I daunce and whirle about the ayre.
Me thinkes I am all soule, all heart, all spirit.
Now murder shall receiue his ample merite.

The Measure.

While the measure is dauncing, Andrugios ghost is placed betwixt the musicke houses.

pie. Bring hither suckets, canded delicates.
Weele taste some sweet meats gallants, ere we sleepe.

Ant. Weele cooke your sweet meats gallants, with
tart sower sawce.

And. Here will I sit, spectator of revenge,
And glad my ghost in anguish of my foe.

The maskers whisper with Piero.

pie. Marry and shall; ifaith I were too rude,
If I gaine said so civill fashion.

The maskers pray you to forbear the roome,
Till they haue banqueted. Let it be so:
No man presume to visite them on death.

The maskers whisper againe.

Onely my selfe? O, why with all my heart.

He fill your consort; here *piero* sits:

Come on, unmaske, lets fall to.

*The conspirators bind Piero, plucke out his tongue, and
triumph over him.*

And. Murder and torture: no prayers, no entreats.

Pan. Weele spoyle your oratory. Out with his tongue.

Ant. I haue't *Pandulpho*: the veines panting bleed,
Trickling fresh goare about my fist. Bind fast; so, so.

And. Blest be thy hand. I taste the joyes of heaven,
Viewing

Antonio and Mellida.

Viewing my sonne triumph in his blacke blood.

Bal. Downe to the dungeon with him ; Ile dungeon with him ; Ile foole you: sir *Gefferey* will be sir *Gefferey*. Ile tickle you.

Ant. Behold, blacke dogge.

Pan. Grinst thou, thou snarling cur?e?

Alb. Eate thy blacke liver.

Ant. To thine anguish see
A foole tryumphant in thy misery.
Vex him *Balardo*.

Pan. He weepes : now doe I glorifie my hands,
I had no vengeance, if I had no teares.

Ant. Fall to good Duke. O these are worthlesse cates,
You haue no stomack to them ; looke, looke here :
Here lies a dish to feast thy fathers gorge.
Here's flesh and blood, which I am sure thou lou'st.

Piero seemes to condole his sonne.

Pan. Was hee thy flesh, thy sonne, thy dearest sonne?

Ant. So was *Andrugio* my dearest father.

Pan. So was *Feliche* my dearest sonne.

Enter Maria.

Ma. So was *Andrugio* my dearest husband.

Ant. My father found no pittie in thy blood.

Pan. Remorse was banisht, when thou flew'st my son.

Ma. When thou impoysoned'st my loving Lord,
Exilde was pietie.

An. Now, therefore, pitie, pietie, remorse,
Be aliens to our thoughts : grim fire-ey'd rage
Possesse us wholly.

Pan. Thy sonne? true : and which is my most joy,
I hope no bastard, but thy very blood
Thy true begotten, most legitimate
And loved issue : there's the comfort on't.

Ant. Scum of the mud of hell.

Alb. Slime of all filth.

Mar. Thou most detested road.

Bal.

The second part of

Bal. Thou most retort and obtuse rascal.

Ant. Thus charge we death at thee: remember hell,
And let the howling murmurs of blacke spirits,
The horrid torments of the damned Ghosts
Affright thy soule, as it descendeth downe
Into the entralls of the ugly Deepe,

Pan. Sa, sa; no, let him dye, and dye, and still be dying,

They offer to run all at Piero, and on a sudden stop.

And yet not dye, till he hath dy'd, and dy'd
Ten thousand deaths in agony of heart.

Ant. Now *pell mell*; thus the hand of heaven chokes
The throat of murder. This for my fathers blood.

He stabs at Piero.

Pan. This for my sonne.

Alb. This for them all.

And this, and this; sinke to the heart of hell.

They run all at Piero with their Rapiers.

Pan. Murder for murder, blood for blood doth yell.

And. Tis done, and now my soule shall sleep in rest.
Sonnes, that revenge their fathers blood, are blest.

The curtaine being drawne, exit Andrugio.

SCENA SESTA.

Enter Galeatzo, two Senators, Lucio, Forobosco, Castilio, and Ladies.

Se. Whose hand presents this gory spectacle?

Ant. Mine.

Pan. No, mine.

Alb. No, mine.

Ant. I will not lose the glory of the deed,
Were all the tortures of the deepest hell
Fixt to my limbs. I pearc'd the Monsters heart,
With an undaunted hand.

Pan. By yon bright spangled front of heaven, twas I:
Twas I flue'd out his life blood.

Alb.

Antonio and Mellida.

Alb. Tush, to say truth, twas all.

2 Sen. Blest be you all, and may your honours live Religiously held sacred, even for ever and ever.

Gal. To Antonio. Thou art another *Hercules* to us, In ridding huge pollution from our state.

1 Sen. Antonio, Beliefe is fortified, With most invincible approvements of much wrongs, By this *Piero* to thee. We have found Beadrolls of mischief, plots of villany, Layd twixt the Duke and *Strorzo*: which we found Too firmly acted.

2 Sen. Alas poore Orphant.

Ant. Poore? Standing triumphant over *Belzebub*? Having large interest for blood; and yet deem'd poore?

1 Sen. VVhat satisfaction outward pompe can yield, Or chiefeft fortunes of the *Venice* state, Claime freely. You are well seasoned props, And will not warpe, or leane to either part.

Calamity gives man a steddy heart.

Ant. VVe are amaz'd at your benignity: But other vowes constraine another course.

Pan. We know the world, and did we know no more, VVe would not live to know; but since constraint Of holy bands forceth us keep this lodge Of durts corruption, till dread power calls Our soules appearance, we will live inclos'd In holy verge of some religious order, Most constant Votaries.

The curtaines are drawne, Piero departerh.

Ant. First, let's cleanse our hands, Purge hearts of hatred, and intombe my Love: Over whose hearse Ile weep away my braine In true affections teares:

For her sake, here I vow a *Virgine* bed, She lives in me, with her my love is dead.

2 Sen. VVe will attend her mournesfull exequies,

Conduct

The second part of

Conduct you to your calme sequestred life,
And then——

Maria. Leauē us, to meditate on misery;
To sad our thoughts with contemplation
Of past calamities: If any aske
Where liues the widdow of the poisoned Lord?
VVhere lies the Orphant of a murdred father?
Where lies the father of a butchered son?
Where liues all woe? conduct him to us three;
The downe-cast ruines of calamitie.

And. Sound dolefull tunes, a solemn hymn advance,
To close the last act of my vengeance:
And when the subject of your passion's spent,
Sing *Melida* is dead, all hearts will relent,
In sad condolement, at that heauie sound,
Never more woe in lesser plot was found.
And O, if ever time create a Muse,
That to th'immortall fame of virgine faith,
Dares once engage his pen to write her death,
Presenting it in some blacke Tragedie:
May it proue gracious, may his stile be deckt
VVith freshest bloomes of purest elegance;
May it haue gentle presence, and the Sceanes suckt up
By calme attention of choice audience:
And when the closing Epilogue appeares,
In stead of claps, may it obtaine but teares.

CANTANT.

Exeunt Omnes.

Antonij vindicta.

FINIS.

THE
WONDER
OF WOMEN:

OR,

THE TRAGEDIE OF
SOPHONISBA.

As it hath been sundry times acted
at the Blacke Fryers.



LONDON,

Printed for WILLIAM SHEARES.

1633.

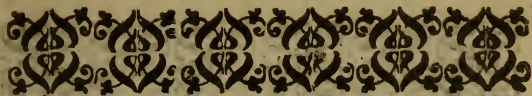
THE
WONDER

OF
THE TRAGEDIE OF
SOPHONISBA.

As it hath been sundry times acted
at the Swan Theatre.



LONDON,
Printed for WILLIAM SHEARES.
1633.



TO THE GENERALL

READER.

Now, that I haue not laboured in this Poeme, to tye my selfe to relate any thing as an Historian, but to inlarge every thing as a Poet. To transcribe Authors, quote Authorities, and translate Latine prose Orations into English blank Verse, hath in this subject been the least ayme of my Studies. Then (equall Reader) peruse me with no prepared dislike; and if ought shall displease thee, thanke thy selfe; if ought shall please thee, thanke not me: for I confesse in this it was not my onely end.

K

Argu-



Argumentum.

A Gratesfull hearts just height : Ingratitude.
And vowes-bafe breach with worthy shame pursude.
A womans constant loue as firme as fate.
A blamelesse Counsellor well borne for State.
The folly to inforce free loue. These know,
This Subject with full light doth amply show.

Interlocutores.

Massinissa. } Kings of Lybia, Rivalls for So-
Syphax. } *phonisba.*

Asdruball, Father to *Sophonisba*.

Glossa, A Senator of Carthage.

Bytheus, A Senator of Carthage.

Hanno Magnus, Captaine for Carthage.

Ingurth, *Massinissa*'s Nephew.

Scipio, }
Lelius, } Generalls of Rome.

Vangue, An Æthiopian flave.

Cartholon, A Senator of Carthage.

Gisco, A Surgeon of Carthage.

Nunnius.

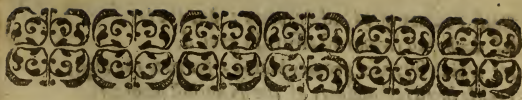
Sophonisba, Daughter to *Asdruball* of Carthage.

Zanthia, Her Mayd.

Erietho, An Inchantresse.

Arcathia, }
Nycea, } Wayting women to *Sophonisba*.

THE



THE TRAGEDIE of *Sophonisba*.

PROLOGVS.

Cornets sound a March.

Enter at one doore the Prologue, two Pages with torches, Asdruball and Iugurth, two Pages with lights, Massinissa leading Sophonisba, Zanthia bearing Sophonisbas traine, Arcathia and Nicea, Hanno and Bytheas: At the other doore two Pages with Targets and laurels, two Pages with lights, Syphax arm'd from top to toe, Vangue followes.

These thus entred, stand still, whilst the Prologue resting betweene both troupes, speakes.

TH E Sceane is Lybia, and the Subject thus.
*Whilst Carthage stood the onely awe of Rome,
As most imperiall seate of Lybia,
Govern'd by Statesmen, each as great as Kings,
(For seventene Kings were Carthage feodars;)
Whilst thus shee flourisht, whilst her Hanniball
Made Rome to tremble, and the Wakes yet pale:
Then in this Carthage Sophonisba liv'd,
The farre fam'd daughter of great Asdruball:
For whom ('mongst others) potent Syphax sues,
And well-grac'd Massinissa rivalls him,*

The Tragedie

Both Princes of proud Scepters : but the lot
Of doubtfull favour Massinissa grac'd,
At which Syphax growes blacke : for now the night
Yeelds lowd resoundings of the Nuptiall pompe :
Apollo strikes his Harpe : Himen his Torch,
Whilst lowring Iano, with ill-boading eye,
Sits envious at too forward Venus : Loe,
The instant night : And now yee worthier minds,
To whom wee shall present a female glory,
(The wonder of a constancie so fixt,
That Fate it selfe might well grow envious.)
Be pleas'd to sit, such as may merit oyle,
And holy deaw, still'd from diviner heat :
For rest thus knowing, what of this you heare,
The Author lowly hopes, but must not feare.

For just worth never rests on popular frowne,
To haue done well is fayre deeds onely crowne.

Nec se quæsiuerit extra.

Cornets sound a March.

The prologue leades *Massinissas* Troupes over the
Stage, and departs : *Syphax* Troups onely stay.

ACTVS



ACTVS I. SCENA I.

Syphax and Vangue.

Sy. **S**Yphax, Syphax, why wast thou curst a King?
What angry God made thee so great so vile?
Contemn'd, disgraced; think, wert thou a slaue,

Though *Sophonisba* did reject thy loue,
Thy low neglected head unpoynted at,
Thy shame unrumour'd, and thy suite unscost,
Might yet rest quiet: *Reputation*,
Thou awe of fooles and great men: thou that choakst
Freesst addictions, and mak'st mortalls sweat
Blood and cold drops in feare to lose, or hope
To gaine thy never certaine seldome worthy gracings.
Reputation!

Wert not for thee *Syphax* could beare this scorne,
Not spouting up his gall among his bloud
In blacke vexations: *Massinissa* might
Enjoy the sweets of his preferred graces
Without my dangerous envie or revenge:
Wert not for thy affliction all might sleepe
In sweet oblivion: But (O greatnesse scourge!)

*Wee cannot without Envie keepe high name,
Nor yet disgrac'd can haue a quiet shame.*

Van. Scipio—

Sy. Some light in depth of hell: *Vangue*, what hope

Van. I haue receiu'd assur'd Intelligence,
That *Scipio*, Rome's sole hope, hath raisd up men,
Drawne Troupes together for inuasion——

Sy. Of this same Carthage. *Van.* With this pollicie,
To force wild *Hannibal* from Italy——

The Tragedy

Sy. And draw the war to *Africk*. *Va.* Right. *Sy.* And
This secure countrey with unthought of armes. (Strike

Va. My Letters beare he is departed *Rome*
Directly setting course and sayling vp—

Sy. To *Carthage*, *Carthage*, O thou eternall youth,
Man of large fame great and abounding glory
Renounesfull *Scipio*, spread thy two-necked Eagles,
Fill full thy sailes with a revenging wind,
Strike through obedient *Neptune*, till thy powers
Dash up our *Lybian* house, and thy just armes
Shine with amaze full terror on these wals.
O now record thy Fathers honord blood
Which *Carthage* drunke, thy Vncle *Publius* blood
Which *Carthage* drunke, 30000. soules
Of choise *Italians* *Carthage* set on wing :
Remember *Hannibal*, yet *Hannibal*

The consul-queller : O then enlarge thy heart
Be thousand soules in one, let all the breath
The spirit of thy name, and nation be mixt strong
In thy great heart : O fall like thunder shaft
The winged vengeance of incensed *Ioue*
Vpon this *Carthage* : for *Syphax* here flies off
From all allegiance, from all loue or service,
His (now freed) scepter once did yeeld this Citie,
Yee vniuersall Gods, *Light*, *Heate*, and *Ayre*
Proue all unblessing *Syphax*, if his hands
Once reare themselves for *Carthage* but to curse it.
It had beene better they had chang'd their faith,
Deni'd their Gods, then slighted *Syphax* loue,
So fearefully will I take vengeance.

I'll interleague with *Scipio*, — *Vangue*.

Deare *Ethiopian* *Negro*, goe wing a vessell,
And fly to *Scipio* : say his confederate
Vow'd and confirm'd is *Syphax* : bid him hast
To mix our palmes and armes : will him make up
Whilst we are in the strength of discontent,

Our

of Sophonisba.

Our unsuspected forces well in armes
For *Sophonisba*, *Carthage*, *Asdruball*
Shall feele their weaknesse in preferring weaknesse,
And one lesse great then we, to our deare wishes
Haste gentle *Negro*, that this heape may know
Me, and their wrong : *Va.* wrong ? (strong

Sy. I, tho' twere not, yet know while Kings are
What thei'le but thinke and not what is, is wrong :

I am disgrac'd in, and by that which hath
No reason, *Loue*, and *Woman*, my revenge
Shall therefore beare no argument of right.

Passion is *Reason* when it speakes from Might ;

I tell thee man, nor Kings, nor Gods exempt

But they grow pale if once they find Contempt : haste.

Exeunt.

SCENA SECVNDA.

*Enter Arcathia, Nycea with Tapers, Sophonisba in
her night attire followed by Zanthia.*

So. Watch at the doores : and till wee be repos'd
Let no one enter : *Zanthia* undoe me.

Za. With this motto under your girdle, (service :
You had beene undone if you had not beene undone humblest

Zo. I wonder *Zanthia* why the custome is
To use such *Ceremonie*. such strict shape
About us women : forsooth the Bride must steale
Before her Lord to bed : and then delayes
Long expectations all against knowen wishes,
I hate these figures in locution,

These about phrases forc'd by *ceremonie*,
We must still seeme to fly what we most seeke,
And hide our selues from that wee faine would find ;
Let those that thinke and speake and doe just acts,
Know forme can giue no vertue to their acts,
Nor detract vice.

The Tragedie

26. Alas faire Princes, those that are strongly form'd
And truly shapt may naked walke, but we
We things cal'd women, only made for shew
And pleasure, created to beare children,
And play at shuttle-cocke, we imperfect mixtures
Without respectiue ceremonie vs'd,
And ever complement, alas what are we?
Take from us formall custome and the curtesies,
Which civill fashion hath still vs'd to us
VVe fall to all contempt: O women how much,
How much are you beholding to *Ceremony*.

So. You are familiar. *Zanthia* my shooe,

Za. 'Tis wonder Madam you tread not awry.

So. Your reason *Zanthia*. *Za.* You goe very high.

So. Harke, Musicke, Musicke.

*The Ladies lay the princeesse in a faire bed, and close the
curtaines whil'st Massinissa enters.*

Ni. The Bridegrome. *Arca.* The Bridegrome.

So. Haste good *Zanthia*, helpe, keepe yet the doores.

Za. Faire fall you Lady, so, admit admit.

*Enter foure boyes antiquely attired with bows and qui-
vers, dauncing to the Cornets, a phantastique measure,
Massinissa in his night gowne led by Asdruball, and
Hanno followed by Bytheas and Iugurth, the boyes
draw the Curtaines discovering Sophonisba, to
whom Massinissa speakes.*

Ma. You powers of joy: Gods of a happy bed,
Shew you are pleas'd, sister and wife of Ioue,
High fronted *Iuno*, and thou *Carthage* Patron,
Smooth chind *Apollo*, both giue modest heate
And temperate graces.

*Massinissa drawes a white ribbon forth of the bed, as
from the waste of Sopho.*

Mas.

of *Sophonisba*.

Mass. Loe I unloose thy waste,
She that is just in loue is Godlike chaste : *Io to Hymen.*

Chorus with Cornets, Organ and voices. *Io to Hymen.*

So. A modest silence tho't bee thought

A virgins beautie and her highest honour,
Though bashfull fainings nicely wrought,
Grace her that vertue takes not in, but on her
VVhat I dare thinke I boldly speake,

After my word, my well bold action rusheth,
In open flame then passion breake, (blusheth,

VVhere *Vertue* prompts, thought, word, act never
Revenging Gods, whose Marble hands,

Cruel faithlesse men with a confounding terror,
Giue me no mercy if these bands

I covet not with an unfained feryor,
VVhich zealous vow when ought can force me claime;
Load with that plague *Atlas* would groane at, shame.
(*Io to Hymen.*)

Chorus. *Io to Hymen.*

Asru. Liue both high parents of so happy birth,
Your stems may touch the skies and shaddow earth,
Most great in fame, more great in vertue shining,
Prosper O powers a just, a strong divining. *Io to Hymen*

Chorus. *Io to Hymen.*

*Enter Carthalo his sword drawen, his body wounded, his
shield strucke full of darts : Massinissa being ready
for bed.*

Car. To bold hearts Fortune, be not you amaz'd,
Carthage, O Carthage : be not you amaz'd.

Ma. loue made us not to feare, resolute, speake out,
The highest misery of man is doubt : Speake Carthalo.

Car. The stooping Sun like to some weaker Prince,
Let his shades spread to an unnaturall hugenessse,
VVhen we the campe that lay at *Vtica*,
From *Carthage* distant but five easie leagues,
Descride from of the watch three hundred saile,

Vpon

The Tragedie

Vpon whose tops the *Roman* Eagles stretch'd
Their large spread wings, which fann'd the Evening aire
To us cold breath, for well we might discerne
Rome swam to *Carthage*.

Asd. *Hanniball* our Ancor is come backe, thy flight,
Thy stratagem to lead warre unto *Rome*,
To quite our selves, hath now taught desperate *Rome*
T'assaile our *Carthage*: Now the warre is here.

Ma. He is nor blest, nor honest, that can feare.

Ha. I but to cast the worst of our distresse —

Ma. To doubt of what shall be, is wretchednesse:
Desire, Feare, and Hope, receive no bond
By whom, we in our selves are never but beyond. *On.*

Car. Th'allarum beates necessity of fight;
Th'unsober Evening drawes out reeling forces,
Souldiers, halfe men, who to their colours troope
With fury, not with valour: whil'st our ships
Vnrigg'd, unus'd, fitter for fire then water,
We save in our barr'd Haven from surprize.
By this our army marcheth toward the shore,
Vndisciplin'd young men, most bold do doe,
If they knew how, or what, when we descry
A mighty dust, beat up with horses hooves,
Straight Roman Ensignes glitter: *Scipio.*

Asd. *Scipio.*

Car. *Scipio*, advanced like the God of blood,
Leades up grim *Warre*, that father of foule wounds
Whose sinewy feet are stept in gore, whose hideous voice
Makes turrets tremble, and whole Cities shake,
Before whose browes, Flight and Disorder hurry,
With whom march Burnings, murder, wrong, wast, rapes,
Behind whom a sad traine is seene, Woe, Feares,
Tortures, leane Need, Famine, and helpelesse teares:
Now make we equall stand, in mutuall view
We judg'd the *Romans* eighteen thousand Foote,
Five thousand Horse, we almost doubled them.

of Sophonisba.

In number, not in vertue : yet in heat
Of youth and wine, jolly, and full of blood,
We gave the signe of battaile : shouts are rais'd,
That shooke the heavens : Pell mell our Armies joyne,
Horse, Targets, Pikes, all against each oppos'd,
They give fierce shooke, armes thunder'd as they clos'd :
Men cover earth, which straight are covered
With men, and earth : yet doubtfull stood the fight,
More faire to *Carthage* : when loe, as oft we see,
In Mines of gold, when labouring slaves delve out
The richest Ore, being in sudden hope,
With some unlookt-for veine to fill their Buckets,
And send huge treasure up, a sudden Dampe
Stiffes them all, their hands yet stuffd with gold,
So fell our fortunes ; for looke, as we stood proud,
Like hopefull Victors, thinking to returne
With spoyles worth triumph, wrathfull *Syphax* lands
With full ten thousand strong Numidian horse,
And joynes to *Scipio* ; then loe, we all were damp't,
We fell in clusters, and our wearyed troopes
Quit all : Slaughter ran through us straight, we flie,
Romans pursue, but *Scipio* sounds retreat,
As fearing traines and night : we make amaine,
For *Carthage* most, and some for *Vrica*,
All for our lives : new force, fresh armes with speed.

Ha. You have said truth of all, no more. I bleed.
O wretched fortune ! *Mas.* Old Lord spare thy haire,
What dost thou thinke baldnesse will cure thy grieve,
What decree the Senate ?

Enter Gelloffo with Commissions in his hand, seal'd.

Gelo. Aske old *Gelloffo*, who returnes from them,
Inform'd with fullest charge, strong *Asdruball*
Great *Masiniissa* *Carthage* Generall,
So speakes the Senate : Counsell for this warre,
In *Hanno Magnus*, *Bitheas*, *Cartholon*,

And

The Tragedie

And us *Gelloſſo*, reſts : Imbrace this charge
You never yet diſhonour'd *Aſdruball*.

High *Maſſiniſſa* by your vowes to Carthage ;
By th' God of great men, Glory, fight for Carthage,
Ten thouſand ſtrong *Maſſulians* ready troopt
Expect their King, double that number wayts
The leading of lou'd *Aſdruball* ; beat lowd
Our Affricke drummes, and whil'ſt our ore-toyl'd foe
Snore on his unlac'd caſk, all faint, though proud
Through his ſucceſſefull fight, ſtrike freſh alarmes.
Gods are not, if they grace not, bold, juſt armes.

Maſ. Carthage, thou ſtraight ſhalt know
Thy favours have been done unto a King.

Exit with Aſdruball and the Page.

Soph. My Lords, tis moſt unuſuall ſuch ſad haps
Of ſuddaine horror ſhould intrude 'mong beds
Of ſoft and private loves ; but ſtrange events
Excuse ſtrange formes. O you that know our blood
Revenge if I doe feigne : I here proteſt,
Though my Lord leave his wife a very Mayd,
Even this night, in ſtead of my ſoft armes,
Clasp'ing his well-ſtrung limbs with gloſſefull ſteele,
What's ſafe to Carthage, ſhall be ſweet to me.
I muſt not, nor am I once ignorant
My choyce of love hath given this ſudden danger
To yet ſtrong Carthage : twas I loſt the fight,
My choyce vex't *Syphax*, inrag'd *Syphax* ſtruck,
Armes fate : yet *Sophoniſba* not repents.

O we were Gods if that we knew events.
But let my Lord leave Carthage, quit his vertue,
I will not love him ; yet muſt honour him,
As ſtill good ſubjects muſt bad Princes : Lords,
From the moſt ill-grac'd *Hymeneall* bed
That ever *Iuno* frown'd at, I entreat
That you'l collect from our looſe-formed ſpeech
This firme reſolve : that no low appetite

of Sophonisba.

Of my sex weakenesse, can, or shall orecome
Due gracefull service unto you, or vertue.
Witnesse ye Gods, I never untill now
Repin'd at my creation: now I wish,
I were no woman, that my armes might speake
My heart to Carthage: but in vaine my tongue
Sweares I am woman still, I talke so long.

*Cornets a March. Enter two Pages with Targets and
Iavelins; two Pages with Torches: Massinissa armed
capea pee, Asdrubal armed.*

Mas. Ye Carthage Lords: know *Massinissa* knowes
Not only termes of honour, but his actions:
Nor must I now inlarge how much my cause
Hath danger'd Carthage, but how I may show
My selfe most prest to satisfaction.

The loathsome staine of Kings ingratitude
From me O much be farre, and since this torrent,
Warres rage admits no Anchor: since the billow
Is risen so high, we may not hull, but yield
This ample state to stroke of speedy swords;
What you with sober haſt have well decreed,
Wee'l put to sudden armes: no, not this night,
These daynties, these first fruits of Nuptialls,
That well might give excuse for feeble lingrings,
Shall hinder *Massinissa*. Appetite,
Kisses, loves, dalliance, and what softer joyes
The *Venus* of the pleasingſt ease can miniſter,
I quit you all: Vertue perforce is Vice;
But he that may, yet holds, is manly wiſe.

Loe then ye Lords of Carthage, to your trust
I leave all *Massinissa's* treasure, by the oath
Of right good men stand to my fortune juſt.

Moſt hard it is for great hearts to miſtruſt.

Car. We vow by al high Powers. *Ma.* No do not ſwear.
I was not borne ſo ſmall to doubt or feare.

Sopho.

The Tragedie

So. Worthy my Lord. *Ma.* Peace my eares are Steele
I must not heare thy much inticing voice.

So. My *Massinissa*, *Sophonisba* speaks
Worthy thy wife : goe with as high a hand
As worth can reare, I will not stay my Lord :
Fight for our countrey, vent thy youthfull heat
In field, not beds, the fruite of honour *Fame*
Be rather gotten then the oft disgrace
Of haplesse parents, children, goe best man
And make me proud to be a souldiers wife,
That valews his renowne aboue faint pleasures :
Thinke every honour that doth grace thy sword
Trebbles my loue : by thee I haue no lust
But of thy glory : best lights of heaven with thee
Like wonder stand, or fall, so though thou die,
My fortunes may be wretched, but not I.

Mass. Wondrous creature, even fit for Gods not men,
Nature made all the rest of thy faire sexe
As weake essaies, to make thee a patterne
Of what can be in woman ——— Long farewell.
He's sure unconquer'd in whom thou dost dwell,
Carthage Palladium. See that glorious lampe,
Whose lightfull presence giveth suddaine flight
To phancies, fogs, feares, sleepe, and slothfull night,
Spreads day upon the world : march swift amaine,
Fame got with losse of breath is god-like gaine.

*The Ladies draw the curtaines about Sophonisba, the
rest accompany Massinissa forth, the Cornets and
Organs playing loudfull musicke for the Act.*

ACTVS II. SCENA I.

*Whil'st the Musicke for the first Act sounds, Hanno,
Carthalo, Bytheas, Gelosso enter : They place
them-*

of Sophonisba.

themselves to Counsell, Gisco the Impdisoner waiting on them, Hanno, Carthalo, and Bytheas, setting their hands to a writing, which being offered to Gelosso, hee denies his hand, and as much offended impatiently starts up and speakes.

Gelosso, Hanno, Bitheas, Carthalo.

Gel. MY hand? my hand? not first wither in aged shame,
Ha. Will you be so unseasonably wood?

Byt. Hold such preposterous zeale, as stands against
The full decree of Senate? all thinke fit?

Car. Nay most inevitable necessary
For Carthage safety, and the now sole good
Of present state, that we must breake all faith
With *Massinissa*: whil' it he fights abroad,
Let's gaine backe *Syphax*, making him our owne
By giving *Sophonisba* to his bed.

Han. *Syphax* is *Massinissa's* greater, and his force
Shall give more side to Carthage: as for's Queene,
And her wise father, they love Carthage Fate;

profit, and honesty, are not one in State.

Gel. And what decrees our very vertuous Senate
Of worthy *Massinissa*, that now fights,
And (leaving wife and bed) bleeds in good armes
For right old Carthage? *Car.* Thus tis thought fit
Her father *Asdruball* on suddain shall take in
Reuolted *Syphax*: so with doubled strength,
Before that *Massinissa* shall suspect,
Slaughter both *Massinissa*, and his troopes,
And likewise strike with his deep stratagem
A sudden weakenesse into *Scipio's* armes,
By drawing such a limbe from the maine body
Of his yet powerfull army: which being done,
Dead *Massinissa's* Kingdome we decree
To *Sophonisba* and great *Asdruball*
For their consent; so this swift plot shall bring

The Tragedie

Two crownes to her, make *Asdruball* a King.

Gel. So first faiths breach, murder, adultery, theft.

Car. What else? *Gel.* Nay all is done, no mischief left.

Car. Pish prosprous successe giues blackest actions glo-
The meanes are unremembred in most storie. (rie,

Gel. Let me not say Gods are not. *Car.* This is fit,
Conquest by blood is not so sweet as wit:

For howsoere nice vertue censures it,

He hath the grace of warre that hath warres profit.

But Carthage well advis'd, that States comes on

With slow advice, quicke execution,

Haue heere an Engineere long bred for plots,

Call'd an Impoyfner, who knowes this sound excuse,

The onely dew that makes men sprout in Court, is use;

Bee't well or ill, his thirst is to bee mute.

Such slaues must act commands, and not dispute.

Knowing foule deeds with danger doe begin,

But with rewards doe end : sinne is no sinne,

But in respects —————

Gel. Politike Lord, speake low, though heaven beares
A face far from us, Gods haue most long eares;

Ioue has a hundred marble marble hands.

Car. O I, in Poetry, or Tragique sceane.

Gel. I feare Gods onely know what Poets meane.

Car. Yet heare mee : I will speake close truth & cease;
Nothing in Nature is unserviceable,

No, not even *Inutilitie* it selfe,

Is then for nought dishonesty in being;

And if it bee sometimes of forced use,

Wherein more urgent then in saving Nations,

State shapes are souldred up with base, nay faultie,

Yet necessary functions ; some must lie,

Some must betray, some murder, and some all,

Each hath strong use, as poyson in all purges :

Yet when some violent chance shall force a State,

To breake given faith, or plot some stratagems,

Princes

of Sophonisba.

Princes ascribe that vile necessity
Vnto heavens wrath ; and sure, though't be no vice,
Yet tis bad chance : States must not sticke to nice
For *Massinissas* death sence bids forgive
Beware t' offend great men, and let them live,
For tis of Empires body the maine arme;
He that wil do no good shal do no harm: you have my mind.

Gel. Although a stagelike passion, and weake heat,
Full of an empty wording might sute age,
Know Ile speake strongly truth : Lords nere mistrust,
That he, who'l not betray a private man
For his Countrey, will nere betray his countrey
For private men ; then give *Gelosso* faith :
If treachery in state be serviceable,
Let hangmen doe it : I am bound to lose
My life, but not mine honour, for my Countrey ;
Our vowes, our faith, our oaths, why th'are our selves,
And he that's faithlesse to his proper selfe,
May be excus'd if he breake faith with Princes.
The Gods assist just hearts, and states that trust,
Plots, before Providence, are tost like dust.
For *Massinissa*, (o let me slacke a little
Austere discourse, and feele Humanity)
Me thinks I heare him cry , O fight for Carthage,
Charge home, wounds smart not, for that so just, so great,
So good a City : me thinks I see him yet
Leave his faire Bride, even on his Nuptiall night,
To buckle on his armes for Carthage : Harke,
Yet, yet, I heare him cry — Ingratitude,
Vile stain of man : O ever be most farre
From *Massinissa's* brest ; up, march amaine,
Fame got by losse of breath, is god-like gaine.
And see, by this he bleeds in double fight,
And cryes for Carthage, whil'st Carthage — Memory
Forsake *Gelosso*, would I could not thinke,
Nor heare, nor be, when Carthage is

The Tragedie

So infinitely vile : see see looke here.

Cornets. Enter two Vshers. Sophonisba, Zanthia, Arca-
thia, Hanno, Bytheas and Carthalo present Sopho-
nisba with a paper, which she having perused, after a
short silence speakes.

(breake it ?

VVho speakes ? what miute ? faire plot : what ? blush to
How lewd to act when so sham'd but to speake it.

So. Is this the Senates firme decree ? *Car.* It is.

So. Is this the Senates firme decree ? *Car.* It is.

So. Hath Syphax entertayned the stratagem ? (thus,

Car. No doubt he hath, or will. *So.* My answer's

VVhat's safe to *Carthage* shall be sweet to us.

Car. Right worthy. *Ha.* Royallest. *Ge.* O very wo-

So. But tis not safe for *Carthage* to destroy (man !

Be most unjust, cunningly politique,

Your head's still under Heaven, O trust to fate,

Gods prosper more a just then craftie state.

T'is lesse disgrace to haue a pitied losse,

Then shamefull victory. *Ge.* O very Angell !

So. VVe all haue sworne good *Massinissa* faith,
Speech makes us men, and ther's no other bond

Twixt man and man, but words : O equall gods,

Make us once know the consequence of voves——

Ge. And we shall hate faith-breakers worse then man-

So. Ha ! good *Gelasso* is thy breath not here ? (eaters.

Ge. You doe me wrong as long as I can die,

Doubt you that old *Gelasso* can be vile ?

States may afflict, tax, torture, but our minds

Are only sworne to *loue* : I grieue and yet am proud

That I alone am honest : high powers yee know,

Vertue is seldome seene with troopes to goe.

So. Excellent man, *Carthage* and *Rome* shall fall
Before thy fame : our Lords know I the worst ?

Car. The gods foresaw, 'tis fate we thus are forc'd.

So. Gods naught foresee, but see, for to their eyes

Naught

of Sophonisba.

*Naught is to come, or past, Nor are you vile,
Because the Gods foresee : for Gods not We,
See as things are things, are not, as we see.
But since affected wisdom in us Women,
Is our sexe highest folly : I am silent,
I cannot speake lesse well, unlesse I were
More void of goodnesse : Lords of Carthage, thus
The ayre and earth of Carthage owes my body,
It is their servant ; what decree they of it ?*

Car. That you remove to *Cirta*, to the Palace
Of well form'd *Syphax*, who with longing eyes
Meets you : he that giues way to *Fate* is wise.

So. I goe : what power can make me wretched? what
Is there in life to him, that knowes life's losse (evill
To be no evill : shew, shew thy ugliest brow,
O most blacke chaunce : make me a wretched story,
Without misfortune Vertue hath no glory :

Opposed trees makes tempests shew their power,
And waues forc'd back by rocks makes *Neptune* tower---
Tearelesse O see a miracle of life,
A maide, a widdow, yet a haplesse wife.

Cornets. *Sophonisba accompanied with the Senators
depart, onely Gelosio stayer.*

Ge. A prodigie ! let nature run crosse legd.
Ops goe upon his head, let *Neptune* burne,
Cold *Saturne* cracke with heate, for now the world
Hath seene a *Woman* :

Leape nimble lightning from *Ioues* ample shield,
And make at length an end, the proud hot breath
Of thee contemning *Greatnesse*, the huge drought
Of sole selfe loving vast *Ambition*.

Th'unnaturall scorching heate of all those lamps,
Thou reard'st to yeeld a temperate fruitfull heate.
Relentlesse rage, whose heart hath no one drop
Of humane pitie : all all loudly cry,
Thy brand O *Ioue*, for know the world is dry.

The Tragedie

O let *A generall end saue Carthage fame,*
VVhen worlds doe burne unseen's a Cities flame.
Phœbus in me is great: *Carthage* must fall,
Ioue hates all vice, but *vowes breach* worst of all. Exit.

SCENA SECVNDA.

Cornets sound a charge: Enter Massinissa in his gorget and shirt, shield, sword, his arme transfixt with a dart, Iugurth followes with his cures and caske.

Mas. Mount us againe, giue us another horse.

Iug. Vncle your blood flowes fast, pray ye withdraw.

Mas. O *Iugurth* I cannot bleed too fast, too much
For that so great, so iust, so royall *Carthage*,
My wound smarts not, bloods losse makes me not faint,
For that lou'd Citie, O Nephew let me tell thee,
How good that *Carthage* is: it nourish'd me,
And when full time gaue me fit strength for loue,
The most adored creature of the citie,
To us before great *Syphax* did they yeeld,
Faيرة, noble, modest, and 'boue all, my,
My *Sophonisba*, O *Iugurth* my strength doubles,
I know not how to turne a coward, drop
In feeble basenesse, I cannot; giue me horse,
Know I am *Carthage* very creature, and I am grac'd,
That I may bleed for them: giue me fresh horse.

Iug. He that doth publike good for multitude,
Finds few are truely gratefull.

Mas. O *Iugurth*, fie you must not say so, *Iugurth*,
Some common weales may let a noble heart,
Even bleed to death, abroad, and not bemoan'd,
Neither reveng'd at home, but *Carthage*, fie
It cannot be ungrate, faithlesse through feare,
It cannot *Iugurth*: *Sophonisba's* there,
Beate a fresh charge.

(followes him.)

Enter *Asdruball* his sword drawne reading a letter, *Gisco*
Asd.

of Sophonisba.

Asd. Sound the retraite, respect your health braue prince,
The waste of blood throw's paleness on your face.

Ma. By light, my heart's not pale: O my lov'd father,
VVe bleed for *Carthage*, Balsum to my wounds,
VVe bleed for *Carthage*; shalt restore the sight?
My Squadron of *Masilians* yet stands firme.

Asd. The day lookes off from *Carthage* cease alarmes,
A modest temperance is the life of armes.

Take our best Surgeon *Gisco*, he is sent
From *Carthage* to attend your chaunce of warre.

Gis. VVe promise sudden ease. *Ma.* Thy confort's good.

Asd. That nothing can secure us but thy blood?

Infuse it in his wound, t'will worke amaine, (gaine,

Gis. O loue. *Asd.* VVhat loue? thy God must be thy
And as for me, *Apollo Pytheas*

Thou know'st, a statift must not be a man. *Exit Asdru.*

*Enter Gelosso disguised like an old souldier, delivering
to Massinissa (as he preparing to be dressed by Gisco)
a letter, which Massinissa reading starts and speaks
to Gisco.*

Ma. Forbeare, how art thou cald? *Gi.* *Gisco* my Lord.

Ma. Vm, *Gisco*, ha, touch not mine arme, most only man
to *Gelasso*.

Sirra, sirra, art poore? *Gi.* not poore. *Ma.* Nephew com-
Massinissa begins to drane. (mand.

Our troopes of horse make indisgrac'd retraite,
Trot easie off; not poore: *Iugurth* giue charge,
My souldiers stand in square battalia, *Exit Iugurth.*

Intirely of themselves: *Gisco* th'art old,
Tis time to leaue off murder, thy faint breath,
Scarce heaues thy ribs, thy gummy blood-shut eyes,
Are sunke a great way in thee, thy lanke skinne,
Slides from thy fleshlesse veines: be good to men,
Iudge him yee gods, I had not life to kill
So base a Creature, hold *Gisco* () liue,
The God-like part of Kings is to forgiue.

The Tragedie

Gis. Command astonisht *Gisco.* *Mas.* No returne.
Hast unto Carthage, quit thy abject feares,
Masiniſſa knowes no use of murderers.

Enter Iugurth amaz'd, his sword drawne.

Speake, speake, let terrour strike slaves mute,
Much danger makes great hearts most resolute.

Iu. Vncle, I feare foule armes, my selfe beheld
Syphax on high speed run his well breath'd horse,
Direct to Cirta, that most beautious city
Of all his kingdome : whil'st his troops of Horse
With carelesse trot pafe gently toward our Campe,
As friends to Carthage, stand on Guard deare Vncle ;
For *Asdruball*, with yet his well-rankt army,
Bends a deep threatning brow to us, as if
He wayted but to joyne with *Syphax* Horse,
And hew us all to pieces ; O my King,
My Vncle, father, Captaine, O over All,
Stand like thy selfe, or like thy selfe now fall ;
Thy troopes yet hold good ground : unworthy wounds
Betray not *Masiniſſa.* *Mas.* *Iugurth* pluck,
Pluck, so, good cuz. *Iu.* O god, doe you not feele ?

Mas. Not *Iugurth* no, now all my flesh is Steele.

Gel. Of base disguise ; High lights Iorne not to view
A true old man : up *Masiniſſa*, throw
The lot of battel upon *Syphax* troopes,
Before he joyne with Carthage : then amaine
Make through to *Scipio*, he yields safe abodes,
Spare treachery, and strike the very Gods.

Mas. Why wast thou borne at Carthage, O my fate,
Divineſt *Sophoniſſa* ! I am full
Of much complaint, and many passions,
The least of which expreſs'd, would sad the Gods,
And strike compassion into ruthlesse hell ;
Vp unmaim'd heart, spend all thy grieve and rage
Vpon thy foe : the field's a Souldiers Stage,
On which his action shoves : If you are just,

And

of Sophonisba.

And hate those that contemne you, O you Gods
Revenge worthy your anger, your anger, O,
Downe man, up heart, stoop *Iove*, and bend thy chin
To thy large brest, give signe th'art pleas'd, and just
Sweare, good mens foreheads must not print the dust.

Exeunt.

Enter Asdruball, Hanno, Bytheas.

As. What Carthage hath decreed, *Hanno*, is done,
Advanc'd and borne was *Asdruball* for state,
Onely with it, his faith, his love, his hate,
Are of one piece: were it my daughters life
That fate hath sung to Carthage safety brings,
What deed so red, but hath bin done by Kings?
Ephygenia, he that's a man for men,
Ambitious as a God, must like a God
Live free from passions, his full aym'd at end
Immenſe to others, sole selfe to comprehend
Round in's owne globe, not to be clasp'd, but holds
Within him all, his heart being of more folds,
Then shield of *Telamon*, not to be pierc'd, though struck,
The God of wise men is themselves, not lucke.

Enter Gisco.

See him by whom now *Masiniſſa* is not.
Gisco, is't done? *Gis.* Your pardon, worthy Lord,
It is not done, my heart sunk in my brest,
His vertue mazd me, faintnesse seizd me all,
Some God's in Kings, that will not let them fall.

As. His vertue mazd thee, (umh) why now I see,
Th'art that just man that hath true touch of blood,
Of pittie, and soft piety: Forgive?
Yes honour thee, we did it but to try
What sense thou hadst of blood: goe *Bytheas*,
Take him into our private Treasury,
And cut his throat, the slave hath all betrayd.

By. Are you assur'd? *As.* Afeard for this I know,

The Tragedie

Who thinketh to buy villany with gold,
Shall ever finde such faith so bought, so sold.
Reward him throughly.

A shout, the Cornets giving a flourish.

Han. What means this shout ?

Asd. *Hanno* tis done : *Syphax* revolt by this
Hath securd Carthage : and now his force come in,
And joyn'd with us, giue *Massinissa* charge,
And assured slaughter : O ye powers forgieue,
Through rottenit dung best plants both sprout and liue,
By blood vines grow. *Han.* But yet thinke *Asdruball*,
Tis fit at least you beare griefes outward show,
It is your kinsman bleeds : what need men know
Your hand is in his wounds ; tis well in state,
To doe close ill, but voyd a publike hate.

Asd. Tush *Hanno*, let me prosper, let rowts prate,
My power shall force their silence, or my hate.
I scorne their idle malice : men of weight
Know, he that feares envie, let him cease to raigne,
The peoples hate to some hath been their gaine.
For howsoere a Monarch faines his parts,
Steale any thing from Kings but subjects hearts.

Enter Carthalo leading in bound Gelosso. (*firme*

Car. Guard, guard the campe, make to the trench, stand

Asd. The Gods of boldnes with us, how runs chance?

Ca. Think, think how wretched thou canst be, thou art,
Short words shall speak long woes. *Ge.* Mark *Asdrubal*.

Car. Our bloody plot to *Massinissas* eare
Vntimely by this Lord was all betrayd.

Gel. By me it was, by me vile *Asdruball*,
I joy to speak't. *As.* Downe slaue. *Gel.* I cannot fall.

Car. Our traines disclos'd; strait to his wel usde armes
He tooke himsele, rose up with all his force,
On *Syphax* carelesse troupes, (*Syphax* being hurried
Before to Cirta, fearelesse of successe,
Impatient *Sophonissa* to injoy.)

Gelosso

of Sophonisba.

Geloffo rides to head of all our Squadrons,
Commands make stand in thy name *Asdruball*,
In mine, in his, in all: they all obey,
Whilst *Massinissa* now with more then fury,
Chargeth the loose and much amazed rankes
Of abient *Syphax*, who with broken shout,
(In vaine expecting Carthage secondings)
Giue faint repulse: a second charge is given:
Then looke as when a Faulcon towres aloft,
VWhole shoales of foule, and flockes of lesser birds
Crouch fearefully, and diue, some among sedge,
Some creepe in brakes: so *Massinissas* sword,
Brandisht aloft, toft 'bout his shining caske, (strikes,
Made stoop whole squadrons, quick as thought he
Here hurles he darts, and there his rage-strong arme
Fights foot to foot: here cries he strike: they sinke,
And then grim slaughter followes, for by this,
As men betrayd, they curse us, dye, or flie, or both;
Six thousand fell at once: Now was I come,
And straight perceiu'd all bled by his vile plot.

Gel. Vile? good plot, my good plot *Asdruball*.

Car. I forc'd our armie beat a running march;
But *Massinissa* stricke his spurres apace
Vpon his speedie horse, leaues slaughtering,
All flie to *Scipio*, who with open rankes
In view receiues them: all I could effect
Was but to gaine him. *As.* Die. *Ge.* Do what thou can,
Thou canst but kill a weake old honest man.

Geloffo departs guarded.

Car. *Scipio* and *Massinissa* by this, strike
Their clasped palmes, then vow an endlesse loue,
Straight a joynt shout they raise, then turne they breasts
Direct on us, march strongly toward our campe,
As if they dar'd us fight. O *Asdruball*,
I feare they'll force our campe. *Asd.* Breake up and flie,
This was your plot. *Ha.* But 'twas thy shame to chuse it.
Car. He

The Tragedie

Car. He that forbids not offence he does it.
Asd. The curse of womens words goe with you: flie,
You are no villaines; Gods and men, which way?
Advise vile things. *Ha.* Vile? *Asf.* I.
Ca. Not? *By.* You did all.
Asf. Did you not plot? *Car.* Yeelded not *Asdrubal*?
Asf. But you intic'd me. *Ha.* How?
Asd. With hope of place.
Car. He that for wealth leaues faith, is abject. *Ha.* Base.
Asd. Doe not provoke my sword, I liue.
Car. More shame,
T'outline thy vertue and thy once great name.
Asd. Vpbraid ye me? *Ha.* Hold.
Car. Know that onely thou
Art treacherous: thou shouldst haue had a crowne.
Ha. Thou didst all, all he for whom mischiefes done,
He does it. *Asd.* Brooke open scorne, faint powers
Make good the campe, no, flie; yes, what? wild rage,
To be a prosperous villaine, yet some heat, some hold,
But to burne Temples, and yet freeze, O cold:
Give me some health; now your blood sinkes: thus deeds
Ill nourisht rot, without loue nought succeeds. *Exeunt.*

Organ mixt with Recorders for this Act.

ACTVS III. SCENA I.

*Syphax with his dagger twound about her haire, drags in
Sophonisba in her nightgowne and peticote, and Zanthia
and Vangue following.*

Sy. **M**Vst we intreat? sue to such squeamish eares,
Know *Syphax* has no knees, his eies no teares;
Inraged loue is senselesse of remorse.
Thou shalt, thou must. Kings glory is their force.
Thou art in *Cirta*, in my Pallace Foole.
Dost thinke he pittieeth teares, that knowes to rule.

of Sophonisba.

For all thy scornefull eyes, thy proud disdain,
And late contempt of vs, now weelee revenge,
Breake stubborne silence : Looke, Ile tack thy head
To the low earth, whilst strength of two blacke knaues,
Thy limbs all wide shall straine: prayer fitteth slaues.
Our courtship be our force: rest calme as sleepe,
Else at this quake, harke, harke, we cannot weepe.

So. Can *Sophonisba* be inforc'd? *Sy.* Can? see.

So. Thou mayst inforce my body, but not me.

Sy. Not? *So.* No. *Sy.* No?

So. No, off with thy loathed armes,
That lye more heauy on me then the chaines,
That weare deepe wrinckles in the captiues limbes,
I doe beseech thee. *Sy.* What? *So.* Be but a beast,
Be but a beast. *Sy.* Doe not offend a power
Can make thee more then wretched: yeeld to him
To whom fate yeelds: Know *Massinissa's* dead.

So. Dead? *Sy.* Dead. *So.* To Gods and good mens

Sy. Help *Vangue*, my strong bloud boyles. (shame?)

So. O yet saue thine owne fame.

Sy. All appetite is deafe, I will, I must.

Achilles armour could not beare out lust.

So. Hold thy strong arme and heare me; *Syphax* know,
I am thy servant now: I needs must loue thee,
For (O my sex forgiue) I must confesse,
We not affect protesting feeblenesse,
Intreats, faint blushings, timorous modestie;
We thinke our lover is but little man,
Who is so full of woman: Know fayre Prince,
Loues strongest arme's not rude: for we still proue,
Without some fury there's no ardent loue.
Wee loue our loues impatience of delay,
Our noble sex was onely borne t'obay,
To him that dares command. *Sy.* Why this is well,
Th'excuse is good: wipe thy faire eyes our Queene,
Make proud thy head; now feelee more friendly strength

The Tragedie

Of thy Lords arme: come touch my rougher skin
With thy soft lip, *Zanthia* dresse our bed.
Forget old loves, and clip him that through blood,
And hell, acquires his wish, thinke not but kisse,
The flourish fore loves fight, and *Venus* blisse.

So. Great dreadfull Lord, by thy affection,
Grant me one boone, know I have made a vow.

Sy. Vow? what vow? speak. *So.* Nay, if you take offence;
Let my soule suffer first, and yet — *Sy.* Offence?

Not *Sophonisba*, hold, thy vow is free,
As — come thy lips. *So.* Alas crosse misery!

As I doe wish to live, I long t'enjoy
Your warme imbrace, but O my vow, tis thus,

If ever my Lord dy'd, I vow'd to him,

A most, most private Sacrifice, before

I touch'd a second Spouse: all I implore,

Is but this liberty. *Sy.* This? goe obtaine:

What time? *So.* One houre. *Sy.* Sweet, good speed, speed,

Yet *Syphax* trust no more then thou mayst view. (*adieu.*

Vangue shall stay. *Sa.* He stayes.

*Enter a Page delivering a letter to Sophonisba, which she
privately reads.*

Sy. *Zanthia*, *Zanthia*,

Thou art not foule, go to, some Lords are oft

So much in love with their knowne Ladies bodies,

That they oft love their vailes, hold, hold, thou'lt find,

To faithfull care Kings bounty hath no shore.

Za. You may do much. *Sy.* But let my gold do more.

Za. I am your creature. *Sy.* Bee, get, tis no staine,
The god of service is however gaine. *Exit.*

So. *Zanthia*, where are we now? speak worth my service,

Ha we done well? *Za.* Nay, in height of best.

I fear'd a superstitious vertue would spoyle all,

But now I find you, above women, rare.

Shee that can time her goodnesse hath true care

Of her best good. Nature at home beginnes,

She

of Sophonisba.

She who's integrity her selfe hurts finnes.
For *Maſſiniſſa*, he was good, and ſo,
But he is dead, or worſe, diſtreſt, or more
Then dead, or much diſtreſſed, O ſad, *poore*,
Who ever held ſuch friends: no, let him goe;
Such faith is praiſ'd, then laugh'd at; for ſtill know,
Thoſe are the living women, that reduce
All that they touch, unto their eaſe and uſe.
Knowing that wedlock, vertue, or good names,
Are courſes and varieties of reaſon,
To uſe, or leave, as they advantage them,
And abſolute within themſelves repoſ'd,
Only to Greatneſſe ope, to all elſe clos'd.
Weak ſanguine fooles are to their own good nice:
Before I held you vertuous, but now wiſe.

So. Zanthia, victorious *Maſſiniſſa* lives.
My *Maſſiniſſa* lives. O ſteddy Powers,
Keep him as ſafe, as heaven keeps the earth.
Which looks upon it with a thouſand eyes;
That honeſt valiant man, and *Zanthia*,
Doe but record the juſtice of his love,
And my for ever vowes, for ever vowes.

Za. I true Madam: nay thinke of his great mind,
His moſt juſt heart, his all of excellence,
And ſuch a vertue, as the Gods might envy,
Againſt this *Syphax*, is but ——— and you know
Fame loſt, what can be got, that's good for ——— *So.* Hence,
Take nay with one hand. *Za.* My ſervice. *So.* Prepare
Our ſacrifice. *Za.* But yield you, I, or no? (*know.*
So. Whē thou doſt know. *Za.* What thē? *So.* Thē thou wilt
Let him, that would haue counſel, 'voyd th'advice *ex. Za.*
Of friends, made his with waighty benefits,
Vhoſe much dependance onely ſtrives to fit
Humour not reaſon, and ſo ſtill deviſe
In any thought to make their friend ſeeme wiſe:
But above all, O feare a ſervants tongue,

Like

The Tragedie

Like such as onely for their gaine to serue,
Within the vaste capacity of place:
I know no vilenesse so most truely base.
Their Lords, their gaine: and he that most will giue,
With him (they will not dye: but) they will liue.
Traytors and these are one: such slaues once trust,
Whet swords to make thine owne blood lick the dust.

Cornets and Organs playing full musicke. Enters the solemnity of a sacrifice, which being entered, whilst the attendance furnish the Altar. Sophonisba. Song: which done she speaks.

Withdraw, withdraw, all but *Zanthia* and *Vangue* depart,
I not invoke thy arme thou God of sound
Nor thine, nor thine, although in all abound
High powers immense: But *Iouiall Mercury*,
And thou O brightest female of the sky,
Thrice modest *Phæbe*, you that joyntly fit
A worthy chastity, and a most chaste wit
To you corruptlesse *Hunny*, and pure dew
Vpbreathes our holy fire, words just and few.
O daine to heare, if in poore wretches cryes
You glory not: if drops of withered eyes
Be not your sport, be just: all that I craue
Is but chaste life, or an untainted graue.
I can no more: yet hath my constant tongue
Let fall no weakenesse, tho' my heart were wrung
With pangs worth hell: whilst great thoughts stop our
Sorrow unseene, unpitied inward weares (teares
You see now where I rest, come is my end.
Cannot heaven, vertue, 'gainst weake chance defend?
VWhen weaknesse hath out-borne what weaknesse can,
What should I say tis *Ioues*, not sinne of man.
Some stratagem now let wits God be shewen,
Celestiall powers by miracles are knowne.
I hau't tis done. *Zanthia* prepare our bed——

Vangue. Va. Your servant. So. Vangue we haue perform'd
Due

of Sophonisba.

Due rites unto the dead.

Sophonisba presents a carouse to Vangue & & &
Now to thy Lord great Syphax healthfull cups ; which
The King is right much welcome. (done,

Va. VVere it as deepe as thought, off it should thus—

So. My safetie with that draught. he drinks.

Va. Close the vaults mouth least we doe slip in drinke.

So. To what use gentle Negro serves this caue,
VVhose mouth thus opens so familiarly,
Even in the Kings bed-chamber ? Va. O my Queene
This vault with hideous darkenesse, and much length
Stretcheth beneath the earth into a groue,
One league from Cirta (I am very sleepey)

Through this when Cirta hath beene strong begirt,
VVith hostile siege the King hath safely scaped

To, to. So. The wine is strong. Va. strong ? So. Zanthia.

Za. VVhat meanes my Princeesse ? So. Zanthia rest firme
And silent, helpe us ; Nay doe not dare refuse.

Za. The Negros dead. So. No drunk. Za. Alas. So. Too
Her hand is fearefull whose mind's desperate. (late,
It is but sleepeie Opium he hath drunke,
Helpe Zanthia.

They lay Vangue in Syphax bed and draw the curteines.
There lie Syphax Bride, a naked man is soone undrest ;
There bide dishonoured passion.

They knock within, forthwith Syphax comes.

Sy. VVay for the King. So. Straight for the King: I fly
where misery shall see nought but it selfe.

Deare Zanthia close the vault when I am sunke,
And vvhilst he slips to bed escape, be true,
I can no more, come to me : Harke gods, my breath
Scornes to craue life, grant but a vvell famde death.

she descends.

Enter Syphax ready for bed.

Sy. Each man withdraw, let not a creature stay,
VVithin large distance. Za. Sir ? Sy. Hence Zanthia,

Not

The Tragedie

Not thou shalt heare, all stand without eare-reach
Of the soft cryes nice shrinking brides do yeeld, (by steps,
When--Za. But Sir--Sy. Hence-; stay, take thy delight
Thinke of thy joyes, and make long thy pleasures,
O silence thou dost swallow pleasure right,
Words take away some sense from our delight;
Musicke: be proud my *Venus*, *Mercury* thy tongue,
Cupid thy flame, 'boue all O *Hercules*,
Let not thy backe be wanting: for now I leape
To catch the fruite, none but the Gods should reape.

Offering to leape into bed, he discovers Vangue.

Hah! can any woman turne to such a Devill? (flaue,
Or: or: *Vangue*, *Vangue*——*Van*. Yes, yes. Sy. Speake
How cam'st thou here? *Van*. Here? Sy. *Zanthia*, *Zanthia*,
Wher's *Sophonisba*? speake at full? at full,
Giue me particular faith, or know thou art not——

Za. Your pardon just mov'd Prince and private eare.

Sy. Ill actions haue some grace, that they can feare.

Va. How came I laid? which way was I made drunke?

Where am I? thinke I, or is my state advanc'd?

O *Ioue* how pleasant is it but to sleepe

In a Kings bed! *Sy* Sleepe there thy lasting sleepe

Improvident, base, o're-thirsty flaue. *Sy* kills *Va*.

Dye pleas'd, a Kings couch is thy too proud graue.

Through this vault say'st thou? *Za*. As you giue me grace

To liue, tis true. *Sy*. We will be good to *Zanthia*;

Goe cheare thy Lady, and be private to us.

She descends after Sophonisba.

Za. As to my life. *Sy*. I'll use this *Zanthia*,

And trest her as our dogs drinke dangerous *Nile*,

Only for thirst, the *Flie*, the *Crocodile*:

Wise *Sophonisba* knowes loues tricks of art,

Without much hindrance, pleasure hath no heart;

Despight all vertue or weake plots I must,

of Sophonisba:

Seven walled *Babell* cannot beare out lust.

Descends through the vault

Cornets sound Marches. Enter Scipio and Lælius with the complements of Roman Generalls before them: At the other doore, Massinissa and Jugurth.

Ma. Let not the vertue of the world suspect
Sad *Massinissa's* faith: nor once condemne
Our just revolt: Carthage first gave me life,
Her ground gave food, her aire first lent me breath.

The Earth was made for men, not men for Earth.

Scipio, I doe not thanke the Gods for life,
Much lesse vile men, or earth: know best of Lords,
It is a happy being, breath well fam'd,
For which love sees these thus; Men be not fool'd
With piety to place, traditions feare:

A just mans countrey Love makes every where,

Sci. Well urgeth *Massinissa*, but to leave
A city so ingrate, so faithlesse, so more vile
Then civill speech can name, feare not, such vice
To scourge is heavens gratefull sacrifice.
Thus all confesse first they have broke a faith
To the most due, so just to be observ'd,
That barbarousnesse it selfe may well blush at them,
Where is thy passion? they have shar'd thy Crowne;
Thy proper right of birth; contriv'd thy death;
Where is thy passion? given thy beautilous spouse
To thy most hated Rivall: Statue, not man,
And last, thy friend *Geloffo* (man worth gods)
With tortures have they rent to death. *Ma.* O *Geloffo*!
For thee full eyes — *Sci.* No passion for the rest?

Ma. O *Scipio*, my grieve for him may be exprest,
But for the rest Silence and secret anguish by teares
Shall waite: shall waite: — *Scipio*, he that can weep,
Grieves not like me, private deep inward drops
Of blood: my heart — for Gods right give me leave

The Tragedie

To be a short time *Man. Sci.* Stay Prince. *Ma.* I cease ;
Forgiue if I forget thy presence : *Scipio*
Thy face makes *Massinissa* more then man,
And here before your steddy power a vow,
As firme as fate I make : when I desist
To be commanded by thy vertue, (*Scipio*)
Or fall from friend of Romes, revenging Gods
Afflict me worth your torture : I haue given
Of passion and of faith my heart. *Sci.* To counsell then,

Griefe fits weake hearts, revenging vertue men.

Thus I thinke fit, before that *Syphax* know,
How deeply *Carthage* sinkes lets beat swift march
Vp even to *Cirta*, and whilst *Syphax* snores
With his, late thine——*Ma.* VVith mine ? no *Scipio*,
Libian hath poyson, aspes, kniues, and too much earth
To make one graue, with mine ? not, she can dye,
Scipio with mine ? *Ioue* say it thou dost lye.

Sci. Temperance be *Scipios* honour. *Le.* Cease your
She is a woman. *Ma.* But she is my wife. (strife

Le. And yet she is no God. *Ma.* And yet she's,
I doe not praise Gods goodnesse but adore. (more.
Gods cannot fall, and for their constant goodnesse
(VVhich is necessited) they haue a crowne,
Of never ending pleasures : but faint man
Fram'd to haue his weaknesse made the heavens glory)
If he with steddy vertue holds all siege,
That power, that speech, that pleasure, that full sweets,
A world of greatnesse can assaile him with,
Having no pay but selfe wept misery,
And beggars treasure heapt, that man Ile prayse
Aboue the Gods. *Sc.* The *Lybian* speakes bold sense.

Ma. By that by which all is, *Proportion*, (admiration,
I speake with thought. *Sci.* No more. *Ma.* Forgiue my
You toucht a string to which my sense was quick,
Can you but thinke? do, do; my griefe ! my griefe
Would make a Saint blaspheme : giue some reliefe,

As

of Sophonisba.

As thou art *Scipio* forgive that I forget,
I am a souldier ; such woes *Ioues* ribs would burst,
Few speake lesse ill that feele so much of worst.
My care attends. *Sci.* Before then *Syphax* joyne,
With new strength'd Carthage, or can once unwind,
His tangled sence from out so wilde amaze,
Fall wee like suddaine lightning fore his eyes ;
Boldnesse and speed are all of victories.

Ma. *Scipio*, let *Masiniſſa* clip thy knees ;
May once these eyes view *Syphax* ? shall this arme
Once make him feele his sinne ? O yce Gods
My cause, my cause ! Iustice is so huge ods,
That he who with it feares, heaven must renounce
In his creation. *Sci.* Beate then a close quicke march,
Before the morne shall shake cold dew's through skies,
Syphax shall tremble at Romes thicke alarmes.

Ma. Yce powers I challenge conquest to just armes
With a full flourish of Cornets they depart.

ACTVS. IIII. SCENA. I.

Organs, Viols, and Voices play for this Act.

Enter *Sophonisba*, and *Zanthia* as out of a caues mouth.

(caue

So. **VV** Here are we *Zanthia* ? *Za.* *Vangue* said the
Op'ned in *Belos* Forrest. *So.* Lord how sweet
I sent the ayre ? the huge long vaults close vaine,
What dumps it breath'd ? In *Belos* Forrest sayst :
Be valiant *Zanthia* ; how far's *Vrica* ?
From these most heauie shades ? *Zan.* Ten easie leagues.

So. There's *Masiniſſa*, my true *Zanthia*,
Shals venture nobly to escape, and touch
My Lords just armes : Loues wings so justly heauc
The body up, that as our toes shall trip

The Tragedie

Over the tender and obedient grasse,
Scarce any drop of dew is dash't to ground.
And see the willing shade of friendly night
Makes safe our instant haste : Boldnesse and speed,
Make actions most impossible succeed.

Za. But Madam know the Forrest hath no way
But one to passe, the which holds strictest guard.

So. Doe not betray me *Zanthia*. *Za.* I madam. *So.* No
I not mistrust thee, yet, but, ——— *Za.* Here you may
Delay your time. *So.* I *Zanthia* delay
By which we may yet hope, yet hope, alas
How all benumd's my sense, Chaunce hath so often
I scarce can feele : I should now curse the Gods (struck
Call on the furies : stampe the patient earth,
Cleave my stretch'd cheeks with sound, speake from all
But loud and full of players eloquence. (sense,

No, no, What shall we eate ? *Za.* Madam Ile search
For some ripe nuts which *Autumn* hath shooke downe
From the unleav'd Hasell, then some cooler ayre
Shall lead me to a spring : Or I will try
The courteous pale of some poore Forrestres
For milke. *So.* Do *Zanthia*, O happinesse, *Exit Zanthia.*
Of those that know not pride or lust of Citie,

Ther's no man bless'd but those that most men pittie.
O fortunate poore maids, that are not forc'd,
To wed for state nor are for state divorc'd !
Whom policy of kingdomes doth not marry,
But pure affection makes to loue or vary,
You feele no loue, which you dare not to shew,
Nor shew a loue which doth not truely grow :
O you are surely blessed of the sky,
You liue, that know not death before you dye.

*Through the vauces mouth in his night gowne, torch in
his hand, Syphax enters just behind Sophon.*
You are : *Sy.* In *Syphax* armes, thing of false lip,
What God shall now release thee. *So.* Art a man ?

Sy.

of Sophonisba.

Sy. Thy limbs shall feele, despight thy vertue know,
I'le thred thy richest pearle: this Forrests deafe,
As is my lust: *Night* and the God of *silence*,
Swels my full pleasures, no more shalt thou delude,
My easie credence. Virgin of faire brow,
Well featurde creature, and our utmost wonder,
Queene of our youthfull bed be proud.

Syphax setteth away his light, & prepareth to embrace Soph.
He use thee. (*Sophonisba snatcheth out her knife.*)

So. Looke thee, view this, shew but one straine of force,
Bow but to sease this arme, and by my selfe,
Or more by *Massinissa* this good steele,
Shall set my soule on wing; thus form'd Gods see,
And men with Gods worth envie nought but me.

Sy. Doe strike thy breast, know being dead, He use,
With highest lust of sense thy senselesse flesh,
And even then thy vexed soule shall see,
Without resistance, thy trunke prostitute,
Vnto our appetite. So. I shame to make thee know,
How vile thou speakest: *Corruption* then as much,
As thou shalt doe: but frame unto thy lusts,
Imaginations utmost sinne: *Syphax*,
I speake all frightlesse, know I liue or die
To *Massinissa*, nor the force of fate
Shall make me leaue his loue, or flake thy hate,
I will speake no more.

Sy. Thou hast amaz'd us, womans forced use,
Like unripe fruits, no sooner got but waste,
They haue proportion, colour but no taste,
Thinke *Syphax*—*Sophonisba* rest thine owne,
Our Guard. *Enter a Guard.*

Creature of most astonishing vertue,
If with faire vsage, loue and passionate courtings,
We may obtaine, the heaven of thy bed,
We cease no sute, from other force be free.
We dote not on thy body, but loue thee.

The Tragedie

So. Wilt thou keep faith? *Sy.* By thee, and by that power
By which thou art thus glorious, trust my vow;
Our Guard, convey the royallst excellence,
That ever was call'd woman, to our Pallace,
Observe her with strict care. *So.* Dread *Syphax* speake,
As thou art worthy, is not *Zanthia* false?

Sy. To thee she is. *So.* As thou art then thy selfe,
Let her not be. *Sy.* She is not. *The guard seizeth Zan.*

Zan. Thus most speed,
When two foes are growne friends, Partakers bleed.

Sy. When plants must flourish, their manure must rot.

So. *Syphax*, be recompenc'd, I hate thee not. *Ex. Sup.*

Sy. A wasting flame feedes on my amorous blood,
Which we must coole, or dye: what way all power,
All speech, full opportunity, can make,
We have made fruitlesse tryall. *Infernall Ioue*,
You resolute Angels that delight in flames,
To you, all wonder working spirits, I flye;
Since heaven helps not, deepest hell wee'l try.

Here in this desert, the great soule of charmes,
Dreadfull *Erichtho* lives, whose dismall brow
Contemnes all roofes, or civill coverture.
Forsaken Graves, and Tombs, the Ghosts forc'd out,
She joyes to inhabite.

*Infernall musicke playes softly, whilest Erichtho enters, and
when she speakes ceaseth.*

A loathsome yellow leanness spreads her face,
A heavy hell-like paleness loads her cheeks
Vnknowne to a cleare heaven: but if darke winds,
Or thicke blacke clouds drive back the blinded starres,
When her deep Magicke makes forc'd heaven quake,
And thunder, spight of *Ioue*: *Erichtho* then
From naked Graves stalkes out, heaves proud her head,
With long unkemb'd haire loaden, and strives to snatch
The *Nights quicke sulphure*; then she bursts up tombs
From halfe rot sear-cloths, then she scrapes dry gummes

For

of *Sophonisba*.

For her blacke rites : but when she finds a coarse
But newly grav'd, whose entrailes are not turn'd
To flymie filth, with greedy havocke then
She makes fierce spoyle : and swells with wicked triumph
To bury her leane knuckles in his eyes :
Then doth she gnaw the pale and oregrowne nayles
From his dry hand : but if she find some life
Yet lurking close, she bites his gellid lips,
And sticking her blacke tongue in his dry throat,
She breaths dire murmurs, which inforce him beare
Her banefull secrets to the spirits of horreur.

To her first sound the Gods yield any harme,
As trembling once to heare a second charme :
She is — *Eri*. Here *Syphax*, here, quake not, for know,
I know thy thoughts, thou wouldst intreat our power
Nice *Sophonisba*'s passion to inforce
To thy affection, be all full of *love*,
Tis done, tis done, to us heaven, earth, sea, ayre,
And Fate it selfe obayes, the beasts of death,
And all the terrours angry gods invented,
(T'afflict the ignorance of patient man)
Tremble at us : the roul'd-up Snake uncurl's
His twisted knots, at our affrighting voyce.
Are we incens'd ? the King of flames growes pale,
Lest he be choak'd with blacke and earthy fumes,
Which our charmes raise : Be joy'd, make proud thy lust ;
I do not pray you, Gods, my breath's, *You must*,

Sy. Deep knowing spirit, mother of all high
Mysterious science, what may *Syphax* yield
Worthy thy Art, by which my soule's thus eas'd ;
The Gods first made me live, but thou live pleas'd.

Eri. Know then our love, hard by the reverent ruines
Of a once glorious Temple rear'd to *love*,
Whose very rubbish (like the pittied fall,
Of vertue much unfortunate) yet beares
A deathlesse majesty, though now quite rac'd,

The Tragedie

Hurl'd downe by wrath and lust of impious Kings,
So that where holy *Flamins* wont to sing
Sweet Hymnes to heaven, there the Daw, and Crow,
The ill-voyc'd Raven, and still chattering Pye,
Send out ungratefull sounds, and loathsome filth,
Where statues, and *Loves* acts were vively limb'd,
Boyes with black coales draw the vail'd parts of nature,
And leacherous actions of imagin'd lust :
Where tombs, and beautious Vrnes of well dead men
Stood in assured rest, the Shepherd now
Vnloads his belly : Corruption, most abhorr'd,
Mingling it selfe with their renowned ashes ;
Our selfe quakes at it.

There once a *Charnel* house, now a vast Cave,
Over whose brow a pale and untrod Groue
Throwes out her heavy shade, the mouth thicke armes
Of darksome Ewe (Sun prooffe) for ever choakes ;
Within rest barren darkenesse, fruitlesse drought
Pines in eternall Night ; the steame of Hell
Yields not so lasy ayre : There, that's my Cell ;
From thence a charme, which *love* dare not heare twice,
Shall force her to thy bed : but *Syphax* know,
Love is the highest Rebelle to our Art :

Therefore I charge thee, by the feare of all,
Which thou know'st dreadfull, or more, by our selfe,
As with swift hast she passeth to thy bed,
And easy to thy wishes yields, speake not one word,
Nor dare, as thou dost feare thy losse of joyes,
T'dmit one light, one light. *Sy.* As to my Fate.
I yield my guidance. *Eri.* Then, when I shall force
The Aire to musicke, and the shades of night
To forme sweet sounds, make proud thy rais'd delight :
Meane time behold, I goe a charme to reare,
Whose potent sound will force our selfe to feare.

Sy. Whether is *Syphax* heav'd ? at length shall's ioy
Hopes more desir'd then Heaven ? sweet labouring earth

Let

of Sophonisba.

Let heauen be uniform'd with mighty charmes,
Let *Sophonisba* only fill these armes;
Ioue wee'l not envy thee; Bloods appetite
Is *Syphax* god; my wisdom is my sense,
Without a man I hold no excellence.
Give me long breath, young beds, and sicklesse ease,
For we hold firme, that's lawfull, which doth please

Infernall Musicke softly.

Harke, harke, now rise infernall tones,
The deep fetch'd groanes
Of labouring spirits that attend

Erichtho.

Erichtho.

within.

Sy. Now cracke the trembling earth, and send
Shreekes, that portend

Affrightment to the Gods which heare

Erichtho.

Erichtho.

within.

*A treble Viall & a base Lute play softly within
the Canopy.*

Sy. Harke, harke! now softer melody strikes mute
Disquiet Nature: O thou power of sound,
How thou dost melt me. Harke, now even heauen
Gives up his soule amongst us: Now's the time
When greedy expectation straines mine eyes
For their lov'd object: now *Erichtho* will'd
Prepare my appetite for loves strict gripes;
O you deare founts of pleasure, bloud, and beauty,
Rayse active Venus worth fruition
Of such provoking sweetnesse. Harke, she comes;

A short song to soft Musicke above.

Two nupciall hymnes, inforced spirits sing,
Harke (*Syphax*) harke;

CANTANT.

Now hell and heauen rings

With

The Tragedie

With Musicke: Spight of *phæbus* : Peace.

*Enter Erichtho in the shape of Sophonisba, her face
veiled and hasteth in the bed of Syphax.*

She comes :

Fury of bloods impatient : *Erichtho*

'Boue thunder sits ; to thee egregious soule.

Let all flesh bend. *Sophonisba* thy flame

But equall mine, and weele joy such delight,

That gods shall not admire, but even spight.

*Syphax hastneth within the Canopy as to
Sophonisbas bed.*

"ACTVS V. SCENA I.

A base Lute and a Treble Viol play for the Act.

*Syphax drawes the curtaines and discovers Erichtho
lying with him.*

Eri. **H**A, ha, ha. *Sy.* Light, light. *Eri.* Ha, ha.

Sy. **H**Thou rotten scum of hell——

○ my abhorred heate ! O loath'd delusion !

They leape out of the bed, Syphax takes him to his sword.

Eri. Why foole of Kings, could thy weake soule ima-

That 'tis within the graspe of Heaven or Hell (gine

To enforce loue? why know Loue doats the fates,

*I*ue groanes beneath his waight : more ignorant thing,

Know we *Erichtho*, with a thirsty wombe,

Haue coveted full threescore Suns for blood of Kings,

We that can make enraged *Neptune* tosse,

His huge curld locks without one breath of wind :

We that can make Heaven slide from *Atlas* shoulder :

We in the pride and height of covetous lust,

Haue wisht with womans greedinesse to fill

Our longing armes with *Syphax* well strong lims :

And dost thou thinke if *Philters* or Hels charmes

Could haue inforc'd thy use, we would hau' dam'd

Draine sleights? no, no, now are we full

of Sophonisba.

Of our deare wishes ; thy proud heate well wasted,
Hath made our lims grow young : our loue farewell,
Know he that would force loue, thus seeks his Hell,
Erichtho slips into the ground as Syphax offers his sword to
Sy. Can we yet breath? is any plagu'd like me? *(her.*
Are we? lets thinke : O now contempt, my hate
To thee thy thunder, sulphure and scorn'd name
He whose life's loath'd, and he who breathes to curse,
His very beings ; let him thus with me.

Syphax kneeles at the Altar.

Fall fore an Altar, sacred to blacke powers,
And thus dare Heavens : O thou whose blasting flames
Hurle barren droughts upon the patient earth,
And thou gay god of riddles and strange tales,
Hot-brained *Phœbus*, all adde if you can,
Something unto my misery ; If ought
Of plagues lurke in your deepe trench'd browes,
Which yet I know not ; let them fall like bolts,
Which wrathfull *Ioue* driues strong into my bosome,
If any chance of warre, or newes ill voyc'd,
Mischiefe unthought of lurke, come giu't us all,
Heape curse on curse, we can no lower fall.

Out of the Altar the ghost of Asdruball ariseth.

Asd. Lower, lower. *Sy.* VVhat damn'd ayre is form'd
Into that shape? speake, speake, we cannot quake,
Our flesh knowes not ignoble tremblings, speake,
VVe dare thy terror ; me thinkes hell and fate
Should dread a soule with woes made desperate.

Asd. Know me the spirit of great *Asdruball*,
Father to *Sophonisba*, whose bad heart
Made justly most unfortunate ; for know
I turn'd unfaithfull, after which the field
Chanc'd to our losse, when of thy men there fell,
eooo soules next fight of *Lybians* ten.
After which losse we unto Carthage flying,
Th' enraged people cride their Army fell

Through

The Tragedie

Through my base treason : straight my revengefull fury
Makes them pursue me, I with resolute haste,
Made to the graue of all our Ancestors
When poysoned, hop'd my bones should haue long rest,
But see the violent multitude arriues.

Teare downe our monument, and me now dead
Deny a graue : hurle us among the rocks
To stanch beasts hunger ; therefore thus ungrau'd
I seeke slow rest : now doest thou know more woes
And more must feele : Mortals O feare to flight
Your Gods and vowes : *Ioues* arme is of dread might.

Sy. Yet speake, shall I orecome approaching foes?

Asd. Spirits of wrath know nothing but their woes.

Enter Nuntius.

Exit.

Nun. My liedge, my liedge, the scouts of *Cirta* bring
Of suddaine danger, fullten thousand horse, (intelligence
Fresh and well rid strong *Massinissa* leads,
As wings to *Romane* legions that march swift,
Lead by that man of conquest, *Scipio.* *Sy.* *Scipio.*

Nu. direct to Cirta.

A march farre off is heard.

Harke their march is heard even to the Citie.

Sy. Helpe, our Guard, my armes, bid all our leaders
Beate thicke alarmes, I haue scene things which thou
Wouldst quake to heare :

Boldnesse and strength the shame of slaues be feare.
Vp heart, hold sword: though waues roule thee on shelfe,
Though fortune leaue thee, leaue not thou thy selfe.

Exit arming.

SCENA SECVNDA.

*Enter two Pages with targets, and Iauelins, Lelius and
Iugurth with holberds, Scipio and Massinissa armed
Cornets sounding a march.*

Sc. Stand. *Ma.* Giue the word stand. *So.* Part the file.
Ma. Giue way.

Scipio

of Sophonisba.

Scipio by thy great name, but greater vertue,
By our eternall loue giue me the chance
Of this dayes battle: Let not thy envied fame
Vouchsafe to oppose the Romane legions
Against one weakned Prince of Lybia,
This quarrel's mine: mine be the stroke of fight,
Let us and *Syphax* hurle our well forc'd darts
Each unto others breast, O (what should I say?)
Thou beyond Epithete, thou whom proud Lords of
May even envie: (alas my joyes so vaste, (fortune
Makes me seeme lost, let us thunder and lightning
Strike from our braue armes, looke, looke, sease that hill,
Harke he comes neere: From thence discerne us strike
Fire worth *Ioue*, mount up, and not repute
Me very proud, though wondrous, resolute.
My cause: my cause, is my bold heartning ods,
That seven fold shield, just armes should fright the Gods.

Sci. Thy words are full of honour take thy fate.

Mat. Which we doe scorne to feare, to *Scipio* state
Worthy his heart. Now let the forced brasse
Sound on.

*Cornets sound a march, Scipio leads his
traine up to the mount.*

Iugurth claspe sure our caske,
Arme us with care, and *Iugurth* if I fall
Through this dayes malice, or our fathers sinnes,
If it in thy sword lye, breake up my breast,
And saue my heart that never fell nor sued
To ought but *Ioue* and *Sophonisba*. Sound
Sterne heartners unto wounds and blood, sound loud,
For we haue named *Sophonisba*.

Cornets a florish.

So.

Cornets a march farre off.

Harke harke, he comes, stand blood, now multiply
Force more then fury, sound high, sound high, we strike.
For *Sophonisba*.

Enter

The Tragedie

Enter Syphax arm'd, his Pages with shields and darts before, Cornets sounding marches.

Sy. For Sophonisba.

*Mas. Syphax. Sy. Massinissa. Mas. Betwixt us two
Let single fight try all. Sy. Well urg'd. Ma. Well granted
Of you my Starres, as I am worthy you,
I implore ayde; and O, if Angels wayt
Vpon good hearts, my Genius bee as strong
As I am just. Sy. Kings glory is their wrong.
He that may onely doe iust act's a slaue,
My Gods my arme, my life, my heaven, my graue,
To me all end. Mas. Giue day Gods, life, not death,
To him that onely feares blaspheming breath.
For Sophonisba. Sy. For Sophonisba.*

*Cornets sound a charge, Massinissa and Syphax combate,
Syphax falls, Massinissa unclasps Syphax caske, and
as ready to kill him, speaks Syphax.*

Sy. Vnto thy fortune, not to thee wee yeeld.

*Mas. Liues Sophonisba yet unstain'd, speake just,
Yet ours unforc'd? Sy. Let my heart fall more low
Then is my body, if onely to thy glory
Shee liues not yet all thine. Mas. Rise, rise, cease strife.
Heare a most deepe revenge, from us take life.*

*Cornets sounded a March, Scipio and Lælius enter; Scipio
passeth to his throne, Massinissa presents Syphax
to Scipio's feet, Cornets sounding a flourish.*

To you all power of strength: and next to thee,
Thou spirit of triumph, borne for victory.
I heaue these hands: March we to Cirta straight,
My Sophonisba with swift hast to winne
In honor and in loue all meane is sinne. *Ex. Ma. & Iug.*
*Sci. As we are Romes great Generall thus we presse
Thy captiue necke: but as still Scipio,*

And

of Sophonisba.

And sensible of just humanitie,
We weepe thy bondage : speake thou ill chanc'd man,
VVhat spirit tooke thee when thou wert our friend,
(Thy right hand given both to Gods and us,
With such most passionate vowes, and solemne faith)
Thou fledst with such most foule disloyaltie,
To now weake *Carthage*, strengthening their bad armes,
VVho lately scorn'd thee with all loath'd abuse,
VVho never entertaine for loue, but use.

Sy. Scipio, my fortune is captiv'd, not I,
Therefore Ile speake bold truth : nor once mistrust
VVhat I shall say, for now being wholly yours,
I must not faine ; *Sophonisba*, 'twas shee,
'Twas *Sophonisba* that solicited
My forc'd revolt, 'twas her resistlesse suite,
Her loue to her deare *Carthage* tic'd me breake
All faith with men : 'twas shee made *Syphax* false,
Shee that loues *Carthage* with such violence,
And hath such mooving graces to allure,
That shee will turne a man that once hath sworn
Himselfe on's fathers bones, her *Carthage* foe,
To be that Cities Champion, and high friend.
Her *Himeneall* torch burnt downe my house,
Then was I captiv'd, when her wanton armes
There moving claspt about my necke, O charmes,
Able to turne even Fate : but this in my true griefe
Is some just joy, that my loue-sorted foe
Shall seize that plague, that *Massinissas* breast
Her hands shall arme, and that ere long youle trie,
Shee can force him your foe as well as I.

Sci. Lelius, Lelius, take a choyce troupe of horse,
And spur to *Cirta*. To *Massinissa* thus,
Syphax palace, crownes, spoyle, cities sacke
Be free to him ; but if our new laugh'd friend
Possesse that woman of so moving art,
Charge him with no lesse waight then his deare vow,

The Tragedie

Our love, all faith, that he resigne her thee,
As he shall answer Rome will give him up
A Roman prisoner to the Senates doome,
She is a Carthaginian, now our lawes
Wise men prevent not actions, but euer cause.

Sy. Good malice, so, as liberty so deare
Prove my revenge: what I cannot possesse
Another shall not, that's some happinesse.

Exeunt. Cornets flourishing.

The Cornets aser off sounding a charge: A souldier wounded at one doore, Enter at the other Sophonisba, two Pages before her with lights, two women bearing up her traine.

Soul. Princeesse, O flie, Syphax hath lost the day,
And Captiv'd lyes, the Roman Legions
Have seizd the Towne, and with inveterate hate,
Make slaves, or murder all: Fire, and Steele,
Fury, and night hold all; faire Queene, O fly,
We bleed for Carthage, all for Carthage dyc. *exit.*

The Cornets sounding a March, Enter Pages with Iavelins and Targets, Massinissa and Jugurth, Massinissa's Beaver shut.

Mas. March to the Pallace. So. What ere man thou art
Of Lybia, thy faire armes speake: give heart
To amazd weaknesse, heare her, that for long time
Hath secne no wished light. *Sophonisba,*
A name for misery much knowne, tis she
Intreats of thy grac'd sword this onely boone,
Let me not kneele to Rome, for though no cause
Of mine deserves their hate, though *Massinissa*
Be ours to heart, yet Roman Generalls
Make proud their triumphs, with what ever Captives
O tis a Nation, which from soule I feare,
As one well knowing the much grounded hate,

They

of Sophonisba.

They beare to *Asdruball* and Carthage bloud;
Therefore with teares that wash thy feet, with hands
Vnusde to beg, I claspe thy manly knees,
O saue me from their fetters and contempt,
Their proud insults, and more then insolence;
Or if it rest not in thy grace of breath
To grant such freedome, giue me long-wisht death:
For tis not now loath'd life that we doe craue,
Onely an unsham'd death, and silent graue,
VVe will now daine to bend for. *Mas. Raritie,*

Massinissa disarmes his head.

By thee and this right hand, thou shalt liue free.

So. We cannot now be wretched. *Ma.* Stay the sword.
Let slaughter cease; sounds soft as *Ledus* breast

Soft Musique.

Slide through all eares, this night be loues high feast.

So. Orewhelme me not with sweets, let me not drink,
Till my breast burst, O *loue*, thy Nectar skinke.

Shee sinkes into Massinissas armes.

Ma. She is orecome with joy. *So.* Help, help to beare
Some happinesse ye powers; I haue joy to spare,
Inough to make a God: O *Massinissa.* *Mas.* Peace,
A silent thinking makes full joyes increase.

Enter Lelius.

Le. Massinissa. Ma. Lelius. Le. Thine eare.

Mas. Stand off.

Lel. From *Scipio* thus: By thy late vow of faith,
And mutuall league of endlesse amitie,
As thou respects his vertue, or *Romes* force,
Deliver *Sophonisba* to our hand.

Mas. Sophonisba? Lel. Sophonisba. So. My Lord
Lookes pale, and from his halfe burst eyes a flame
Of deepe disquiet breakes; the Gods turne false,
My sad presage. *Ma. Sophonisba? Lel.* Even she.

Ma. She kild not *Scipios* father, nor his unkle, (*thage?*
Great Cneius. Le. Carthage did. *Ma.* To her whats Car-

N

Le. Know

The Tragedie

Lel. Know twas her father *Asdruball* struck off
His fathers head, giue place to faith and fate.

Maf. Tis crosse to honour. *Lel.* But tis iust to State,
So speaketh *Scipio*, doe not thou detaine
A Romane prisoner, due to this great triumph,
As thou shalt answer Rome and him. *Maf. Lelius*,
Vvee now are in Romes power ; *Lelius*,
View *Masiniſſa* doe a loathed act,
Most sinking from that state his heart did keepe.
Looke *Lelius*, looke, see *Masiniſſa* weepe ;
Know I haue made a vow more deare to me,
Then my soules endlesse being : shee shall rest
Free from Romes bondage. *Le.* But dost thou forget
Thy vow yet fresh thus breathd : When I desist
To be commanded by thy vertue, *Scipio*,
Or fall from friend of Rome, revenging gods,
Afflict me with your torture. *Maf. Lelius*, enough :
Salute the Roman, tell him wee will act
What shall amaze him. *Lel.* Wilt thou yeeld her then?

Ma. She shall arriue there staight. *Le.* Best fate of men
To thee. *Maf.* And *Scipio* : Haue I liv'd, O heavens,
To be inforcedly perfidious ?

So. VVhat unjust grieve afflicts my worthy Lord ?

Maf. Thank me ye gods, with much beholdingnesse,
For marke I doe not curse you. *So.* Tell me sweet,
The cause of thy much anguish. *Ma.* Ha, the cause ?
Let's see, wreath back thine armes, bend downe thy neck,
Practise base prayers, make fit thy selfe for bondage.

So. Bondage? *Ma.* Bondage, Roman bondage. *So.* No,

Maf. How then haue I vow'd well to *Scipio* ? (no.

So. How then to *Sophonisba*? *Ma.* Right, which way
Runne mad impossible distraction.

So. Deare Lord thy patience ; let it maze all power,
And list to her in whose sole heart it rests

To keepe thy faith upright. *Ma.* Wilt thou be flau'd?

So. No free. *Ma.* How the keep I my faith? *So.* My death
Giues

of Sophonisba.

Giues helpe to all : From Rome so rest we free ;
So brought to *Scipio*, faith is kept in thee.

Ma. Thou darst not die; some wine, thou darst not die.

Enter a Page with a boule of wine.

So. How neere was I unto the curse of man ? Ioy,
How like was I yet once to haue beene glad :
He that neere laught may with a constant face,
Contemne *Ioues* frowne. Happinesse makes us base.

She takes a bolc into which Massinissa puts poyson:

Behold me *Massinissa*, like thy selfe,
A King and souldier, and I pree thee keepe
My last command. *Ma.* Speake sweet:

So. Deare doe not weepe,
And now with undismaid resolute behold,
To saue you, you, (for honour and just faith,
Are most true gods, which we should much adore)
With even disdainfull vigour I giue up,
An abhord life. You haue beene good to me, *She drinckes:*
And I doe thanke thee heaven, O my stars,
I blesse your goodnesse, that with breast unstain'd,
Faith pure : a Virgin wife, try'd to my glory,
I die of female faith, the long liu'd story,
Secure from bondage, and all servile harmes,
But more most happy in my husbands armes. *She flakes:*

Iug. Massinissa, Massinissa. Ma. Covetous
Fame greedy Lady, could no scope of glory,
No reasonable proportion of goodnesse
Fill thy great breast, but thou must proue immense;
Incomprehence in vertue, what wouldst thou,
Not onely be admir'd, but even ador'd ?
O glory ripe for heaven ! Sirs helpe, helpe, helpe;
Let us to *Scipi*, with what speed you can.
For piety make haste, whilst yet we are man.

Exeunt bearing Sophonisba in a Chaire.

The Tragedie

Cornets a March. Enter Scipio in full state, tryumphall ornaments carryed before him, and Syphax bound, at the other doore, Lælius.

Sci. What answers *Massinissa*, will he send
That *Sophonisba* of so moving tongues?

Læ. Full of dismayd unsteddinesse he stood,
His right hand lockt in hers, which hand he gave
As pledge for Rome, she ever should live free:
But when I enter'd, and well urg'd this vow,
And thy command, his great heart funke with shame,
His eyes lost spirit, and his heat of life
Sanke from his face, as one that stood benumm'd,
All maz'd, t'effect impossibilities,
For either unto her, or *Scipio*,
He must breake vow, long time he tosse'd his thoughts;
And as you see a snow-ball being rol'd
At first a handfull, yet long bowl'd about,
Insensibly acquires a mighty globe;
So his cold grieve through agitation growes,
And more he thinks, the more of grieve he knowes;
At last he seem'd to yield her. *Sy.* Marke *Scipio*,
Trust him that breaks a vow? *Sci.* How then trust thee?
Sy. O, misdoubt him not, when he's thy slave like me.

Enter Massinissa all in blacke.

Mas. Scipio. Sci. Massinissa. Ma. Generall. Sci. King.

Ma. Lives there no mercy for one soule of Carthage,
But must see basenesse? *Sci.* Wouldst thou joy thy peace?
Deliver *Sophonisba* straight and cease,
Do not graspe that which is too hot to hold,
We grace thy grieve, and hold it with soft sense.
Injoy good courage, but 'voyd insolence.
I tell thee Rome and *Scipio* daigne to beare
So low a brest, as for her say, we feare.

Ma. Doe not, doe not, let not the fright of Nations
Know so vile tearmes. She rests at thy dispose.

Sy.

of Sophonisba.

Sy. To my soule joy, shall *Sophonisba* then
With me goe bound, and wayt on *Scipio's* wheele?
When th'whole world's giddy one man cannot reele.

Ma. Starve thy leane hopes, and Romans now behold
A sight, would sad the Gods, make *phæbus* cold.

*Organe and Recorders play to a single voice: Enter in the
meane time, the mournesfull solemnity of Massinissa's pre-
sents Sophonisba's body.*

Looke *Scipio*, see what hard shift we make
To keep our vowes; here, take I yield her thee,
And *Sophonisba*, I keep vow, thou art still free.

Sy. Burst my vext heart, the torture that most wrackes
An enemy, is his foes royall acts.

Sci. The glory of thy vertue live for ever,
Brave hearts may be obscur'd, but extinct never.

Scipio adorne Massinissa.

Take from the Generall of Rome this crowne,
This roabe of tryumph, and this conquests wreath,
This scepter, and this hand, for ever breath,
Romes very Minion: Live worth thy fame,
As farre from faintings, as from now base name.

Ma. Thou whom like sparkling steel the stroks of chance
Made hard and firme, and like to Wild-fire turn'd,
The more cold fate, the more thy vertue burn'd,
And in whole seas of miseryes didst flame:
On thee, lov'd creature of a deathlesse fame

Massinissa adorne Sophonisba.

Rest all my honour: O thou for whom I drinke
So deep of griefe, that he must onely thinke,
Not dare to speake, that would expresse my woe,
Small rivers murmur, deep gulfes silent flow,
My griefe is here, not here, heave gently then,
Womens right wonder, and just shame of men.

Cornets a short flourish.

.Exeunt.

Manet Massinissa.

EP ILOGVS.

And now with lighter passion, though just fear
I change my person, and doe hither beare
Anothers voice, who with a phrase as weake
As his deserts, now will'd me for him speake :

If words well sens'd, best suting subject grave,
Noble true story may once boldly crave
Acceptance gracions : if he whose fires
Envy not others, nor himselfe admires :
If sceanes exempt from ribaldry or rage
Of taxings indiscreet, may please the Stage ;
If such may hope applause, he not commands,
Yet craves as due the justice of your hands :
But freely he protests how ere it is,
Or well, or ill, or much, not much amisse,
With constant modesty he doth submit
To all, save those that have more tongue then wit.

FINIS.

VVHAT
YO V VVILL.

A
COMEDIE.



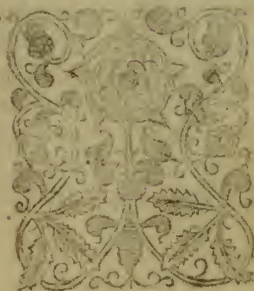
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YOV WILL.

A

COMEDIA



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1633



WHAT YOU WILL.

Induction.

Before the Musicke sounds for the Acte: Enter Atticus, Doricus, and Phylomuse, they sit a good while on the stage before the Candles are lighted, talking together, and on the sudden Doricus speaks.

Enter Tier-man with lights.

Dor.



Fie, some lights, firs fie, let there bee no deeds of darknesse done among us — I so, so, preethe Tyer-man, set Sineor Snuffe on fire, hee's a chollerick Gentleman, hee will take Pepper in the nose instantly, feare not, fore heaven, I wonder they tolerate him so neere the Stage.

Phy. Faith *Doricus*, thy braine boyles, keele it, keele it, or all the fat's in the fire: in the name of *phœbus*, what merry *Genius* haunts thee to day? thy lippes play with feathers.

Dor. Troth they should pick straws before they should bee idle.

Atti. Bur

What you will.

Atti. But why, but why doest thou wonder they dare suffer *Snuffe* so neere the Stage?

Dor. O well recalld, marry fir *Sineor Snuffe*, *Monsieur Mew*, and *Cavaliero Blirt*, are three of the most to bee fear'd Auditors that ever——

Phy. Pish for shame, stint thy idle chat.

Dor. Nay dreame whatsoere your fantasie swims on *Philomuse*, I protest in the loue you haue procured me to heare your friend the Author, I am vehemently fearefull, this threefold halter of contempt that choaks the breath of wit, these aforesaid *tria sunt omnia*, Knights of the *Meaw* will sit heaue on the skirts of his Sceanes, if—

Phy. If what? belecue it *Doricus* his spirit,
Is higher blooded then to quake and pant,
At the report of *Skoffes* Artillery;
Shall he be creast-falne, if some looser braine,
In flux of wit unciuely besilth
His slight composures? shall his besome faint,
If drunken *Censure* belch out sower breath,
From *Hatreds* surfet on his labours front?
Nay say some halfe a dozen rancorous breasts
Should plant themselues on purpose to discharge
Impostum'd malice on his latest Sceane,
Shall his resolute be struck through with the blirt,
Of a goose breath? What imperfect borne?
What short liv'd *Meteor*? what cold hearted *Snow*
Would melt in dolour? cloud his mudded eyes,
Sincke downe his jawes, if that some juiccles huske,
Some boundlesse ignorance should on sudden shoote
His grosse knob'd burbolt, with *that's not so good*,
Mew, blirt, ha, ha, light Chaffy stuffe?
Why gentle spirits what loose waving fan?
What any thing would thus be skru'd about
With each slight touch of odd Phantasmatas?
No let the feeble palsied lamer joynts,
Leane on opinions crutches, let the——

Dor.

What you will.

Dor. Nay, nay, nay, Heavens my hope, I cannot smooth
this straine,

VVits death I cannot, what a leaproous humor
Breakes from ranke swelling of these bubbling wits?
Now out up-pont : I wonder what tite braine:
VVrung in this custome to mainetaine *Contempt*
Gainst common *Censure* : to giue stiffe counter buffes

To cracke rude scorne even on the very face
Of better audience. Slight ist not odious,
Why harke you honest, honest *Philomuse*
(You that endeavour to indeere our thoughts,
To the composers spirit) hold this firme :

Musicke and Poerry were first approu'd
By common sense ; and that which pleased most,
Held most allowed passe : not rules of Art
Were shap't to pleasure, not pleasure to your rules ;
Thinke you if that his sceanes tooke stampe in mint,
Of three or foure deem'd most juditious,

It must inforce the world to currant them,
That you must spit defiance on dislike?
Now as I loue the light were I to passe
Trough publike verdit, I should feare my forme,
Least ought I offer'd were unsquar'd or warp'd,
“ The more we know, the more we know we want

“ VVhat *Bayard* bolder then the ignorant?
“ Beleeue me *Philomuse* : Ifaith thou must,
“ *The best best seale of wit, is wits distrust.*

Phy. Nay gentle *Doricus*.

Dor. Ile heare no more of him, nay and your friend
the Author, the composer: the *What you will* : seemes
so faire in his owne glasse, so straight in his owne mea-
sure that hee talkes once of squinting *Critickes*, drunken
Censure, splay-footed *Opinion*, juicles huskes, I ha' done
with him, I ha' done with him.

Phy. Pew nay then——

Dor. As if any such unsanctified stuffe could find a
being

What you will.

being 'mong these ingenuous breasts.

At. Come, let passe, let passe, lets see what stufte must cloath our eares : what's the playes name ?

Phy. *What you will.*

Dor. Ist Comedy, Tragedy, Pastorall, Morall, Nocturnall or History.

Phy. Faith perfectly neither, but even *What you will*, a slight toy, lightly composed, too swiftly finisht, ill plotted, worse written, I feare mee worst acted, and indeed *What you will.*

Dor. Why I like this vaine well now.

At. Come, wee straine the spectators patience in delaying their expected delights. Lets place our selues within the Curtaines, for good faith the Stage is so very little, we shall wrong the generall eye else very much.

Phy. If youle stay but a little Ile accompany you, I haue engag'd my selfe to the Author, to giue a kind of inductive speech to his Comedy.

At. Away : you neglect your selfe, a gentleman——

Phy. Tut I haue vow'd it, I am double charg'd, goe off as't twill, Ile set fire to it.

Dor. Ile not stand it, may chance recoyle, an't bee not stuff'd with salt-peeter, well marke the report, marke the report.

Phy. Nay prece thee stay, slid the female presence ; the Genteletza ; the women will put me out.

Dor. And they striue to put thee out, doe thou endeavour to put them.

At. In good faith, if they put thee out of countenance ; put thou them out of patience ; and hew their eares with hacking imperfect utterance.

Dor. Goe stand to it, shew thy selfe a tall man of thy tongue, make an honest legge, put off thy cap with discreete cariage : and so we leaue thee to the kind Gentlemen, and most respected Auditors.

Exeunt.

Remanet tantum philomusus.

Prologue.

What you Will.

Prologue.

NOr labours hee the favour of the rude,
Nor offers sops unto the Stigian Dogge,
To force a silence in his viperous tongues :
Nor cares he to insinuate the grace,
Of loath'd detraction, nor pursues the lone
Of the nice criticks of this squeamish age,
Nor strives he to beare up with every saile
Of floting Censure : nor once dreads or cares,
What envious hand his guiltles Muse hath struck,
“ Sweet breath from tainted stomacks who can
But to the faire proportion'd lones of wit, (suck ?
To the just skale of even paized thoughts :
To those that know the pangs of bringing forth
A perfect feature : to their gentle minds,
That can as soone slight of, as find a blemish,
To those as humbly low as to their feete
I am oblig'd to bend : to those his Muse,
Makes solemne honour, for their wish'd delight :
He vows industrious sweat shall pale his cheeke,
But hee'le glose up sleeke objects for their eyes :
For those he is asham'd, his best's too bad,
A silly subject too too simply clad
Is all his present, all his ready pay,
For many many debts. Give further day,
Ile give a Proverbe, Sufferance giveth ease :
So you may once be pay'd, we once may please.

Exit.

ACT.



VVHAT YOV VVILL.

ACTVS I. SCENA I.

*Enter Quadratus, Phylus following him with a Lute, a
Page going before Quadratus with a Torch.*

Phy. O I beseech you sir reclaime his wits,
My Master's mad, starke mad, alzs for love.

Qua. For love? nay and he be not mad for hate,
Tis amiable fortune; I tell thee youth
Right rare and geason: strange? mad for love!
O shew me him, Ile give him reasons straight,
So forcible, so all invincible,
That it shall drag love out: run mad for love?
What mortally exists, on which our hearts
Should be enamoured with such passion?
For love? come *Phylus* come, Ile change his fate,
In stead of love, Ile make him mad for hate:
But troth say, what straine's his madnesse of?

Phy. Phantasticall

Qua Immure him, sconce him, barricadoe him in't,
Phantasticall mad, thrice blessed heart;
Why harke good *Phylus*: (O that thy narrow sense
Could but containe me now) all, that exists,
Takes valuation from opinion:
A giddy minion now; pish, thy tast is dull,
And canst not rellish me, come, where's *Iacomo*?

Enter Iacomo unbrac'd and carelessly drest.

Phy. Look where he comes: O map of boundles woe!

Iaco.

What you will.

Iaco. Yon gleame is day, darknesse, sleep, and feare,
Dreames, and the ugly visions of the night
Are beat to hell by the bright palme of light,
Now romes the swaine, and whistles up the morne :
Deep silence breakes ; all things start up with light ;
Only my heart, that endlesse night and day
Lies bed-rid, crippled by coy *Lucia*.

Qua. There's a straine law.

Nay, now I see he's mad most palpable,
He speakes like a player, ha ! poeticall.

Iaco. The wanton spring lies dallying with the earth,
And powrs fresh blood in her decayed vaines,
Looke how the new sapt branches are in child
With tender infants, how the Sun drawes out,
And shapes their moysture into thousand formes
Of sprouting buds, all things that show or breath
Are now instaur'd, saving my wretched brest,
That is eternally congeal'd with Ice
Of froz'd dispaire. O *Celia*, coy, too nice.

Qua. Still saunce question mad.

Iaco. O where doth piety and pittie rest ?

Qua. Fetch cords, he's irrecoverable, mad, rank mad ;
He calls for strange *Chymera's*, fictions
That haue no being since the curse of death
Was throwne on man : Pitty, and Piety,
Who'l daigne converse with them ? alas vaine head,
Pitty and Piety are long since dead.

Iaco. Ruine to chance, and all that strive to stand,
Like swolne *Colosses* on her tottering *Base*.

Fortune is blind — *Qua.* You lye, you lye,
None but a mad man would terme fortune blind,
How can she see to wound desert so right ?
Iust in the speeding place : to girt lewd browes
With honour'd wreath ; ha ? Fortune blind ? away,
How can she hud-winkt then so rightly see
To starve rich worth, and glut iniquity.

What you will.

Iaco. O Love!

Qua. Loue? hang love,
It is the abject out-cast of the world,
Hate all things, hate the world, thy selfe, al men,
Hate knowledge, strive not to be ouer-wise,
“It drew destruction unto Paradise.
Hate honour, Vertue, they are baites,
That rice mens hopes to sadder fates,
Hate beauty, every ballad-monger
Can cry his idle foppish humour;
Hate riches, wealth's a flattering Iacke,
Adores to face, mewes hind thy backe.
He that is poore is firmly sped,
He never shall be flattered,
All things are errour, durt, and nothing,
Or pant with want, or gorg'd to lothing.
Love onely Hate, affect no higher,
Then praise of heaven, wine, a fire.
Sucke up thy dayes in silent breath,
When their snuffe's out, come *Signior* death.
Now fir adieu, run mad and t'wilt,
The worst is this, my rime's but spilt.

Iac. Thy rimes are spilt, who would not run rank mad,
To see a wandring Frenchman rivall, nay
Out-strip my sute? He kist my *Celia's* cheeke.

Qua. Why man, I saw a dog even kisse thy *Celias* lips.

Iaco. To morrow morne they goe to wed.

Qua. Well then I know
Whether to morrow night they goe.

Iaco. Say quick.

Qua. To bed.

Iaco. I will invoke the triple *Hecate*,
Make charmes as potent as the breath of Fate,
But Ile confound the match.

Qua. Nay then good day,
And you be conjuring once, Ile slink away.

Ex. Qua.
Iaco.

What you Will.

Iaco. Boy could not *Orpheus* make the stones to dance?
Phy. Yes Sir.

Iaco. Bir Lady a sweet touch: did he not bring *Euridice* out of hell with his Lute.

Phy. So they say Sir.

Iaco. And thou canst bring *Celias* head out of the window with thy Lute, well hazard thy breath: looke Sir here's a ditty.

Tis fowly writ, slight wit cross'd here and there,
But where thou findest a blot, there fall a teare.

The Song.

Fie peace, peace, peace, it hath no passion in't.
O melt thy breath in fluent softer tunes,
That every note may seeme to tricle downe
Like sad distilling teares and make: O God
That I were but a Poet now t'expresse my thoughts
Or a Musitian but to sing my thoughts,
Or any thing but what I am; sing't ore once more,
My griefes a boundlesse Sea that hath no shore.

*He sings and is answered, from aboue a Willow garland
is flung downe and the song ceaseth.*

Is this my favour? am I crown'd with scorne?

Then thus I manumit my flau'd condition.

Celia, but heare me execrate thy loue.

By heaven that once was conscious of my loue;

By all that is, that knowes my all was thine;

I will pursue with detestation

Thwart without stretched vehemence of hate

Thy wished *Hymen*: I will craze my braine

But all dissever; all thy hopes vnite,

What rage so violent as loue turn'd spight?

Enter Randolpho and Andrea with a supplication reading.

Ra. Humbly complayning, kissing the hands of your excellence; your poore orators Randolpho and Andrea, beseech-

What you will.

eth forbidding of the dishonourd match of their Neece Celia, widow to their brother——

O twill do, twill do, it cannot chuse but doe. (umph.

And. What should one say, what should one do now,
If she do match with yon same wandring Knight,
Shee's but undone, her estimation, wealth——

Iaco. Nay sir, her estimation's mounted up,
She shall be Ladi'd, and sweet Madam'd now.

Ran. Be Ladi'd, ha, ha. O could she but recall
The honourd port of her deceased loue;
But thinke whose wife she was, God wot, no Knights,
But one (that title of) was even a Prince,
A *Sultane Solymán*: thrice was he made
In dangerous armes, *Venice Providetore*.

And. He was a Marchant, but so bounteous,
Valiant, wise, learned, all so absolute,
That naughts, was valewed praisfull excellent,
But in it was he most praisfull, excellent.

Iaco. O I shall nere forget how he went cloath'd,
He would maintain't a base ill usde fashion,
To binde a Marchant to the sullen habit
Of precise blacke, chiefly in *Venice State*,
VWhere Marchants guilt the top,
And therefore should you haue him passe the Bridge
Vp the *Rialto* like a Souldier,
(As still hee stood a *porestate* at Sea)

Ran. In a blacke Bever felt, Ash colour plaine,
A *Florentine* cloth of silver Ierkin, sleeues
White sattin cut on tinsell, then long stocke. (God!

Iaco. French panes embroider'd, Goldsmiths worke, O
Me thinks I see him now how he would walke:
VWith what a jolly presence hee would pace
Round the *Rialto*. Well, hee's soone forgot,
A stragling sir in his rich bed must sleepe,
VWhich if I cannot crosse, Ile curse and weepe.
Shall I be plaine as *Truth*? I loue your sister.

What you will.

My education, birth, and wealth deserves her;
I haue no crosse, no rub to stop my suite,
But *Lavardur's* a Knight, that strikes all mute.

An. I there's the devill, shee must be Ladi'd now.

Iaco. O ill nurs'd custome, no sooner is the weakly
Marchant dead,

His wife left great in faire possessions,
But giddie rumour graspes it twixt his teeth,
And shakes it bout our eares. Then thither flock
A rout of crased fortunes whose crackt states
Gape to bee soderd up by the rich masse
Of the deceased labours, and now and then
The troupe of, *I beseech, and I protest.*

And beleue it sweet, is mix'd with two or three
Hopefull, well stockt, neat-clothed *Citizens.*

Ran. But as wee see the sonne of a Divine
Seldome prooves Preacher, or a Lawyers sonne
Rarely a Pleader, (for they striue to runne
A various fortune from their Ancestors:)
So tis right geason for the Marchants widdow,
To be the *Citizens* lou'd second Spouse.

Iaco. Varietie of objects please us still,
One dish though nere so cookt doth quickly fill.
VWhen divers cates the pallates sense delight,
And with fresh taste creates new appetite.
Therefore my widdow shee cashiers the blacks
Forswears, turnes off the furd-gownes, and surveyes
The bedroule of her suitors, thinkes and thinkes,
And straight her questing thoughts springs up a Knight:
Haue after then a maine, the game's afoot,
The match clapt up, tut tis the Knight must doo't.

Ran. Then must my pretty peat be fan'd and coach'd.

Iaco. Mufft, Mask'd, and Ladied, with my more than
most sweet Madam:

But how long doth this perfume of sweet Madam last?
Faith tis but a wash sent. My riotous Sir

What you will.

Beginns to crack gefts on his Ladies front,
Touches her new ftampt gentry, takes a glut.
Keepes out, abandons home, and fpendes and fpendes
Till ftocke be melted, then fir takes up here,
Takes up there, till no where ought is left.
Then for the Low-countries, hay for the *French*,
And fo (to make up rime) good night fweet wench.

Ran. By bleffedneffe weele ftop this fatall lot.

Iaco. But how? but how?

Ran. VVhy ftay lets thinke a plot.

An. Was not *Albano Beletzo* honourable rich?

Ran. Not peer'd in *Venice*, for birth, fortune, loue.

An. Tis fcarce three moneths fince fortune gaue him

Ran. In the blacke fight in the *Venetian* gulfe. (dead.

An. You hold a truth.

Ran. Now what a gigglet is this *Celia*?

An. To match fo fuddaine fo unworthily?

Ran. VVhy fhe might haue ———

An. VVho might not *Celia* haue?

The paffionate inamor'd *Iacomo*.

Iaco. The paffionate inamor'd *Iacomo*.

An. Of honord linage, and not meanely rich.

Ran. The fprightfull *pifo*, the great *Florentine*,

Aurelius Tuber.

And. And to leaue thefe all,

And wed a wandring Knight Sir *Laverdure*,

A God knowes what?

Ran. Brother fhee fhall not, fhall our blood be moun-
grel'd with the corruption of a ftragling *French*?

And. Saint *Marke* fhe fhall not.

Iaco. She fhall not fathers by our brother foules.

Ran. Good day.

Iaco. With me good day? it ftands in idle ftand,
My *Celios* loft, all my good dayes are dead.

The Cornets found a florifh.

Marke Lorenzo Celfo the loofe *Venice* Duke,

What you will.

Is going to bed, tis now a forward morne
Fore he take rest. O strange transformed sight,
VVhen Princes make night day the day their night.

And. Come weelee petition him.

Iaco. Away away,

He scornes all plaints, makes jest of serious sute.

Ran. Fall out as't twill I am resolved to do't.

The Cornets sound.

Enter the Duke coupled with a Lady, two couples more with them, the men having tobacco pipes in their hands, the women sit, they daunce a round. The Petition is delivered up by Randolfo, the Duke lights his tobacco pipe with it, and goes out dauncing.

Ran. Saint Marke, Saint Marke.

Iaco. Did not I tell you, loose no more rich time,

VVhat can one get but mire from a Swine?

And. Lets worke a crosse, weelee fame it all about,
The French man's gelded.

Ran. O that's absolute.

Iaco. Fie ont away, shee knowes too well tis false,
I feare it too well. No no I hau't will strongly do't,
Who knowes *Francisco Soranza*?

Ran. Pish, pish, why what of him?

Iaco. Is hee not wondrous like your deseas'd kinsman
Albano.

And. Exceedingly, the strangest neerely like
In voice, in gesture, face in——

Ran. Nay he hath *Albanos* imperfection too,
And stuts when he is vehemently mou'd.

Iaco. Obserue me then, him would I haue disguis'd,
Most perfect like *Albano*: giving out,
Albano sau'd by swimming (as in faith,
Tis knowne he swome most strangely) rumour him.
This morne arriu'd in *Venice*, here to lurke.
As having heard the for-ward Nuptials,

What you Will.

T'observe his wifes most infamous lewd haſt,
And to revenge ———

Ran. I hav't, I hav't, I hav't, twill be invincible.

Iaco. By this meanes now ſome little time we catch,
For better hopes at leaſt diſturbe the match.

And. Ile to *Franciſco*.

Ran. Brother *Adrian*,
You have our brothers picture, ſhape him to it.

And. Preciſe in each but *Taſſell*, feare it not.

Ran. Saint *Mark* then proſper once our hopefull plot.

Iac. Good ſoules, good day, I have not ſlept laſt night,
Ile take a nap, then pell mell broach all ſpight. *Exeunt.*

ACTVS II. SCENA I.

*One knockes : Laverdure drawes the curtaines ſitting on his
Bed aparrelling himſelfe, his Trunke of Aparrell ſtan-
ding by him.*

Lave. **H**O *Bidett Lackey.*

Byd. **H** Signior.

Enter Bydett with water and a towell.

Lave. See who knockes, look you boy, peruſe their ha-
bits, retorne perfect notice, la la ly ro.

Exit Bydet, and returnes preſently.

Byd. *Quadratus.*

Lave. *Quadratus, mor dieu, ma vie :* I lay not at my
lodging to night, Ile not ſee him now, on my ſoule hee's
in his old *Perpetuana* ſuite, I am not within.

Byd. He is faire, gallant, rich, neat as a Bridegroom, e,
freſh as a new-minted ſix-pence, with him *Lampatho Do-
ria, Symplicius Faber.*

Lav. And in good clothes ?

Byd. Accoutred worthy a preſence.

Lave. *Vds ſo :* my gold wrought waſtcoat, and night-
cap, open my Trunke, lay my richeſt lute on the top, my
Velvet

What you will.

Velvet flippers, cloth of gold Gamashes, where are my cloth of silver hose, lay them ———

Byd. At pawne sir.

Lave. No sir, I doe not bid you lay them at pawne sir.

Bod. No sir, you need not, for they are there already.

Lave. *Mor dieu garzone* : set my richest Gloves, Garters, Hatts, just in the way of their eyes, so let them in, observe me with all dutious respect, let them in.

Enter Quadratus, Lampatho Doria, and Symplicius Faber.

Quad. *Phœbus, Phœbe, Sunne, Moone*, and seven Starres, make thee the dilling of Fortune, my sweet *Laverdure*, my rich French blood, ha yee deere rogue, hast any pudding *Tobacco* ?

Lam. Good morrow *Signior*.

Sim. *Mounseur Laverdure*, do you see that Gentleman, he goes but in blacke Sattin as you see, but by *Helicon* he hath a cloth of Tissue wit, he breakes a jest, ha, hee'l rayle against the Court, til the gallants—O god he is very *Nectar*, if you but sip of his love, you were immortall, I must needs make you knowne to him : Ile induce your love with deere regard. *Signior Lampatho*, here's a French gentleman *Mounseur Laverdure* a Traveller, a beloved of heaven, courts your acquaintance.

Lam. Sir I protest I not onely take distinct notice of your deere rarities of exterior presence, but also I protest I am most vehemently inamour'd, and very passionately dote on your inward adornements and habilities of spirit, I protest I shall be proud to doe you most obsequious vassalage.

Qua. Is not this rare now : now by *Gorgons* head, I gape, and am struck stiffe with wonderment At sight of these strange Beasts. Yon *Chamblet* youth, *Simplicius Faber* that *Hermaphrodite*, *Party par poote*, that bastard Moungrell soule, Is nought but admiration and applause,

What you will.

Of you *Lampatho Doria*, a fusty caske,
Devote to mouldy customes of hoar'd eld,
Doth he but speake, O tones of heaven it selfe,
Doth he once write, O Iesu, admirable,
Cryes out *Simplicius* : then *Lampatho* spits,
And sayes faith tis good. But O to marke yon thing
Sweat to unite acquaintance to his friend,
Labour his praises, and indeere his worth
With titles all as formally triest forth,
As the cap of a *Dedicatory Epistle*,
Then sir, to view *Lampatho*, he protests,
Protests and vows such suddain heat of love,
That O twere warmth enough of mirth to dry
The stintlesse teares of old *Heraclitus*,
Make *Niobe* to laugh.

Lam. I protest I shall be proud to give prooffe, I hold a
most religious affiance with your love.

Lave. Nay gentle Signior.

Lam. Let me not live els, I protest I will straine my ut-
most sinewes in strengthening your pretious estimate, I
protest, I will do all rights in all good offices that friend-
ship can touch, or amplest vertue deserve.

Qua. I protest belceve him not, Ile beg thee *Laverdure*
For a conceal'd ideot, if thou credite him,
He's a *Hyena*, and with *Civilt* scent
Of perfum'd words drawes to make a prey
For laughter of thy credite. O this hot crackling love,
That blazeth on an instant, flames me out
On the least puffe of kindnesse, with protest, protest,
Carro I dread these hot protests, that presse
Come on so fast, no no, away, away,
You are a common friend, or will betray.
Let me clip amity that's got with sute,
I hate this whorish love that's prostitute.

Lave. Horne on my Tailor, could he not bring home
My Sattin, Taffata, or Tissue sute :

But

What you will.

But I must needs be cloath'd in wollen thus.

Bydett, what sayes he for my silver hose ?

And prim-rose sattin doublet ? gods my life,
Gives he no more observance to my body ?

Lam. O in that last sute gentle *Laverdure*,
Visite my lodging : by *Apollo's* front
Doe but enquire my name ; O straight they'l say
Lampathe sutes himsele in such a hose.

Sim. Marke that *Quadratus*.

Lam. Consorts himsele with such a doublet.

Sim. Good,good,good, O Iesu admirable.

Lave. La la ly ro fir.

Lam. O *Pallas* ! *Quadratus*, harke,harke,a most compleat phantasma,a most ridiculous humour, prithee shoot him through and through with a jest, make him ly by the lee, thou *Basilisco* of wit.

Sim. O Iesu,admirably well spoken, Angelicall tongue.

Qua. *Gnathonicall* coxcombe.

Lam. Nay prithee feare not, he is no edge toole, you may jest with him.

Sim. No edge toole, oh !

Qua. Tones of heaven it selfe.

Sim. Tones of heaven it selfe.

Qua. By blessednesse I thought so.

Lam. Nay when, when ?

Qu. Why thou *Polehead*,thou *Ianus*,thou *poultron*,thou protest, thou Eare-wig that wrigglest into mens braines, thou durty curre that bemyerst with thy fawning,thou—

Lam. Obscure me, or ———

Qua. *Senior Laverdure*,by the heart of an honest man, this *Iebusite*, this confusion to him,this worse then I dare name, abuseth thee most incomprehensibly ; is this your protest of most obsequious vassalage,protest to strain your utmost summe,your most ———

Lam. So *Phæbus* warme my braine,Ile rime thee dead,
Looke for the Satyre,if all the sower juice

What you will.

Of a tart braine, can sowe thy estimate,
Ile pickle thee.

Qua. Ha, he mount *Chirall* on the wings of fame.
A horse, a horse, my kingdome for a horse,
Looke thee I speake play scraps. By det Ile downe,
Sing, sing, or stay weele quasse, or any thing
Riuo, Saint *Marke*, lets talke as loose as ayre,
Vn-wind youths colours, display our selues,
So that you envy-starved *Curre* may yealpe,
And spend his chaps at our Phantasticknesse.

Sym. O Lord *Quadratus*.

Qua. Away Idolater, why you *Don Kinsayder*,
Thou *Canker* eaten rusty curre, thou snaffle
To freer spirits.

Think'st thou a libertine, an ungiu'd breast
Scornes not the shackles of thy envious clogs,
You will traduce us unto publicke scorne.

Lam. By this hand I will.

Qu. A *fuotra* for thy hand, thy heart, thy braine,
Thy hate, thy malice, envie, grinning spight,
Shall a free-borne that holds *Antipathy*.

Lam. *Antipathy*.

Qua. I *Antipathy*.

(tude,

A native hate unto the curse of man, bare-pated ser-
Quake at the frownes of a ragg'd *Satyrist*,
A skrubbing rayler whose course hardn'd fortune,
Grating his hide, galling his starved ribs,
Sits howling at *Deserts* more battle fate,
Who out of dungeon of his blacke *Dispaire*,
Skoules at the fortune of the fairer *Merit*.

Lam. Tut *Via* let all run glib and square.

Qua. Vds furr hee cogs and cheats your simpler
thoughts.

My spleen's a fire in the heate of hate;
I beare these gnats that humme about our eares,
And sting-blister our credit's in obscured shades.

Lam.

What you will.

Lam. Pewte bougra, la, la, la, tit shaugh,
Shall I forbear to caper, sing or vault,
To weare fresh clothes, or weare perfumed sweets,
To trick my face, or glory in my fate,
To abandon naturall propensitudes
My fancies humour, for a stiffe joynted,
Tattr'd nasty taber fac'd, puh la, la, ly ro.

Qua. Now by thy Ladies cheeke I honour thee,
My rich free-blood, O my deare libertine,
I could suck the juice, the sirrop of thy lip,
For thy most generous thought. *My Elysium.*

Lam. O sir you are so square you scorne reproofe.

Qua. No sir should discrete *Mastigophores*,
Or the deare spirit acute *Canaidus*
(That *Aretine*; that most of me belou'd,
Who in the rich esteeme I prize his soule
I terme my selfe) should these once menace me,
Or curbe my humours with well govern'd check,
I should vvith most industrious regard,
Obserue, abstaine, and curbe my skipping lightnesse:
But vvhen an arrogant odd impudent,
A blushlesse fore-head onely out of sense
Of his ovne vvants, baules in malignant questing
At others meanes of waving gallantry;
Fight foutra.

Lam. I raile at none you well squar'd *Senior.*

Qua. I cannot tell, tis now groovne fashion,
Whats out of rayling's out of fashion:
A man can scarce put on a tuckt up cap,
A button'd frizado sute, scarce eate good meate,
Anchoues, caviare, but hec's *Satired*
And term'd *phantasticall*: by the muddy spavne
Of slimy Neughtes, vvhen troth *Phantasticknesse*,
That vvhich the naturall *Sophisters* tearme,
Phantasia incomplexa, is a function,
Even of the bright immortall part of man.

What you will.

It is the common passe, the sacred dore,
Vnto the priue chamber of the soule,
That bar'd nought passeth past the baser Court
Of outward sense, by, it th' inamorate,
Most liuely thinkes he sees the absent beauties
Of his lou'd mistresse.

By it we shape a new creation,
Of things as yet unborne, by it we feed
Our ravenous memory, our intention feast,
Slid he that's not Phantastical's a beast. (nesse.

Lam. Most phantastickall protection of phantastick-

Lau. Faith tis good.

Qua. So't be phantastickall 'tis wits life blood.

Lau. Come Senior my legges are girt.

Qua. Phantastically.

Lau. After a speciall humour a new cut.

Qua. Why then tis rare, tis excellent. Vds fur
And I were to be hang'd I would be choakt,
Phantastically he can scarce be sau'd,
That's not phantastickall, I stand firme to it.

Lau. Nay then sweet sir giue reason, come on, when.

Qua. *Tis hell to runne in common base of men.*

Lau. Hast not run thy selfe out of breath bullie?

Qua. And I haue not jaded thy eares more then I
haue tierd my tongue, I could run discourse, put him out
of his full pace.

I could powre speech till thou cryd'st ho, but troth,
I dread a glut, and I confesse much loue
To freer gentry, whose pert agill spirits
Is too much frost-bit, numb'd with ill staind snibs,
Hath tenter-reach'd my speech. By *Brutus* blood
He is a turfe that will be slaue to man;
But he's a beast that dreads his mistresse fan.

Lau. Come all mirth and solace, capers, healths and
To morrow are my nuptials celebrare: (whiffes,
All friends all friends:

Lam.

What you will.

Lam. I protest——— (phangs.

Qua. Nay leaue protests, pluck out your snarling
When thou hast meanes be phantastlicall, and sociable;
goe to, here's my hand, and you want fourtie shillings I
am your *Mecenas* though not *A tavis edite regibus*.

Lam. Why content and I protest———

Qua. Ile no protest.

Lam. Well and I doe not leaue these fopperies doe not
lend me fourtie shillings, and ther's my hand, I embrace
you, loue you, nay adore thee; for by the juice of worme-
wood, thou hast a bitter braine.

Qua. You *Simplicius*? wouldest thou leaue that staring fellow
Admiration, and *Adoration* of thy acquaintance, wilt?
A scorne out tis odious, too eager a defence argues a
strong opposition, and too vehement a prayse, drawes a
suspicion of others worthy disparagement.

Set rapers to bright day, it ill befits,

Good wines can vent themselves, and not good wits.

Sym. Good truth I loue you, and with the grace of
Ile be very civill and——— (Heaven,

Qua. Phantastlicall.

Sym. Ile be some thing, I haue a conceald humour in
me, and twere broach'd twould spurt I faith.

Qua. Come then Saint *Marke*, let's be as light as ayre,
As fresh and jocond as the brest of May:

I pree thee good *French* knight, good plump cheekt chub,
Runne some *French* passage, come lets see thy vaine,
Dances, Sceanes and Songs, royall entertaine.

Lau. *petite, laque, page, page, Bydet sing*
Giue it the *French* jerke, quicke spart, lightly, ha,
Ha, her's a turne unto my *Lucea*. (sure,

Qua. Stand stiffe, ho stand, take footing firme stand
For if thou fall before thy mistresse
Thy man-hood's dam'd; stand firme—ho good, so, so.

The Daunce and Song.

Lau.

What you will.

Lau. Come now via aloune to *Celia*.

Qua. Stay, take an old rime first, though drie & leane,
Twill serue to close the stomacke of the Sceane.

Lau. This is thy humour to berime us still,
Never so slightly pleas'd, but out they flie.

Qua. They are mine owne, no gleaned Poetry;
My fashions knowne, out rime, tak't as you list:
A fisco for the sowe browd Zoilist.

*Musicke, Tobacco, Sacke and Sleepe,
The tide of Sorrow backward keepe.
If thou art sad at others fate,
Rivo drinke deepe, giue care the mate.
On vs the end of time is come,
Fond feare of that we cannot shun,
Whilst quickest sense doth freshly last,
Clip time about, hug pleasure fast.
The Sisters ravell out our twine,
Hee that knowes little's most diuine.
Errorr deludes; whole beat this hence,
Nought knowne but by exterior sense.
Let glory blazon others deed,
My bloud then breath craues better need.
Let twatling Fame cheat others rest,
I am no dish for Rumours feast.
Let Honour others hope abuse,
He nothing haue, so nought will loose:
He strive to bee nor great nor small,
To liue nor dye, fate helperh all.
When I can breath no longer, then
Heaven take all; there put Amen*

How ist, how ist?

Lau. Faith so, so, telamant, quelamant,
As't please Opinion to currant it.

Qua. VVhy then via lets walke.

Lau. I

What you will.

Lau. I must giue notice to an odd Pedant as we passe, of my Nuptials; I use him, for he is obscure, and he shall marry us in private: I haue many enemies, but secrecie is the best evasion from Envie.

Qua. Holds it to morrow?

Lau. I firme, absolute.

Lam. Ile say Amen, if the Priest be mute.

Qua. *Epythalamiums* will I sing my chucked,
Goe on, spend freely, out on drosse, tis mucke.

Exeunt.

Enter a Schoole-master, drawes the curtaines behinde, with Battus Novvs, Slip, Nathaniell, and Holofernes Pippo, schoole-boyes, sitting with Bookes in their hands.

All. *Salve Magister.*

Ped. *Salvete pueri, estote salvi, vos salvere exopto vobis salutem, Batte mi fili, fili mi Batte.*

Bat. *Quid vis?*

Ped. Stand forth, repeat your lesson without Booke.

Bat. A nowne is the name of a thing that may bee seene, felt, heard or understood.

Ped. Good boy, on, on.

Bat. Of nownes, some be substantiues, and some be substantiues.

Ped. Adiectiues.

Bat. Adiectiues; a nowne substantiue either is proper to the thing that it betokeneth.

Ped. VVell, to numbers.

Bat. In Nownes bee two numbers, the Singular and the Plurall; the Singular number speaketh of one, as *Lapis*, a stone, the Plurall speaketh of more then one, as *Lapides*, stones.

Ped. Good child, now thou art past *Lapides* Stones, —
proceed to the cases *Nouns*, say you next *Nouns*, wher's
your

What you will.

your lesson *Nous* ?

Nous. I am in a verbe forsooth.

Ped. Say on forsooth, say say.

Nous. A verbe is a part of speech, declined with mood and tense and betokeneth doing, as *Amo* I loue.

Ped. How many kind of verbes are there ?

Nous. 2. Personall and impersonall.

Ped. Of verbes personals, how many kinds ?

Nous. Fiue, Actiue, Passiue, Neuter, Deponent and Common.

A Verbe Actiue endeth in O and betokeneth to doe, as *Amo* I loue, and by putting to R it may bee a passiue as *Amor* I am loved.

Ped. Very good child, now learne to know the Deponent and Common : Say you Slip.

Slip. *Cedant arma togæ, concedant lauria lingue.*

Ped. What part of speech is *lingua*, inflecte, inflecte.

Slip. *Singulariter, nominatiuo, hæc lingua.*

Ped. Why is *lingua* the Feminine gender ?

Slip. Forsooth because it is the Feminine gender.

Ped. Ha thou Ass, thou Dolt, *Idem per idem*, marke it : *lingua* is declined with *Hæc* the Feminine, because it is a household stuffe particularly belonging, and most commonly resident under the roose of womens mouthes. Come on you *Nathaniell*, say you, say you next, not too fast, say tretably, say.

Nath. *Mascula dicuntur Monosilaba nomina quedam.*

Ped. Faster, faster.

(as, mas,

Nath. *Vt sal, sol, ren, & splen : car, ser, vir, vas, vadis, Bes, cres, pres & pes, glis glirens habens genetiuo, Mos, flos, ros & tros, muns, dens, mons, pons.*

Ped. *Rup, tup, snup, slup, bor, bor, cor, mor : holla, holla, holla*, you *Hotifernes Pippo*, put him downe, wipe your nose : fie on your flecue, where's your Muckender, your Grand-mother gaue you ? well say on, say on.

Hot. Prec master what words this ?

Ped.

What you will.

Ped. *Asse, Asse.*

Hol. *As in presentiperfectum format in, in, in.*

Ped. In what sir?

Hol. *Perfectum format in what sir?*

Ped. In what sir? *in avi.*

Hol. In what sir, *in avi.*

Vt no, nas, navi, Vocito, vocitas, voci, voci, voci.

Ped. What's next?

Hol. *Voci*, what's next.

Ped. Why thou ungracious child, thou simple animal, thou barnacle. *Nous* snare him, take him up, and you were my father, you should up.

Hol. Indeede I am not your father, O Lord now for God sake, let me goe out, my mother told a thing, I shall bewray all else. Harke you Master, my Grand mother intreats you to come to dinner to morrow morning.

Ped. I say untrusse, take him up, *Nous* dispatch, what not perfect in *Asse in presenti*?

Hol. In truth Ile be as perfect an *Asse in presenti*, as any of this company, with the grace of God law, this once, this once, and I doe so any more ———

Ped. I say hold him up.

Hol. Ha, let mee say my prayers first. You know not what you ha done now, all the firrup of my braine is run into my buttockes; and ye spill the juice of my wit, well, ha sweet, ha sweet, hunny barbery suger sweet master.

Ped. Sance tricks, trifles, delayes, demurres, procrastinations, or retardations, mount him, mount him.

Enter Quadratus, Lampatho, Laverdure, and Simplicius.

Qua. Be mercifull my gentle Signior.

Lave. Wee'l sue his pardon out.

Ped. He is reprived, and now *Apollo* blesse your brains, *Facundious* & *Elaborate elegance* make your presence gracious in the eyes of your Mistris.

What you will.

Lau. You must along with us, lend private eare.

Sim. what is your name ?

Hol. *Holifernes Pippo.*

Sim. VWho gaue you that name ? Nay let me alone for sposing of a scholler.

Hol. My god-fathers and god-mothers in my baptisme.

Sim. Truly gallants I am inamord on thee boy, wilt thou serue me ?

Hol. Yes and please my grand-mother when I come to yeares of discretion.

Ped. And you haue a propensitude to him, he shall be for you: I was solicited to graunt him leaue to play the Lady in Comedies presented by children, but I knew his voice was too small, and his stature too low, sing, sing a treble *Holifernes*; sing——

The Song.

A very small sweet voice Ile assure you.

Qua. Tis smally sweete indeed.

Sim. A very pretty child, hold up thy head, there, buy thee some plums.

Qua. Nay they must play, you goe along with us.

Ped. *Ludendi venia est perita & concessa.*

All. *Gratias.*

Sim. *Pippo's* my Page, how like you him, ha ? has hee not a good face, ha ?

Lau. Exceeding amiable; come away,
I long to see my loue my *Celia*.

Sim. Carry my rapier hold up so, good child, stay gallants umph a sweet face.

Lam. I relish not this mirth, my spirit is untwist,
My heart is ravel'd out in discontents,
I am deepe thoughtfull, and I shoote my soule
Through all creation of omnipotence.

Qua. What art melancholy *Lampo* ? Ile feed thy
Ile giue thee reason straight to hang thy selfe,

(humour,
Mark't

What you will.

Mark't market: In heavens handy-worke ther's naught
Beleeue it.

Lam. In heavens handy-worke ther's naught;
None more vile, accursed, reprobate to blisse
Then man, 'mong men a scholler most:
Things onely fleshly sensitue, an Oxe or Horse,
They liue and eate, and sleepe, and drinke, and dye,
And are not toucht with recollections
Of things ore-past or staggerd infant doubts,
Of things succeeding: but leaue the manly beasts;
And giue but pence a peece to haue a sight
Of beastly man now.

Sim. VVhat so *Lampatbo*, good truth I will not pay
your Ordinary if you come not.

Lam. Dost heare that voice. Ile make a parrat now
As good a man as hee in fourteene nights;
I never heard him vent a fillable
Of his owne creating since I knew the use
Of eyes and eares. Well he's perfect blest,
Because a perfect beast. Ile 'gage my heart
He knowes no difference essentiall
Twixt my dog and him The horeson sot is blest;
Is rich in ignorance, makes faire vsance on't,
And every day augments his barbarisme,
So loue me *Calmes* I doe envy him fort.
I was a scholler: seven usefull springs
Did I defloure in quotations,
Of cross'd opinions 'bout the soule of man;
The more I learnt the more I learnt to doubt,
Knowledge and wit faiths foes, turne faith about.

Sim. Nay come good *Senior*, I stay all the gentlemen
here, I wood faine giue my pretty Page a pudding pie.

Lam. Honest *Epiture*. (I hauf'd leaues,
Nay marke list delight, delight my spaniell slept, whilst
Tou'd ore the dunces, por'd on the old print
Of titled words, and still my spaniell slept,

What you will.

Whilst I wasted lampe oile, bated my flesh,
Shrunk vp my veines, and still my spaniell slept.
And still I held conuerse with Zabarell
Aquinas, *Scotus*, and the musty *sawes*
Of antick *Donate*, still my spaniell slept
Still on went I, first *an sit anima*,
Then and it were mortall, O hold, hold,
At that they are at braine buffets, fell by the eares,
A maine pell-mell together; still my spaniell slept.
Then whether twere Corporeall, Locall, Fixt,
Extraduce, but whether't had free will
Or no, ho Philosophers
Stood banding factions, all so strongly propt,
I staggerd, knew not which was firmer part,
But thought, quoted, read, observ'd and pryed,
Stufft noting Bookes, and still my spaniell slept.
At length he wakt, and yawnd, and by yon skie,
For ought I know he knew as much as I.

Sim. Delicate good *Lampatho*, come away.
I assure you ile giue but two pence more.

Lam. How twas created, how the soule exists;
One talkes of mores, the soule was made of mores,
An other fire, tother light, a third a spark of star-like na-
Hippo water, *Anaximenes* ayre, (ture,
Aristoxenus Musicke, *Critias* I know not what,
A company of odde phrenetici
Did eate my youth; and when I crept abroad,
Finding my numnesse in this nimble age,
I fell a rayling; but now soft and slow,
I know, I know nought, but I nought doe know,
What shall I doe, what plot, what course pursue?

Qua. Why turne a *Temporist*, row with the tide,
Pursue the cut, the fashion of the age,
Well heere's my Schollers course, first get a Schoole,
And then a ten-pound Cure, keepe both, then buy,
(Stay marry, I marry) then a farme or so,

What you will.

Serue God and Mammon, to the Devill goe,
Affect some Sect, I'tis the sect is it;
So thou canst seeme, 'tis held the precious wit:
And, O if thou canst get some higher seat,
Where thou mayst sell your holy portion,
(Which charitable providence ordained
In sacred bountie for a blessed use)
Alien the Gleabe, intaile it to thy loynes,
Intombe it in thy graue
Past resurrection to his natue use.
Now if there bee a hell, and such swine sav'd,
Heauen take all, that's all my hopes haue crav'd.

Enter Pippo.

Pip. My *Simplicias* Master.

Lam. Your Master *Simplicius*.

Pip. Has come to you to sent.

Lam. Has sent to me to come.

Pip. Ha, ha, has bought me a fine dagger, and a Hatt,
and a feather; I can say *As in presenti* now.

Company of Boyes within.

Quadratus, Quadratus, away, away.

Lam. We come sweet gallants; & grumbling hate lye
And turne Phantastike: he that climbs a hill, (still,
Must wheele about, the ladder to account
Is flye dissemblance; he that meanes to mount,
Must lye all leuell in the prospectiue
Of eager sighted greatnesse, thou wouldst thrive,
The *Venice* state is young, loose and unknit,
Can relish nought but lushious vanities
Goe fit his tooth, O glavering flattery,
How potent art thou: front looke briske and sleeke,
That such base durt as you should dare to reeke
In Princes nostrills. Well, my sceane is long.

All within. Quadratus.

(swell,

Qua. I come hot bloods, those that their state would

Must

What you will.

Must beare a counter-face: the diuell and hell
Confound them all, that's all my prayers exact,
So ends our chat, sound Musicke for the Act. *Exeunt.*

ACTVS III. SCENA I.

Enter Francisco halfe drest, in his black doublet and round cap, the rest rich, Iacomo bearing his hat and feather, Adrian his doublet and band, Randolfo his cloake and staffe, they cloth Francisco, whilst Bydet creeps in and obserues them. Much of this don whilst the Act is playing.

Fran. **F**or God-sake remember to take speciall marks of me, or you will never be able to know me.

Adri. Why man?

Fra. Why, good faith I scarce know my selfe already, me thinkes I should remember to forget my selfe, now I am so shining brave. Indeepe *Francisco* was alwayes a sweet youth, for I am a perfumer, but thus brave? I am an alien to it, would you make me like the drown'd *Albano*, must I beare't manly up, must I be he?

Ran. What else man? O what else?

Iaco. I warrant you, give him but faire rich clothes, He can be tane, reputed any thing,
Aparrell's growne a God, and goes more neat,
Makes men of ragges, which straight he beares aloft,
Like parched scar-crowes to affright the rout
Of the Idolatrous vulgar, that worship Images,
Stand aw'd, and bare-skalp't at the glossie of silkes,
Which like the glorious *Ajax* of *Lincolnes Inne*,
(Survay'd with wonder by me when I lay
Factor in London) lappes up nought but filth,
And Excrements, that beare the shape of men,
Whose in-side every day would pecke and teare,
But that vaine scar-crow clothes intreates forbear.

Fran. You would have me take upon me *Albano*,

A valiant

What you will.

A valiant gallant *Venetian Burgomasco*,
Well, my beard, my feather, short sword, and my oth
Shall do't, feare not. What I know a number
By the sole warrant of a Lappy-beard,
A raine-beat plume, and a good chop-filling oath,
With an od French shrug, and by the Lord or so,
Ha leapt into sweet Captaine with such ease,
As you would fear't not, Ile gage my heart Ile do't,
How sits my Hat, ha, *lacke*, does my feather wag?

Iaco. Me thinkes now in the common sense of fashion,
Thou shouldst grow proud, and like a fore-horse view
None but before-hand gallants, as for sides,
And those that ranke in equall file with thee,
Study a faint salute, give a strange eye,
But as to those in rere-ward, O be blind,
The world wants eyes, and cannot see behind.

Fra. Where is the strumpet, where's the hotvaine French,
Lives not *Albano*, hath *Celia* so forgot
Albano's love, that she must forth-with wed
A run-about, a skipping Frenchman —

Iaco. Now you must grow in heat, and stut.

Fran. An od Phantasma, a beggar, a sir, a who who
who *what you will*, a stragling go go go gunds, f f f fut—

Adri. Passing like him, passing like him, O twill strike
all dead.

Pan. I am ravisht, twill be peerelesse exquisite,
Let him goe out instantly.

Iaco. O not till twy-light, meane time Ile prop up
The tottering rumour of *Albano's* scape,
And safe arrivall, it beginnes to spread,
If this plot live, Frenchman thy hopes are dead. *Exeunt.*

Byd. And if it live, strike off this little head. *Exit.*

Enter Albano with Slip his Page.

Alba. Can it be? is't possible? is't within the bounds
of faith? O villany.

What you Will.

Slip. The clapper of rumour strikes on both sides, ringing out the *French* knight is in firme possession of my mistresse your wife.

Alba. Ist possible I should be dead so soone in her affects? how long ist since our shipwrack?

Slip. Faith I haue little arithmatique in me, yet I remember the storme made me cast up perfectly the whole summe of all I had receiu'd, three dayes before I was liquord soundly, my guts were rinc'd for the heavens: I looke as pale ever since as if I had tane the diet this spring.

Alba. But how long ist since our ship-wrack?

Slip. Marry since wee were hung by the heeles on the batch of *Cicily*, to make a jayle delivery of the sea in our mawes 'tis just three moneths: shall I speake like a Poet? *Thrice hath the borned moone.*

Alba. Talke not of hornes. O *Celia* how oft (When thou hast lay'd thy cheeke upon my breast, And with lascivious petulancie sew'd For *Hymeneall* dalliance marriage rites) O then how oft with passionate protests, And zealous vowes hast thou oblig'd thy loue, In datelesse bands unto *Albanos* breast? Then did I but mention second Marriage, With what a bitter hate would she invaigh Gainst retaild wedlocks. O would she lisse If you should dye, (then would she slide a teare, And with a wanton languishment in-twist Her hands) O God and you should dye. Marry, Could I loue life? my deare *Albano* dead, Should any Prince possesse his widdowes bed? And now see, see, I am but rumord drown'd. crown'd,

Slip. Sheele make you Prince, your worship must bee O master you know the woman is the weaker creature, She must haue a prop: the maid is the brittle mettell, Her head is quickly crackt: the wife is queasie stomackt,
Shee

What you will.

She must be fed with novelties ; but then whats your
widdow,
Custome is a second nature ; I say no more but thinke you
Alba. If loue be holy, if that myserie ; (the rest.
Of co-vnited hearts be sacrament ;
If the unbounded goodnesse haue insul'd
A sacred ardor, if a mutuall loue
Into our *Species*, of those amorous joyes,
Those sweets of life, those comforts even in death,
Spring from a cause aboue our reasons reach ;
If that cleare flame deduce his heate from heaven ?
Tis like his cause's eternall alwayes one,
As is th'instillor of diuineſt loue
Vnchang'd by time immortall mauer death.
But O tis growne a figment : loue a jest :
A commick Poetrie : the soule of man is rotten
Even to the core no sound affection.
Our loue is hollow vaulted, stands on props,
Of circumstance, profit or ambitious hopes
The other tissue Gowne or Chaîne of pearle,
Makes my coy mixt to nussell twixt the breasts
Of her lull'd husband, rother Carkanet,
Dessowres that Ladies bed : one hundred more
Marries that loathed blowze, one ten pound ods
In promis'd joynture makes the hard palm'd fire,
Inforce his daughters tender lips to start
At the sharpe touch of some loath'd stubbed beard,
The first pure time the golden age is fled,
Heaven knowes I lye tis now the age of gold,
For it all marreth and even vertues sold.

Slip. Master will you trust me and Ile.

Alba. Yes boy Ile trust thee, babes & fooles ile trust,
But servants faith, wiues loue, or females lust,
A Vsurer and the devill sooner. Now were I dead,
Me thinks I see a huffe-cap swaggering sir,
Pawning my plate, my jewels morgage ; Nay

selling

What you will.

Selling our right the purchase of my browes,
Whilst my poore fatherlesse leane totterd sonne,
My gentries reliques, my houses onely prop,
Is saw'd asunder, lyes forlorne all bleake,
Vnto the griefes of sharpe *Necessities*,
Whilst his father in law, his father in Devill, or d d d d
Devill, f f f father.

Or who who who who ; *What you will*,

When is the marriage morne ?

Slip. Even next rising Sunne.

Alba. Good, good, good, goe to my brother *Adrian*,
Tell him ile lurke, stay, tell him ile lurke, stay,
Now is *Albanos* marriage-bed new hung
With fresh rich Curtaines, now are my valence up,
Imboist with orient Pearle, my Granfires gift,
Now are the Lawne sheets fum'd with Violets,
To fresh the pawld lascivious appetite,
Now worke the Cookes, the pastry sweats with slaues,
The March-panes glitter, now now the musitions
Hover with nimble sticks ore squeaking crowds,
Ticling the dried guts of a mewling Cat ;
The Taylors, Starchers, Semsters, Butchers, Pulterors,
Mercers, all, all, all, now, now now, none thinke a mee,
the f f f *French* is *te f f f fine man*, d p p p *pock man*, de—

Slip. Peace, peace, stand conceald, yonder by all descriptions is he would be husband of my mistresse : your wife hath meate hah.

Alba. Vds so, so, so, soule that's my veluet cloake.

Slip. O peace, obserue him, hah.

*Enter Laverdure and Bidet talking, Quadratus,
Lampatho, Simplicius, Pedante, and
Holifernes Pippo.*

Bydet. Tis most true Sir, I heard all, I saw all, I tell
all, & I hope you belecue all, the sweet *Francisco Soranza*,
the

What you will.

the Perfumer is by your rivall *Iacomo*, and your two brothers that must be, when you haue married your wife, that shall be.

Ped. With the grace of heaven.

Bidet. Disguis'd so like the drown'd *Albano* to crosse your sute, that by my little honesty 'twas great consolation to me to obserue them, passion of joy, of hope. O excellent cry'd *Andrea*, passingly cry'd *Randolfo*; unparallel'd lispes *Iacomo*, good, good, good, sayes *Andrea*, now stut sayes *Iacomo*, now stut sayes *Randolfo*, whilst the raviht Perfumer had like to haue watered the seames of his breeches for extreame pride of their applause.

Lau. Seft ile to *Celia*, and mauer the nose of her friends, wed her, bed her: my first sonne shall be a Captaine, and his name shall bee what it please his Godfathers; the second if he haue a face bad enough, a Lawyer, the third a Merchant, and the fourth if he be maim'd, dul brain'd, or hard shapt, a scholler, for thats your fashion.

Qua. Get them, get them man first; now by the wantonnesse of the night, and I were a wench I would not ha' thee, wert thou an heire, nay (which is more) a foole.

Lau. Why I can rise high, a straight legge, a plump thigh, a full vaine, a round checke, and when it pleaseth the fertility of my chinne to bee delivered of a beard, will not wrong my kissing, for my lips are rebels, and stand out.

Qua. Ho but ther's an old fustie Proverbe, these great talkers are never good doers.

Lam. VVhy what a babell arrogance is this?

Men will put by the very stock of fate,
Theile thwart the destiny of marriage,
Striue to disturbe the sway of providence,
Theile doe it.

Qua. Come youle be snarling now.

Lam. As if we had free-will in supernaturall Effects, and that our loue or hate

Depended

What you will.

Depended not on causes boue the reach
Of humane stature.

Qua. I think I shall not lend you forty shillings now.

Lam. Durt upon durt, feare is beneath my shooe,
Dreadlesse of rackets, strappadoes, or the sword,
Mauger Informer, and flie Intelligence,
Ile stand as confident as *Hercules*,
And with a frightlesse resolution
Rip up and launch our times impieties.

Sim. Vdds so, peace.

Lam. Open a bounteous eare, for Ile be free,
Ample as *Heaven*, giue my speech more roome;
Let me unbrace my breasts, strip up my sleeues,
Stand like an executioner to vice,
To strike his head off with the keener edge
Of my sharpe spirit.

Lau. Roome and good licence, come on, when, when.

Lam. Now is my fury mounted, fixe your eyes,
Intend your senses, bend your listning up,
For Ile make greatnesse quake, Ile taw the hide
Of thick-skin'd *Hugenessse*.

Lau. Tis most gracious, wee le obserue thee calmly.

Qua. Hang on thy tongues end, come on, prithee doe.

Lam. Ile see you hang'd first, I thank you sir, Ile none,
This is the straine that choakes the Theaters:
That makes them cracke with full staft Audience:
This is your humour onely in request,
Forsooth to rayle; this brings your eares to bed,
This people gape for; for this some doe stare,
This some would heare, to cracke the Authors necke,
This admiration and applause pursues,
Who cannot rayle, my humours chang'd, tis cleare,
Pardon Ile none, I prize my joynts more deare.

Bid. Master, Master, I ha descri'd the Perfumer in *Albanos* disguise; looke you, looke you, rare sport, rare sport.

Alba. I can containe my impatience no longer; you

Moun.

What you will.

Mounſieur Cavalier, *Saint Dennis*, you *Caprichious Sir*, *Signior Caranto French Braule*, you that muſt marry *Celia Galanto*, is *Albano* drovvn'd now? Go wander, avant Knight errant, *Celia* ſhall be no Cuck-queane, my heyre no beggar, my plate no pawne, my land no mortgage, my vvealth no food for thy luxuries, my houſe no harbour for thy Comrades, my bedde no bootie for thy luſtes, my any thing ſhall bee thy nothing; goe hence, packe, packe, avant, caper, caper, aloune, aloune, paſſe by, paſſe by, cloake your noſe, away, vaniſh, wander, depart, ſlink by, away.

Lau. Harke you Perfumer, tell *Iacomo*, *Randulſo*, and *Adrean*, 'twill not doe, looke you ſay no more, but 'twill not doe.

Alba. What Perfumer? what *Iacomo*?

Qua. Nay aſſure thee honeſt Perfumer, good *Franciſco*, we know all man, goe home to thy Civet-box, looke to the profit, commodity or emolument of thy Musk-cats taile; goe clap on your round cap, my what doe you lacke ſir, for yfaith good rogue all s deſcri'd.

Alb. What Perfumer? what Musk-cat? what *Franciſco*? what doe you lacke? iſt not inough that you kiſs'd my wiſe?

Lau. Inough.

Alba. I inough, and may be I feare me too much, but you muſt ſhout me, deride me, ſcoffe me; keepe out, touch not my porch: as for my wiſe——

Lau. Stirre to the doore: dare to diſturbe the match, And by the ——

Alb. My ſword: menace *Albano* fore his owne dores.

Lau. No not *Albano* but *Franciſco*, thus, Perfumer, Ile make you ſtink if you ſtir a; for the reſt: well, *via via*.

Ex. Ceſt. *Remanet Alba.* Slip. Simp. & Holif.

Alb. *Ieſu, Ieſu*, what intends this? ha?

Sim. O God ſir, you lye as open to my underſtanding as a *Curtezian*, I know you as well——

Alb. Some

What you will.

Alb. Some body knowes me yet, praise heaven some body knowes me yet.

Sim. Why looke you sir, I ha payd for knowing men and women too in my dayes, I know you are *Francisco Soranza* the Perfumer, I maugre *Senior Sattin* I.

Alb. Do not tempt my patience, go to, doe not.

Sim. I know you dwell in Saint *Markes* lane, at the signe of the Musck-cat as well —

Alb. Foole, or mad, or drunke, no more.

Sim. I know where you were drest, where you were —

Alb. Nay then take all, take all, take all —

He bastinadoes Simplicius.

Sim. And I tell not my father, If I make you not lose your office of gutter master-ship; and you bee Skavenger next year, well: Come *Holifernes*, come good *Holifernes*, come servant.

Exit Sim. & Holifer.

Enter Iacomo.

Alb. *Francisco Soranza*, and perfumer, and Muscat, and gutter master, hay hay hay, go go go gods f f f fur, Ile to the Duke, and Ile so ti ti ti tickle them.

Iaco. Pretious, what meanes he to goe out so soone, Before the duske of twi-light might deceive The doubtfull priers? what holla?

Alb. Whop, what divell now?

Iaco. Ile faigne I know him not, what businesse 'fore those doores?

Alb. What's that to thee?

Iac. You come to wrong my friend sir *Laverdure*, Confesse, or —

Alb. My sword boy, s s s s soule my sword.

Iaco. O my deare rogue, thou art a rare dissembler.

Alb. See, see.

Enter Adrian and Randolpho.

Iaco. Did I not helpe to cloth thee even now,

I would

What you will.

I would have sworne thee *Albano*, my good sweet slave.
Exit *Iacomo*.

Alba. See see, *Iesu*, *Iesu*, imposters, conny-catchers,
Sancta Maria?

Ran. Look you, he walkes, he faignes most excellent.

Adri. Accost him first, as if you were ignorant
Of the deceipt.

Ran. O deare *Albano*, now thrice happy eyes,
To view the hopelesse presence of my brother.

Alba. Most loved kinsman, praise to heaven yet,
You know *Albano*, but for yonder slaves — well.

Adri. Successe could not come on more gracious.

Alb. Had not you come (deare brother *Adrian*)
I thinke not one would know me. *Ulysses* dog
Had quicker sense then my dull Countrey-men,
Why none had knowne me.

Ran. Doubt you of that? would I might dye,
Had I not knowne the guile, I would have sworne
Thou hadst bin *Albano*, my nimble cousning knave.

Alb. Whip, whip, heaven preserue all, *S. Mark S. Marke*.
Brother *Adrian*, be franticke, prithee be,
Say I am a Perfumer, *Francisco*, hay, hay,
Is't not a Feast-day? you are all rank drunke
Rrats ra ra rats, Knights of the be be be bell, be be bell.

Adri. Goe goe, proceed, thou dost it rare, farewell.

Exeunt *Adrian* & *Randolfo*.

Alb. Farewell? ha, is't even so? boy, who am I?

Slip. My Lord *Albano*.

Alb. By this brest you lye,
The *Samian* faith is true, true, I was drown'd,
And now my soule is skipt into a perfumer,
A gutter-master.

Slip. Beleeve me sir.

Alb. No no, Ile beleeve nothing, no,
The disadvantage of all honest hearts

What you will.

Is quicke credulity, perfect state pollicy
Can cross-bite even sense, the world's turn'd Juggler,
Casts mists before our eyes, *Haygh passe repasse*,
He credite nothing.

Slip. Good sir.

Alba. Hence asse.

Doth not opinion stampe the currant passe
Of each mans value, vertue, quality ?
Had I ingross'd the choice commodities
Of heavens trafficke, yet reputed vile
I am a rascall ; O deere unbelieve,
How wealthy dost thou make thy owners wit ?
Thou traine of knowledge, what a priviledge
Thou giv'st to thy possessor, anchor'st him
From floating with the tide of vulgar faith ;
From being damn'd with multitudes deere unbelieve,
I am a Perfumer. I, think'st thou my blood,
My brothers know not right *Albano* yet ?
Away tis faithlesse, if *Albano's* name
Were liable to sense, that I could tast, or touch,
Or see, or feele it, it might tice believe,
But since tis voice and ayre, come to the Muscat boy,
Francisco, that's my name, tis right, I, I,
What doe you lacke ? what is't you lacke ? right, that's
my cry.

Exeunt.

*Enter Slip and Noose Trip with the Trunchion of a staffe
torch, and Doite with a Pantofle, Bydet, Holyfernes fol-
lowing. The cornets sound.*

Byd. Proclaime our titles.

Doit. *Bosphoros Cormelydon honorificacuminos* *Bydet.*

Holyf. I thinke your Majesty's a Welch-man, you haue
a horrible long name.

Byd. Death or silence proceed.

Doit. *Honorificacuminos* *Bydet*, Emperour of Crackes,
Prince of Pages, Marquesse of Mum-chance, and sole re-
gent

What you will.

gent over a bale of false dye, to all his under Ministers health, Crownes, Sack, Tobacco, and stockings uncrakt about the shoode.

Rydet. Our selfe will giue them their charge : Now let me stroke my beard and I had it, and speake wisely if I knew how : most inconstionable, honest little, or little honest good subjects, informe our person of your severall qualities, and of the prejudice that is foisted upon you that our selfe may perview, prevent, and preoccupe the pestilent dangers incident to all your cases.

Doit. Here is a petition exhibited of the particular grievances of each sort of Pages.

Bydet. We will vouchsafe in this our publike Session to peruse them, pleaseth your excellent wagship to be informed that the division of pages is tripartite (tripartite) or three-fold, of pages, some be Court pages, others ordinary gallants pages; and the third Apple-squiers, basket-bearers, or pages of the placket, with the last wee will proceed first, stand forth Page of the placket; what is your mistresse?

Slip. A kind of puritane.

Byd. How live you?

Slip. Miserably complayning to your crackship though wee haue light Mistresses, wee are made the Children and servants of darkenesse; what prophane use wee are put to, all these gallants more feelingly know then wee can liuely expresse; it is to bee commiserated, and by your royall insight onely to bee prevented, that a male Mounkey and the diminutive of a man should be *Synonima* and no sense. Though wee are the drosse of your subjects, yet being a kind of Page, let us find your *Celsitude* kinde and respectiue of our time-fortunes and births abuse, and so in the name of our whole tribe of empty Basket-bearers, I kisse your little hands.

Bidet. Your case is dangerous and almost desperate,

Q

stand

What you will.

stand foorth ordinary Gallants Page, what is the nature of your Master?

Noose. He eates vvell and right slovenly, and vwhen the Dice favour him goes in good cloathes, and scowers his pinke-colour silke stockings: vwhen he hath any money, he beares his crownes, vwhen he hath none, I carry his purse; he cheates vvell, sweares better, but swaggers in a vvantons chamber admirably; hee loues his Boy, and the rumpe of a cramb'd Capon, and this summer hath a passing thrifty humor to bottle ale: as contemptuous as *Lucifer*, as arrogant as Ignorance can make him, as libidinous as *Priapus*: hee keepes mee as his Adamant, to draw mettall after to his lodging; I curle his perrivvig, paynt his cheekes, perfume his breath; I am his froterer or rubber in a Hot-house, the prop of his lyes, the bearer of his false dice; and yet for all this like the *Persian* Louse, that eats byting, and byting eats, so I say sighing, and sighing say, my end is to paste up a *Si quis*. My Masters fortunes are forc'd to cashier me, and so fix to one I fall to be a Pippin-squire. *Hic finis Priami*, this is the end of Pick-pockets.

Bydet. Stand foorth Court-page, thou lookest pale and vvan.

Trip. Most ridiculous Emperor.

Bydet. O say no more, I know thy miseries, vvhat betwixt thy Lady, her Gentlewoman, and thy Masters late gaming, thou mayst looke pale. I know thy miseries, and I condole thy calamities; thou art borne vvell, bred ill, but dyest worst of all, thy bloud most commonly gentle, thy youth ordinarily idle, and thy age too often miserable. When thy first sute is fresh, thy cheekes cleare of Court soyles, and thy Lord falne out vvith his Lady, so long may be heele chucked thee under the chin, call thee good pretty ape, and giue thee a scrap from his owne trencher; but after hee never beholds thee, but vwhen thou Squierst him vvith a Torch to a VVantons sheetes, or

What you will.

or lights his Tobacco pipe : Never useth thee but as his Pander , never regardeth thee , but as an idle burre that sticketh upon the nap of his fortune ; and so naked thou cam'st into the vworld , and naked thou must returne : vvhom serue you ?

Holy. A foole.

Bydet. Thou art my happiest Subject ; the service of a foole , is the onely blessedst slavery that ever put on a Chaine and a Blew coate : they know not vvhat , nor for vvhat they giue , but so they giue tis good , so it bee good they giue : fortunes are ordayn'd for fooles , as fooles are for fortune , to play vvithall , not to use , hath hee taken an oath of Allegeance ? is he of our brotherhood yet ?

Holi. Not yet right *venerable Honorificac cac cac cacuminos Bidet* : but as little an infant as I am , I will , and vvith the grace of wit I will deserue it.

Bydet. You must performe a valourous , vertuous , and religious exploit first in desert of your order.

Holi. VVhat ist ?

Byd. Cozen thy master , he is a foole , and was created for men of wit such as thy selfe to make use of.

Holi. Such as my selfe. Nay faith for wit I thinke for my age , or so ; but on , sir.

Bydet. That thou maist the easier purge him of superfluous blond , I will describe thy Masters constitution , hee loues and is beloved of himselfe and one more , his dog . There is a company of unbrac'd , untruss'd rutters in the towne , that crinkle in the hammes , swearing their flesh is their onely living , and vvhen they haue any crownes , cry god a mercy *Moll* , and shrugging let the Cuckolds pay fort : Intimating , that their maintenance flowes from the wantonnesse of Merchants wiues , when introth the plaine troth is , the plaine and the stand , or the plaine stand and deliver , delivers them all their living . These comrades haue perswaded thy Master , that there's no

What you will.

vay to redeeme his peach coloured Satten sute from payvne, but by the loue of a Citizens vvife; hee beleeues it; they flowt him, hee feedes them: and now tis our honest and religious meditation that hee feed us, *Holyernes Puppi*.

Holy. Pippo and shall please you.

Bydet. Pippo, tis our will and pleasure thou sute thy selfe like a Marchants vvife, leaue the managing of the sequence unto our prudence.

Holy. Or unto our *prudence*, truly shee is a very vvittie wench, and hath a stammell petticote with three gards for the nonce, but for your Marchants wife, alas I am too little, speak too small, go too gingerly, by my troth I feare I shall looke too faire.

Bydet. Our Majestie dismounteth, and vvee put off our Greatnesse; and now my little Knaues I am plaine *Cracke*, as I am *Bosphoros Carmelidon Honorificacuminos Bydet*, I am imperious: honour sparkles in mine eyes; but as I am *Cracke*, I vvill convey, cros-bite, and cheate upon *Simplicius*, I vvill feed, satiate, and fill your paunches, replenish, stufte, or furnish your purses; vvee will laugh vwhen others weepe, sing vwhen others sigh, feed vwhen others starue, and bee drunke vwhen others are sober: this my charge at the loose, as you loue our Brother-hood, avoyd true speech, square dice, small liquour, and aboue all, those too ungentlemanlike protestations of indeed and verily, and so gentle *Apollo*, touch thy nimble string, our Sceane is done; yet fore we cease, we sing.

The Song, and Exeunt.

A C T.

What you will.

ACTVS. IIII. SCENA. I.

Enter Celia, Meletza, Lyzabetta, and Lucea.

Cel. Faith sister, I long to play with a fether,
Pree-thee *Lucia* bring the shuttle-cock.

Mel. Out on him light pated Phantasticke, hee's like
one of our gallants at ———

Lyz. I wonder who thou speak'st well of?

Melet. Why of my selfe, for by my troth I now none
else will.

Cel. Sweet sister *Meletza*, lets sit in judgement a little,
faith of my servant *Laverdure*.

Mel. Troth well for a servant, but for a husband (sigh) I.

Lyz. Why, why.

Mel. Why hee is not a plaine foole, nor faire, nor fat,
nor rich, rich foole. But he is a knight, his honor will giue
the passado in the presence to morrow night, I hope hee
will deserue: All I can say is, as the common Fidlers wil
say in their God send you well to doe.

Lyz. How thinkst thou of the amorous, *Iacomo*?

Mel. *Iacomo*, why on my bare troth.

Cel. Why bare troth?

Mel. Because my troth is like his chin, 't hath no haire
on't; gods me, his face looks like the head of a taber, but
trust me he hath a good wit.

Lyz. Who told you so?

Mel. One that knowes, one that can tell.

Cel. VVho's that?

Mel. Himselfe.

Lyz. Well wench, thou hadst a servant, one *Fabius*,
what hast thou done with him?

Mel. I done with him? Out of him puppy; by this fea-
ther his beard is directly bricke colour, and perfectly fa-
shion'd like the huske of a chesnut; hee kisses with the
dryest lip; sigh on him.

What you Will.

Celia. O, but your servant *Quadratus* the absolute Courtier.

Melet. Fie, fie, speake no more of him, hee liues by begging:

He is a fine Courtier, flatters admirable, kisses Faire Madam, smells surpassing sweet, vveares And holds up the Arras, supports the Tapistrie When I passe into the Presence very gracefully, And I assure you ———

Lucea. Madam, here is your shuttle-cocke.

Melet. Sister, is not your wayting vvench rich?

Celia. Why sister, vwhy?

Mel. Because she can flatter; prithee call her not, She has twenty foure houres to Madam yet; come you, You prate ifaith, Ile tossle you from post to pillar.

Cel. You post and I pillar.

Mel. No, no, you are the onely post, you must support, proue a vvench, and beare, or else all the building of your delight will fall —

Celia. Downe.

Lyza. What must I stand out?

Mel. I by my faith till you be married.

Ly. Why doe you tossle then?

Mel. Why I am vved vvench.

Celia. Prithee to whom?

Mel. To the true husband right head of a vvoman, my will, which vowes never to marry till I meane to bee a foole, a slaue, starch cambricke ruffles, and make candells, (pur)tis downe; serue againe good vvench.

Luc. By your pleasing cheeke you play well.

Melet. Nay good creature, prithee doe not flatter me, I thought twas for something you goe cas'd in your velvet skabberd; I vvarrant these laces were nere stich'd on vvith true stich; I haue a plaine waiting vvench, shee speaks plaine, and faith shee goes plaine, shee is vertuous, and because she should goe like Vertue, by the consent of
my

What you will.

my bountie, shee shall never haue aboute two smockes to her back, for that's the fortune of desert, and the maine in fashion or rewarde of merit (pur:) just thus doe I use my servants, I strue to catch them in my racket, and no sooner caught, but I toss them away; if he flie well and haue good feathers, I play with them till he be down, and then my mayd serues him to me againe; if a slug and weake wing'd, if he be downe, there let him lie.

Celia. Good *Mell*, I wonder how many servants thou hast.

Mel. Troth so doe I; let me see *Dupatzo*.

Lyza. *Dupatzo*, vvhich *Dupatzo*?

Melet. *Dupatzo* the elder brother, the foole, hee that bought the halfe penny ribband, wearing it in his eare, swearing twas the Duches of *Millans* favour; hee into whose head a man may travell ten leagues before he can meet with his eyes; then ther's my chub, my *Epicure Quadratus*, that rubs his guts, claps his paunch, and cries *Rivo*, intertaining my eares perpetually with a most strong discourse of the praise of bottle-ale and red herrings; then there's *Simplicius Faber*.

Lyza. VVhy, he is a foole.

Melet. True, or else hee vvould nere bee my servant; then there's the Cap Cloak'd Courtier *Baltazar*, hee vveares a double treble quadruple Ruffe, I in the Summer time: faith I ha servants enow, and I doubt not, but by my ordinary pride, and extraordinary cunning to get more. *Mounseur Laverdure* with a troupe of Gallants is entring.

Lyza. He capers the lascivious bloud about,
Within heart pants, nor leaps the eye, nor lips:
Prepare your selues to kisse, for you must be kist.

Mel. By my troth tis a pretty thing to be towards marriage, a prettie loving: looke where he comes, ha ha.

Lav. Good day sweet loue.

Mel. Wish her good night man.

What you will.

Lau. Good morrow sister.

Mel. A currie to your caper, to morrow morne ile call you brother.

Lau. But much much fals betwixt the cup and lip.

Mel. Be not too confident, the knot may slip.

Qua. Bounty, blessednesse, and the spirit of wine attend my mistresse.

Mel. Thankes good chub.

Sim. God yee good morrow heartily mistresse, and how doe you since last I saw you?

Qua. Gods mee you must not inquire how she does, that's privie counsell, she, ther's manners indeed.

Sim. Pray you pardon my incivility, I was somewhat bold with you, but belceue mee ile never bee so sawcie to aske you how you doe againe, as long as I live la-

Mel. Square chub, what fullene blacke is that?

Qua. A tassell that hangs at my purse strings, he dogs me and I giue him scraps and pay for his ordinary, feede him, hee liquors himselfe in the juice of my bounty, and when he hath suckt up strength of spirit hee squeaseth it in my owne face, when I haue refind and sharp'd his wits with good food, he cuts my fingers, and breakes jests upon me, I beare them, and beate him: but by this light the dull eyed thinkes he do's well, do's very well, & but that he and I are of two faiths—I fill my belly, and feeds his braine, I could find in my heart to hug him, to hug him.

Melet. Pree thee perswade him to assume spirit and salute us.

Quad. *Lampatho, Lampatho*, art out of countenance? for wits sake salute these beauties, how doest like them?

Lam. Vds fur, I can liken them to nothing, but greatmens great horse upon great dayes, whose tailes are trust up in silke and silver. *Quad.* To them man, salute them.

Lam. Blesse you faire Ladies, God make you all his

Melet. God make you all his servants. (servants.

Qua. Hee is holpen well had need of you, for bee it spoken

What you will.

spoken without prophanisme he hath more in this traine,
I feare me you ha' more servants then he, I am sure the
Devill is an Angell of darkenesse.

Lamp. I but those are Angels of light.

Qua. Light Angels, pree thee leaue them, with-draw
a little and heare a Sonnet, pree thee heare a Sonnet.

Lamp. Made of *Albanos* widdow that was, and
Mounfieur Lauerdures wife that must be.

Qua. Come leaue his lips and command some liquor,
if you haue no Bottle-ale, command some Clarct-wine
and Bourrage, for that's my predominate humour sleeke
bellid *Bacchus*, lets fill thy guts.

Lamp. Nay heare it, and relish it judiciously.

Qua. I doe relish it most juditially. *Quad drinkes.*

Lamp. Adored excellence, delicious sweet.

Qua. Delicious sweet, good, very good.

Lamp. If thou canst taste the purer juice of Ioue.

Qua. If thou canst taste the purer juice, good still, good

Qua. I doe relish it, it tastes sweet. (still.

Lamp. Is not the metaphor good, ist not well fol-
lowed?

Qua. Passing good, very pleasing.

Lamp. Ist not sweete?

Qua. Let me see't Ile make it sweete,
Ile make it in the juice of *Helicon*.

Bir Lady, passing sweet, good, passing sweete.

Lamp. You wrong my Muse.

Qua. The Irish flux upon thy Muse, thy whorish muse,
Here is no place for her loose brothelry ;
We will not deale with her, goe, away, away.

Lamp. Ile be reveng'd.

Qua. How pree thee in a play? come, come, be sociable
In private severance from societie,
Here leaps a vaine of blood inflam'd with loue,
Mounting to pleasure, all addict to mirth
Thoult read a *Satyre* or a Sonnet now,

Clagging

What you will.

Clagging their airy humour with—— (juice,
Lam. Lamp-oyle, Watch-candles, Rug-gownes, & small
Thin commons, foure a clock rising, I renounce you all,
Now may I eternally abandon meate,
Rust fustie you which most embrac'd disuse,
You a made me an Assle, thus shapt my lot,
I am a meere Scholler, that is a meere sor. thec,

Qua. Come then Lampe, ile powre fresh Oyle into
Apply thy spirit that it may nimbly turne,
Vnto the habit, fashion of the age,
Ile make thee man the Scholler, inable thy behaviour,
Apt for the entertaine of any presence :
Ile turne thee gallant, first thou shalt haue a Mistresse,
How is thy spirit rayf'd to yonder beauty ?
She with the sanguine cheeke, that dimpled chinne,
The pretty amorous smile that clips her lips,
And dallies bought her cheeke——
She with the speaking eye,
That casts out beames as ardent as those flakes,
Which sing'd the world by rash braind *Phaeton*,
She with the lip, O lips ! she for whose sake,
A man could find in his heart to in-hell himselfe,
Ther's more Philosophy, more theoremes,
More demonstrations, all invincible,
More cleare divinity drawne on her cheeke,
Then in all volumes tedious paraphrase,
Of musty eld : O who would staggering doubt,
The soules eternity, seeing it hath
Of heavenly beauty, but to case it up,
Who would distrust a supream existence,
Able to confound when it can create,
Such heaven on earth able to intrance,
Amaze : O I'tis providence, not chance.

Lam. Now by the front of Ioue me thinkes her eye
Shoots more spirit in me, O *beautie feminine* !
How powerfull art thou, what deepe magicke lyes

Within

What you will.

Within the circle of thy speaking eyes.

Qua. Why now could I eate thee, thou dost please mine appetite, I can digest thee, God made thee a good foole, and happy and ignorant, and amorous, and rich & fraile, and a Satyrift, and an *Essayest*, and sleepey, and proud, and indeed a foole, and then thou shalt bee sure of all these. Doe but scorne her she is thine owne, accost her carelesly, and her eye promiseth thee will bee bound to the good abbeearing.

Celia. Now sister *Meletza* dost marke their craft, some straggling thoughts transport thy attentiuenesse from his discourse, wast *Iacomos* or our brothers plot?

Lau. Both, both sweet Lady, my Page heard all, wee met the roague, so like *Albano*, I beate the roague.

Sim. I but when you were gone, the roague beate me.

Lau. Now take my counsell, listen.

Melet. A pretty youth, a pretty well shapt youth, a good leg, a very good eye, a sweet ingenuous face, & I warrant a good wit, nay which is more, if he be poore I assure my soule he is chaste and honest, good faith I fancie, I fancie him, I and I may chance, well ile thinke the rest. (spirit.

Q. I say be careles stil, court her without complemēt, take

Lau. Wert not a pleasing jeast for me to cloath
Another rascall like *Albano*, say—

And rumour him return'd without all deceit,
Would it not beget errors most ridiculous?

Qua. *Meletza bella belletza, Madonna, bella bella gente-
letza*, pree thee kisse this initiated gallant.

Melet. How would it please you I should respect yee.

Lamp. As any thing, *What you will* as nothing.

Molet. As nothing, how will you vallow my loue?

Lam. Why just as you respect me, as nothing, for out of nothing, nothing is bred, so nothing shall not beget any thing, any thing bring nothing, nothing bring any thing, any thing and nothing shall be *What you will*, my speech mounting to the vallow of my selfe, which is——

Melet.

What you will.

Melet. What sweet ———

Lam. Your nothing light as your selfe, senselesse as your sexe, and just as you would ha' me, nothing.

Melet. Your wit skips a Morisco, but by the brightest spangle of my tyer, I vouchsafe you intire unaffected favour, weare this gentle spirit, be not proud.

Believe it youth, slow speech swift love doth often shroud

Lam. My soule's intranc'd, your favour doth transport
My sense past sense, by your adored graces,
I doat, am rapt.

Melet. Nay if you fall to passion, and past sense,
My brest's no harbour for your love, go pack, hence.

Quadra. Vds foot, thou gull, thou inky scholler, ha,
thou whorson fop:

Willt not thou clap into our fashion'd gallantry,
Couldst not be proud and scornfull, loose and vaine?

Gods my hearts object, what a plague is this:

My soule's intranc'd, fut, couldst not clip and kisse?

My soules intranc'd, ten thousand crownes at least

Lost, lost, my soule's intranc'd loves life, O beast!

Alb. *Celia* open, open *Celia*, I would enter, open *Celia*.

Fra. *Celia* open, open *Celia*, I would enter, open *Celia*.

Alb. What *Celia*, let in thy husband *Albano*, what *Celia*.

Fra. What *Celia*, let in thy husband *Albano*, what *Celia*.

Alb. Vds f f f fut, let *Albano* enter.

Fran. Vds f f f fut, let *Albano* enter.

Cel. Sweet brest you ha playd the wag ifaith.

Qua. Beleeve it sweet not I.

Mel. Come, you have attired some fidler like *Albano*
to fright the Perfumer, there's the jest.

Lan. Good fortunes to our sister.

Mel. And a speedy marriage.

Adri. Then we must wish her no good fortunes.

Iaco. For shame, for shame straight cleere your house,
sweepe out this dust, sling out this trash, returne to modesty, your husband I say your husband *Albano*, that was
supposed

What you will..

supposed drownd, is returned, I, and at the doore.

Cel. Ha, ha, my husband, ha, ha.

Adri. Laugh you shamelesse ? laugh you ?

Cel. Come, come, your plot's discover'd, good faith kinsemen, I am no skold : to shape a Perfumer like my husband, O sweet jest !

Iaco. Last hopes all knowne ?

Cel. For pennance of your fault will you maintaine a jest now ? my Love hath tired some fidler, like *Albano*, like the Perfumer.

Lav. Not I, by blessednesse, not I.

Mel. Come, tis true, doe but support the jest, and you shall surfet with laughter.

Iaco. Faith we condescend, twill not be crost I see, Marriage and hanging goe by destiny.

Alb. B b b barre out *Albano*, O adulterous impudent !

Fran. B b b barre out *Albano*, O thou matchlesse g g g gigglet !

Enter Albano and Francisco.

Qua. Let them in, let them in, now, now, now observe, observe, looke, looke, looke.

Iac. That same's a fidler, shap't like thee, feare nought, be confident, thou shalt know the jest hereafter, be confident, feare nought, blush not, stand firme.

Alb. Now brothers, now gallants, now sisters, now call a Perfumer a gutter-master, barre me my house, beat mee, baffle mee, scoffe mee, deride mee, ha, that I were a young man againe, by the masse I wou'd ha you all by the cares, by the masse law ; I am *Francisco Soranza*, am I not, gigglet, strumpet, cutters, swaggerers, brothell-haunters, I am *Francisco*, O god, O slaves, O dogges, dogges, cures.

Iaco. No sir, pray you pardon us, wee confesse you are not *Francisco*, nor a Perfumer, but even —

Alb. But even *Albano*.

Iac. But even a fidler, a minikin tickler, a pum, pum.

Fran.

What you will.

Fran. A scraper, a scraper.

Art not asham'd before *Albano's* face
To clip his spouse, O shamelesse impudent !

Iaco. Well sayd Perfumer.

Alb. A fidler, a scraper, a minikin tickler, a pum, a pum,
even now a Perfumer, now a fidler, I will be even *What*
you will, do do do, k k k kisse my wife be be be before—

Qua. Why wouldst have him kisse her behind ?

Alb. Before my owne f f f face.

Iaco. Well done fidler.

Alb. Ile f f f fiddle yee.

Fran. Dost f f f flout me ?

Alb. Dost m m m mocke me ?

Fran. Ile to the Duke, Ile p p p past up infamies on e-
very post.

Iac. Twas rarely done, rarely done, away, away.

Exit Francisco.

Alb. Ile f f f follow, thou I st st st stut, Ile stumble to
the Duke in p p plaine language, I pray you use my wife
well, good faith she was a kind soule, and an honest wo-
man once, I was her husband, and was called *Albano*, be-
fore I was drown'd ; but now after my resurrection I am
I know not what indeed brothers, and indeed sisters, and
indeed wife I am, *What you will* ; dost thou laugh, dost
thou ge ge ge gerne ? a p p p perfumer, a fidler, a *Diabolo*,
matre de Dios : Ile f f f firke you by the Lord now, now
now I will.

Exit Albano.

Qua. Ha. ha, tis a good rogue, a good rogue.

Lav. A good rogue, ha, I know him not.

Cel. No, good sweet love, come, come, dissemble not.

Lav. Nay if you dread nothing, happy be my lot,
Come *Via fest*, come faire cheekes, come lets dance ;
The sweets of love is amorous dalliance.

Cel. All friends, all happy friends, my veines are light.

Ly. Thy pray'rs are now, God send it quickly night.

Melet. And then come morning.

Ly. I

What you will.

Ly. I, that's the hopefull day.

Mel. I, there thou hitst it.

Qua. Pray God he hit it.

Lav. Play.

The Dance.

Iac. They say there's Revels, and a play at Court.

Lav. A Play to night?

Qua. I, tis this gallants wit.

Iac. Is't good, is't good?

Lam. I feare twill hardly hit.

Qua. I like thy feare, well, twill have better chance,
There's nought more hatefull then rank ignorance.

Ce. Come gallants, the tabl's spread, will you to dinner

Qua. Yes first a maine at dice, and then wee'l eat.

Sim. Truly the best wits have the bad'st fortune at dice
still.

Qua. Who'l play, who'l play?

Sim. Not I, in truth I have still exceeding bad fortune
at dice.

Cel. Come, shall we in? in faith thou art sudden sad,
Dost feare the shaddow of my long dead Lord?

Laver. Shadow, ha, I cannot tell,
Time tryeth all things, well, well, well.

Qua. Would I were time then, I thought 'twas for
some thing that the old fornicator was bald behind, goe
passe on, passe on.

Exeunt.

ACTVS V. SCENA I.

*The Curtaines are drawne by a Page, and Celia and Laver-
dure, Quadratus and Lysabetta, Lampatho and Meletza
Simplicius and Lucea displayed sitting at Dinner. The
Song is sung, during which time a Page whispers with
Simplicius.*

Qua. Feed, and be fat, my faire Calipolis.
Rivo here's good juice, fresh burrage boy.

Lam. I

What you will.

Lam. I commend,commend my selfe to yee Lady.

Melet. In troth Sir you dwell farre from neighbours shat are inforc'd to commend your selfe.

Qua. Why *Simplicius*, whether now man? for good fashions sake stirre not, sit still, sit still.

Sim. I must needs rise, much good doe it you.

Qua. Dost thou thinke thy rising will doe them much good? sit still, sit still, carue me of that good *Mellerza*: fill *Bacchus* fill.

Sim. I must needs bee gone, and youle come to my Chamber to morrow morning, Ile send you a hundred crownes.

Qua. In the name of prosperitie, what tide of happinette so suddenly is flow'd upon thee.

Sim. Ile keepe a horse and foure boyes with grace of fortune now.

Qua. Now then ifaith get up and ride.

Sim. And I doe not? Ile thwack a Ierkin till hee groane againe with Gold lace: let me see, what should I desire of God, mary a Cloake linde with rich Taffata, white Sattin sure, and my gilt Rapier from pawne; nay she shall giue me a Chaine of pearle that shall pay for all; good boy, good Senior, good boy, good Senior.

Qua. Why now, thou speakest in the most imbrac'd fashion that our time hugs, no sooner a good fortune, or a fresh sute fals upon a fellow, that would ha beene guld to ha' shou'd into your societie, but and he met you hee fronts you with a faint eye, throwes a squint glaunce over wried shoulder and cryes twixt the teeth, as very parsimonious of breath, good boy, good Senior, good boy, good Senior death: I will search the life blood of your hopes.

Sim. And a fresh Pearle-colour silke stocking o I I I I, Ile goe to the halfe crowne ordinary every meale, Ile haue my Iuory box of Tobacco, ile converse with none but Counts and Courtiers, now good boy, good Senior a

paire

What you will.

paire of massie silver Spurs, to a hatch short sword, and then your embrodered hanger, and good Senior.

Qua. Shut the windowes, darken the roome, fetch whips, the fellow is mad, hee raues, hee raues, talkes idly, lunatique, who procures thy ———

Sim. One that has eate fat Capon, suckt the boild Chicken, and let out his wit with the foole of bounty, one *Fabius*, ile scorne him, hee goes upon Fridayes in blacke Satten.

Qua. *Fabius*, by this light a cogging Cheator, he liues on loue of Merchants wiues, hee stands on the base, of maines he furnisheth your ordinary, for which hee seeds scot-free, keepes faire gold in his purse, to put on upon maines, by which hee liues and keepes a faire boy at his haels, he is dam'd *Fabius*.

Sim. He is a fine man law, and has a good wit; for when hee list hee can goe in blacke Sattin, I and in a Cloake linde with unshorne Velvet.

Qua. By the salvation of humanity he's more pestilent then the plague of Lice that fell upon Egypt, thou hast beene knaue if thou credit it, thou art an Asse if thou follow it, and shalt bee a perpetuall Ideot if thou pursue it, renounce the world, the flesh, the Devill, and thy trust in mens wiues for they will double with thee, and so I betake my selfe to the sucking of the juice Capon, my ingle bottle-ale, and his Gentleman Vther that squires him red herring; a foole I found thee and a foole I leaue thee; beare record heaven, 'tis against the providence of my speech, good boy, good Senior. *Exit.*

Enter Slip, Nowes, Doite, and Bydet.

Sim. Ha, ha, ha, Good boy, good Senior, what a foole 'tis, ha, ha, what an Asse 'tis, saue you young Gentlemen is she comming? will she meete me, shal's encounter ha?

Byd. You were not Iapt in your Mothers smock, you ha' not a good cheeke, an inticing eye, a smooth skinn, a well shapt leg, a faire hand; you cannot bring a wench

What you will.

into a fooles Paradise for you ?

Sim. Not I by this garter, I am a foole, a very Ninny I, how call you her ? how call you her ?

Byd. Call her? you rise on your right side to day marry, call her? her name is Mistresse *Perpetuana*, she is not very faire, nor goes extraordinary gay.

Sim. She has a good skinne ?

Byd. A good skinne ? shee is wealthy, her husband's a foole, sheele make you, shee weares the breeches : sheele make you ———

Sim. Ile keepe two men and they shall be Taylors, they shal make sutes continually, & those shal be cloth of silver.

Byd. You may goe in beaten pretious stones every day, marry I must acquaint you with some observances which you must pursue most religiously ; she has a foole, a naturall foole waites on her, that is indeed her Pander, to him at the first you must bee bounteous, whatsoere he craues, bee it your Hat, Cloake, Rapier, Purse, or such trifle, giu't, giu't, the night will pay all : and to draw all suspect from pursuing her loue for base gaine sake.

Sim. Giu't ? by this light Ile giu't wert, gaine ? I care not for her Chaine of Pearle, onely her loue ; gaine ? the first thing her bounty shall fetch is my blush colour Satten sute from pawne : gaine ?

Byd. When you heare one winde a Cornet, she is coming downe *Saint Markes* streete, prepare your speech, suck your lips, lighten your spirits, fresh your blood, sleeke your cheeks, for now thou shalt be made for ever (a perpetuall and eternall gull.)

Exit Bydet.

Sim. I shall so ravish her with my court-ship, I haue such variety of discourse, such copy of phrase to begin, as this ; sweete Lady *Ulysses* Dog after his Masters ten yeares travell, I shall so tickle her ; or thus, Pure beauty there is a stone.

Slip. Two stones man.

Sim. Called, 'tis no matter what ; I ha' the eloquence,
I am

What you will.

I am not to seeke I warrant you.

The Cornet is winded, Enter Pippo, Bydet, Pippo atired like a Merchants wife, and Bydet like a foole.

Sweet Lady *Ulysses* dog, there's a stone called— O Lord what shall I say?

Slip. Is all your eloquence come to this?

Sim. The glorious radiant of your glimmering eyes, your glittering beauties blind my wit, and dazled my—

Pippo. Ile put on my maske and please you, pray you winke, pray you.

Bydet. O fine man, my mistresse loues you best, I dreamt you ga' mee this sword and dagger, I loue your Hat and Feather, O——

Sim. Doe not cry man, doe not cry man, thou shalt ha them I and they were——

Bydet. O that purse with all the white pence in it, fine man I loue you, giue you the fine red pence soone at night, he, I thanke you, where's the foole now?

Sim. He has all my money, I haue to keepe my selfe,

Slip. Poght. and—

Pippo. Sir the foole shall lead you to my house, the foole shall not, at night I expect you, till then take this seale of my affection. *Within Qua.* What *Simplicius*?

Sim. I come *Quadratus*, Gentlemen—as yet I can but thanke you, but I must be trusted for my ordinary soone at night, or stay Ile—the foole has unfurnisht me, but 'twill come againe, good boy.

Within Quadratus What ho *Simplicius*?

Sim. Good boy, good boyes, I come, I come, good boyes, good boyes.

Byd. The foole shall waite on thee. Now doe I merit to be yclipped, *Bosphoros Carmelydon Honori ficacuminos*
Bydet, who, who has any square Dice?

Pippo. Marry Sir that haue I.

Byd. Thou shalt loose thy share for it in our purchase.

Pippo. I pray you now, pray you now.

What you will.

Byd. Sooner the whiffell of a Marriner,
Shall sleeke the rough curbes of the Ocean back,
Now speake I like my selfe thou shalt loose thy share.

Enter Quadratus, Laverdure and Celia, Simplicius,
Meletza, Lyzabetta, Lucea, and Lampatho.

Pip. Ha, take all then, ha.

Qua. VVithout cloake or hat or rapier figh.

Sim. Gods me, looke yonder, who gaue you these things?

Byd. Mistresse *Perpetuanos* foole.

Sim. Mistresse *Perpetuanos* foole, ha, ha, there lyes a jest, *Senior* the foole promised me hee would not leaue me.

Byd. I know the foole well, he will sticke to you, does not use to forsake any youth that is in amord on an other mans wife, hee striues to keepe company with a crimson satten sute continually, hee loues to bee all one with a Critique, a good wit selfe conceited, a hauke bearer, a dogge keeper, and great with the nobility, he doats upon a meere scholler, an honest flat foole; but aboue all hee is all one with a fellow whose cloake hath a better inside then his out-side, & his body richer lin'd then his braine.

Sim. Vds so I am cosoned.

Pip. Pray you master pardon me, I must loose my share.

Sim. Giue me my purse againe.

Byd. You gaue it me and Ile keep't.

Qua. Well done my honest crack thou shalt bee my ingle fort.

Lau. He shall keepe all maugre thy bearded chin thy eyes.

Sim. I may goe starue till Mid-sommer quarter.

Qua. Foole get thee hence.

Pip. Ile to schoole againe that I will, I left in *Asse in presenti*, and Ile begin in *Asse in presenti*, and so good night faire gentry.

Exit Pippo.

Qua.

What you will.

Qua. The triple Ideots coxcombe crownes thee,
Bitter epigrames confound thee,
Cucold be when ere thou bride thee,
Through every comicke Sceane be drawne,
Never come thy cloaths from pawne.
Never may thy shame be sheathed,
Never kisse a wench sweet breathed.

Cornets sound.

*Enter as many Pages with torches as you can, Randolpho
and Adrian, Iacomo bare, the Duke with atten-
dance.*

Ran. Cease the Duke approacheth, tis almost night,
For the Dukes up, now begins his day,
Come grace his entrance; lights lights now gins our play.

Duke. Still these same bauling pipes, sound softer
Slumber our sense, tut these are vulgar straines, (straine,
Cannot your trembling wiers throw a Chaine
Of powerfull rapture 'bout our mazed sense?
Why is our chaire thus cushion'd tapistry?
Why is our bed tired with wanton sports?
Why are we cloath'd with glistring attires?
If common bloods can heare, can feele,
Can sit as soft, lye as lascivious,
Strut all as rich as the greatest Potentate,
Soule, and you cannot feast my thirsting eares
With ought, but what the lip of common birth can taste,
Take all away your labour is idly waste,
What sport for night?

Lam. A Comedy, intituled *Temperance*.

Duk. What sot elects that subject for the Court,
What should dame *Temperance* doe here, away,
The itch on *Temperance* your mortall play.

Qua. Duke, Prince, royall blood, thou that hast the best
meanes to be damn'd of any Lord in *Venice*, thou great
man, let me kisse thy flesh, I am fat and therefore faith-
full, I will doe that which few of thy subjects doe; loue
thee,

What you will.

thee, but I will never doe that which all thy subjects do ;
flatter thee, thy humours reall, good, a Comedy ?

No and thy sense would banquet in delights,

Appropriate to the blood of Emperours,

Peculiar to the state of Majesty,

That none can relish but dilated greatnesse.

Vouchsafe to view the structure of a Scene

That stands on tragike sollid passion,

O thats fit trafficke to commerce with birthes

Straind from the mud of base unable braines,

Giue them a Scene may force their struggling blood,

Rise up on tiptoe in attention,

And fill their intellect with pure elixid wit,

O thats for greatnesse apt, for Princes fit.

Duke. Darst thou then undertake to sute our cares
With such rich vestment ?

Qua. Dare ? yes my Prince I dare, nay more, I will,
And Ile present a subject worth thy ioule :

The honor'd end of *Cato Vfrican*.

Duke. Wh^o ie personate him ?

Qua. Marry that will I on suddaine without change.

Duke. Thou want'st a beard.

Qua. Tush a beard nere made *Cato*, though many
mens *Cato* hang onely on their chin.

Suppose this flower the *Citie Velca*;

The time the night that prolong'd *Caros* death ;

Now being plac'd 'mong his Philosophers,

These first discourse the soules eternity.

Iaco. *Cato* grants that I am sure, for he was valiant and
honest, which an *Epicure* nere was, & a coward never will

Qua. Then *Cato* holds a distinct notion (be.
Of individuall actions after death :

This being argu'd, his resolute maintaines

A true magnanimous spirit should giue up durt

To durt, and with his owne flesh dead his flesh,

Fore chance should force it crouch unto his foe :

What you will.

To kill ones selfe some I, some hold it no;
O these are poynts would entice away ones soule
To break's indenture of base prentisage, *Enter Francisco.*
And run away from's body in swift thoughts,
To melt in contemplation's luscious sweets;
Now my voluptuous Duke ile feed thy sense,
Worth his creation: giue me audience.

Fran. My liedge, my royall leidge, heare, heare my sute.

Qua. Now may thy breath nere smell sweet as long
as thy lungs can pant for breaking my speech, thou Mus-
covite, thou stinking Perfumer.

Enter Albano.

Duke. Is not this *Albano* our some times Courtier?

Fran. No troth but *Francisco* your alwayes Perfumer.

Alba. *Lorenzo Celso* our braue *Venice Duke*, *Albano Belletzo*, thy Merchant, thy Souldier, thy Courtier, thy flauce, thy any-thing, thy *What thou wilt*, kisseth thy noble blood; doe mee right or else I am canonized a Cuckold, canonized a Cuckold, I am abus'd, I am abus'd, my wife's abus'd, my cloaths abus'd, my shape, my house, my all abus'd; I am sworne out of my selfe, beaten out of my selfe, blaffled, geird at, laught at, bard my owne house, debard my owne wife, whilst others swill my wines, gurmmandize my meate, kisse my wife; O gods, O gods, O gods, O gods, O gods.

Lau. Who ist? who ist?

Celia. Come sweet this is your waggery ifaith, as if you knew him not.

Lau. Yes I feare I doe too well, would I could slide away invisible.

Duke. Assured this is he.

Iaco. My worthy liedge the jest comes onely thus.
Now to stop and crosse it with meere like deceit:
All being knowen the *French Knight* hath disguis'd
A fidler like *Albano* too, to fright the Perfumer, this is al.

Duke. Art sure tis true?

What you Will.

Melet. Tis confest tis right.

Alba. I tis right, tis true, right, I am a fidler, a fidler, a fidler, uds fut a fidler; Ile not belceue thee thou art a woman, and tis knowne *veritas non querit angulos*, truth seekes not to lurke under farthingals, *veritas non querit angulos*, a fidler?

Lau. Worthy sir pardon, and permit me first to confesse your selfe, your deputation dead hath made my loue liue, to offend you.

Alba. I, mock on, scoffe on, flout on, doe, doe, doe.

Lau. Troth sir in serious.

Alba. I good, good, come hither *Celia*,
Burst breast, riue heart asunder: *Celia*

Why startest thou backe? seest thou this *Celia*,
O me how often with lascivious touch thy lip,
Hath kissed this marke? how oft this much wrong'd
breast!

Hath borne the gentle waight of thy soft cheek?

Celia. O me my dearest Lord, my sweet, sweet loue.

Alba. What a fidler, a fidler? now thy loue.
I am sure thou scorn'st it; nay *Celia* I could tell;
What on the night before I went to sea,
And tooke my leaue with *Himene* all rites,
What, thou list'sd
Into my eare, a fidler and perfumer now.

Adri. And ———

Ran. Deare brother.

Iaco. Most respected Senior,
Belecue it by the sacred end of loue,
What much, much wrong hath forc'd your patience
Proceeded from most deare affied loue,
Devoted to your house.

Adri. Belecue it brother.

Iaco. Nay your selfe when you shall heare the occurrences will say tis happy, comicall.

Ran. Assure thee brother.

Alba.

What you will.

Alba. Shall I be braue, shall I be my selfe now, loue,
giue me thy loue, brothers giue me your breasts, *French*
knight reach me thy hand, perfumer thy fist. Duke I in-
uite thee, loue I forgiue thee; *French-man* I hug thee, Ile
know all, ile pardon all, and ile laugh at all.

Qua. And ile curse you all:

O yee ha' interrupt a Sceane.

Duke. *Quadratus* we will heare these poynts discuss'd,
With apter and more calme affected houres.

Qua. Well, good, good.

Alba. Wast even so faith? why then caprichious mirth,
Skip light moriscoes in our frolicke blood,
Flagg'd veins, sweete, plump with fresh infused joyes:
Laughter pucker our cheeks, make shoulders shog,
With chucking lightnesse, loue once more thy lips,
For ever claspe our hands, our hearts, our creasts,
Thus front, thus eyes, thus cheek, thus all shall meete:
Shall clip, shall hug, shall kisse, my deare, deare sweete;
Duke wilt thou see me revell, come loue daunce,
Court gallants court, sucke amorous dalliance.

Lam. Beauty your heart.

Melet. First sir accept my hands,
Shee leaps too rash, that fals in sudden bands.

Lam. Shall I despaire? never will I loue more.

Melet. No sea so boundlesse vast but hath a shore.

Qua. Why marry me.

Thou canst haue but soft flesh, good blood, sound bones,
And that which fills up all your bracks, good stones.

Lyzabet. Stones, Trees and beasts in loue still firmer
proue

Then man, Ile none no hold-fasts in your loues.

Lau. Since not the Mistresse, come on faith the maid.

Alba. Ten thousand Duckets too to boote are laid.

Lau. Why then wind Cornets, lead on jolly lad.

Alba. Excuse me gallants though my legs lead wrong.
'Tis my first footing, winde out nimble tongue.

Duke.

What you will.

Duke. Tis well , 'tis well , how shall wee spend this night ?

Qua. Gulpe Rhenish wine my liedge , let our panch rent,

Suck merry Gellies ; perview, but not prevent
No mortall can the miseries of life.

Alba. I home invite you all, come sweete, sweete wife,
My liedge vouchsafe thy presence , drinke till the ground
looke blew, boy.

Qua. Liue still springing hopes, still in fresh new joyes,
May your loues happy hit in faire cheekt wiues,
Your flesh still plump with sap'd restoratiues,
That's all my honest frolicke heart can wish,
A Fico for the mew and envious pish,
Till night, I wish good food, and pleasing day,
But then sound rest, so ends our flight writ play.

Exeunt.

Deo op. max. gratias.

FINIS.

PARASITASTER,
OR,
THE FAVVNE.

As it hath been divers times
Presented at the Black Fryers,
by the Children of the Queens
Majesties Revels.



LONDON,
Printed for WILLIAM SHEARES.
1 6 3 3.

PARASITASTER,

OR,

THE FLYWINE.

As it has been found to be
Presented at the Black Flyers,
by the Children of the Queens
Majesties.



LONDON,
Printed for WILLIAM SHEPHERD.

1633.



To my equall Reader.

Have ever more endeavoured to know my selfe, then to bee knowne of others: and rather to be unpartially beloved of all, then factiously to bee admired of a few: yet so powerfully have I bin enticed with the delights of Poetry, and (I must ingenuously confesse) about better desert so fortunate in these stage-pleasings, that (let my resolutions bee never so fixed to call mine eyes into my selfe,) I much feare that most lamentable death of him,

Qui nimis notus omnibus,

Ignotus meretur sibi

Seneca.

But since the over-vehement pursute of these delights hath bin the sicknesse of my youth, and now is growen to be the vice of my firmer age, since to satisfie others, I neglect my selfe; let it be the curtesie of my peruser, rather to pitie my selfe-hindring labours, then to malice me, and let him be pleased to be my reader, & not my Interpreter, since I would faine reserve that office in my owne hands, it being my daily prayer, *Ab sit & jocorum nostrorum simplicitate malignus interpres.*

Martial.

If any shall wonder why I print a Comedy, whose life is much in the Actors voice. Let such know, that it is not aroyd publishing: let it therefore stand with good excuse, that I have beene my owne setter out.

If any desire to understand the scope of my Comedy, know it hath the same limits, which *Juvenal* giues to his Satyres.

Quicquid

To the Reader.

*Quicquid agunt homines, votum, timor, ira, voluptas,
Gaudia, discursus, nostri farrago libelli est.* Juvenal.

As for the factious malice, and studied detractions of some few that tread in the same path with me, let all know, I most easily neglect them, and (carelessly slumbering to their vitious endeavours) smile heartily at their selfe-hurting basenesse. My bosome friend good *Epictetus* makes mee easily to contemne all such mens malice: since other mens tongues are not within my teeth, why should I hope to governe them? For mine owne interest for once let this be printed, that of men of my owne addiction, I loue molt, pitie some, hate none: For let mee truely say it, I once only loved my selfe, for loving them, and surely I shall ever rest so constant to my first affection, that let their ungentle combinings, discourteous whisperings, never so treacherously labour to undermine my unfenced reputation, I shall (as long as I haue being) loue the least of their graces, and onely pitie the greatest of their vices.

And now to kill envy, know you that affect to be the only minions of *Phæbus*, I am not so blushlesly ambitious as to hope to gaine any the least supreamie eminencie among you; I affect not only the *Eugenium*, & *Belè*! tis not my fashion to thinke no write. vertuously confident, that is not swellingly impudent. Nor doe I labour to bee held the onely spirit, whose Poems may be thought worthy to be kept in Cedar chests,

Heliconidasq; Pallidumq; Pyrenen,

Illis relinquo quorum imagines lambunt

Hederæ sequaces.

Pers.

He that pursues fame, shall for mee without any rivall haue breath enough, I esteeme felicity to bee more solide contentment, onely let it bee lawful for me with unaffected modesty, and full thought, to ead boldly with that of *Persius*.

Ipse semipaganus

Ad sacra vaturn carmen affero nostrum.

Io: Marston.

P R O-

Prologus.

L Et those once know that here with malice lurke,
Tis base to be too wise, in others worke.
The rest sit thus saluted:
Spectators know, you may with free faces
Behold this Scene, for here no rude disgraces
Shall taint a publicke, or a private name;
This pen at viler rate doth value fame,
Then at the price of others infamy,
To purchase it: Let others dare the rope,
Your modest pleasure is our Authors scope.
The hurdle and the racke to them he leaues
That haue nought left to be accounted any,
But by not being: Nor doth he hope to win
Your Laud or hand, with that most common sinne
Of vulgar pens, ranke baudrie, that smells
Even thorow your maskes, Vsque ad nauseam:
The venus of this Scene doth loath to weare
So vile, so common, so immodest clothings:
But if the nimble forme of Comedy,
Meere spectacle of life, and publicke manners,
May gracefullie arrive to your pleased eares,
We boldly dare the utmost death of feares,
For we doe know that this most faire fill'd roome
Is loaden with most Atick judgements, ablest spirits,
Then whom there are none more exact, full, strong,
Yet none more soft, benigne in censuring.
I know ther's not one ass in all this presence,
Not one callumnious rascall or base villaine
Of emptiest merit that would taxe and slander
If Innocencie her selfe should write, not one we know't.
O you are all the very breath of Phæbus,
In your pleas'd gracings all the true life blood
Of our poore Author liues, you are his very grace,
Now if any wonder why hee's drawne
To such base soothings, know his play's the Fawne.

Inter-



Interlocutores.

Hercules
disguised, } *Duke of Ferrara.*
Faunus.

Gonzago Duke of *Vrbino*.
Tiberio, Sonne to *Hercules*.
Dulcimet, Daughter to *Gonzago*.

Philocalia, } An honourable learned Lady compa-
nion to the Princessse *Dulcimet*.

Granuffo, A silent Lord.
Don Zuccone, A causlesly jealous Lord.
Donna Zoya, A vertuous faire witty Lady, his wife.
S. Amoroso debile-dosso, A sickly Knight.
Donna Garbetta, His Lady.

Herod Frappatore. } Brother to Sir *Amoroso* and a viti-
ous Bragart.

Nymphadore, A young Courtier, and a common Lover.
Dondolo, A bald foole.
Renaldo, Brother to *Hercules*.

Paveia } Two Ladies attendants on *Dulcimet*.
Donnetta,

Puttotta, } A poore Laundresse of the Court that
Pages. } washeth and diets footemen.

THE



THE FAVVNE.

ACTVS I. SCENA I.

Enter Hercules and Renaldo.

Hercules.



E E yonder's *Urbis*, those farre appearing
Spyres rise from the Citie, you shall con-
duct mee no further, returne to *Ferrara*,
my Dukedome by your care in my ab-
sence shall rest constantly vnited, & most
religiously loyall.

Re. My Prince and brother, let my blood and loue
challenge the freedome of one question.

Her. You hau't.

Re. Why in your stedier age in strength of life,
And firmest wit of time, will you breake forth
Those stricter limits of regardfull state?
(Which with severe distinction you still kept)
And now to unknowen dangers you'le giue up
Your selfe *Ferraras* Duke; and in your selfe
The state, and us. O my lou'd brother
Honour avoids not onely iust defame,
But flies all meanes that may ill voice his name.

Her. Busie your selfe with no feares, for I shall rest
most wary of our safetie, only some glimpses I will giue
you for your satisfaction why I leaue *Ferrara*, I haue
S
vow'd

*Dar
am C
vexa
fura
lumb*

The Fawne.

vow'd to visit the Court of *Urbis* in some disguise as thus: my sonne as you can well witnesse with me, could I never perswade to marriage, although my selfe was then an ever resolved widdower; and though I propos'd to him this very Lady, to whom hee is gone in my right to negotiate: now how his cooler blood will behaue it selfe in this busines, would I haue an onely testimony, other contents shall I giue my selfe, as not to take loue by attorney, or make my election out of tongues; other suffisings there are, which my regard would faine make sound to mee: something of much you know, that, and what else you must not know, bids you excuse this kind of my departure. (wisest.

Re. I commend all to your wisdom, and yours to the
Her. Thinke not but I shall approue that more then folly; which even now appears in a most ridiculous expectation: bee in this assured, The botome of gravitie is nothing like the top, once more fare you well.

Exit Ren.

And now thou ceremonious Sovereignty,
Yee proud severer statefull complements,
The secret arts of *Rule*, I put you off;
Nor ever shall those manacles of forme,
Once more locke up the appetite of blood.
Tis now an age of man, whilst we all strickt
Haue liu'd in awe of cariage regular
Apted unto my place; nor hath my life
Once tasted of exorbitant affects,
Wilde *Longings*, or the least of *disfrant* shapes,
But we must once be wild, tis ancient truth,
O *fortunate*, whose madnesse falls in youth!
Well, this is text, who ever keepes his place
In servile station, is all low and base.
Shall I because some few may cry, light, vaine,
Beat downe affection from desired rule,
He that doth strive to please the world's a foole:

To

The Fawne.

To haue that fellow cry, O marke him, graue,
See how austerely hee doth giue example
Of repressed heate and steddý life,
Whilest my forc'd life against the streame of blood
Is lugg'd along, and all to keepe the God
Of fooles and women, *Nice opinion* :
Whose strict preserving makes oft great men fooles,
And fooles of great men : no thou world know thus,
Ther's nothing free but it is gentious.

Exit.

SCENA SECVNDA.

Enter Nymphodoro and Herod.

Her. How now my little more then nothing, what newes is stirring ?

Pag. All the Citie's afire. *Nimp.* On fire ?

Page. With joy of the Prince *Dulcimers* birch day, there's shew upon shew, sport upon sport.

Herod. What sport, what sport ?

Page. Marry sir to solemnize the Princes birth-day ; ther's first Crackers which run into the ayre, and when they are at the top, like some ambitious strange heretike, keepe a cracking, and a cracking, and then breake, and downe they come.

Herod. A pretty crab, he would yeeld tart iuyce and he were squeez'd.

Nym. What sport else ?

Page. Other fire-workes.

Herod. Spirit of wine, I cannot tell how these fire-workes should bee good at the solemnizing the birth of men or women, I am sure they are dangerous at their begetting ; what more fire-workes sir ?

Page. There be squibs sir, which squibs running upon lines like some of our gawdy gallants sir, keepe a smother fir, with flishing and flashing, and in the end sir, they doe fir——

Nym. What sir ?

The Fawne.

Page. Stinke sir.

Hero. Fore heaven, a most sweete youth.

Enter Dondolo.

Don. Newes, newes, newes, newes.

Hero. What in the name of prophesie?

Nym. Art thou growne wise?

Hero. Doth the Duke want no money?

Nym. Is there a maid found at 24?

Hero. Speake thou three leg'd *Tripes*, is thy ship of Fooles afloat yet?

Don. I ha many things in my head to tell you.

Hero. I, thy head is alwayes working, it roles, and it roles *Dondolo*, but it gathers no mosse *Dondolo*.

Don. *Tiberio* the Duke of *Ferrara's* sonne excellently horsed, all upon *Flaunders* Mares, is arrived at the Court this very day, somewhat late in the night time.

Hero. An excellent nuntius.

Don. Why my gallants? I haue had a good wit.

Hero. Yes troth, but now tis growne like an Almanacke for the last yeare, past date, the marke's out of thy mouth *Dondolo*.

Nym. And what's the Princes Ambassage? thou art private with the Duke, thou belongest to his close stoole.

Don. Why? every foole knowes that, I know it my selfe man as well as the best man, he is come to sollicite a marriage betwixt his Father the Duke of *Ferrara*, and our Duke of *Vrbins* daughter *Dulcimell*.

Nym. Pitie of my passions, *Nymphadoro* shall loose one of his Mistresses.

Hero. Nay, if thou hast more then one, the losse can nere be grievous, since tis certaine, hee that loues many formally, never loues any violently.

Nym. Most trusted *Frappatore*, is my hand the weaker because it is divided into many fingers? no, tis the more strongly nimble. I doe now loue threescore and nine Ladies, all of them most extreamely well, but I doe loue the

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The Fawne.

the Princes most extreamely best : but in very sighing
sadnesse, I ha' lost all hope, and with that hope a Lady
that is most rare, most faire, most wise, most sweet, most--

Her. Any thing true, but remember still this faire, this
wise, this sweete, this all of excellencie has in the tayle of
all, a Woman.

Nym. Peace, the presence fils against the Prince ap-
proacheth : Marke who enters.

Her. My Brother, sir *Amoroso debilidosso.*

Nym. Not he ?

Her. No, not he.

Nym. How is he chang'd ?

Her. Why, growne the very dregs of the drabs cup.

Nym. O *Babylon* thy wals are fallen : Is he married ?

Her. Yes, yet still the Ladies common, or the com-
mon Ladies servant.

Nym. How do's his owne Lady beare with him ?

Her. Faith like the Romane *Milo*, bore with him
when hee was a Calf, and now carries him when hee's
growne an Oxe.

Nym. Peace the Duke's at hand.

Cornets. Enter *Granuffo*, *Gonzago*, *Dulcimell*,
Philocalia, *Loia*.

Gon. Daughter, for that our last speech leaues the fir-
mest poynt, be thus advis'd : when young *Tiberio* nego-
tiates his fathers loue, hold heedie guard over thy passi-
ons, and still keepe this full thought firme in thy reason,
tis his old Fathers loue the young man moves ; (is't
not well thought my Lord, wee must beare braine,) and
when thou shalt behold *Tiberios* life-full eyes, and well
fild vaines, complexion firme, and haire that curle
with strength of lustie moisture, (I thinke wee yet can
speake, wee ha' beene eloquent) thou must shape thy
thoughts to apprehend his father well in yeares,

The Fawne.

A graue wise Prince, whose beauty is his honour,
And well past life, and doe not giue thy thoughts,
Least liberty to shape a diuers scope,
(My Lord *Granuffo* pray yee note my phrase)
So shalt thou not abuse thy younger hope,
Nor afflict us, who onely joy in life,
To see thee his.

Dul. Graticus my father feare not, I rest most dutious
to your dispose. *Consert of musicke.*

Gon. Set on then, for the Musicke giues us notice the
Prince is hard at hand.

Tiberio with his traine with Hercules diguised.

Dul. You are most welcome to our long desiring Fa-
ther, to us you are come?

Tib. From our long desiring Father.

Dul. Is this your Fathers true proportion?

Shewes a Picture.

Tib. No Lady, but the perfect counterfeit.

Dul. And the best grac't.

Tib. The Painters art could yeeld.

Dul. I wonder hee would send a counterfeit to moue
our loue, *Gon.* Heare, that's my wit, when I was
eightene such a pretty toying wit had I, but age hath
made us wise (hast not my Lord?)

Tib. Why fairest Princess if your eye dislike that dea-
der peece, behold mee his true forme and liuelier Image,
such my Father hath beene.

Dul. My Lord, please you to scent this flower.

Tib. Tis withered Lady, the flowers scent is gone.

Dul. This hath beene such as you are, thath beene fir
they say in England, that a farre found Frier had guirt
the Island round with a brasse wall, if that they could
haue caught *Time is*, but *Time is past*, lest it still clipt
with aged *Neptunes* arme.

Tib. *Aurora* yet keepes chaste old *Tithons* bed.

Dul. Yet blushes at it when she rises.

The Fawne.

Gon. Pretty, pretty, just like my younger wit: you know it my Lord?

Dul. But is your Fathers age thus fresh, hath yet his head so many haire?

Tib. More, more, by many a one.

Dul. More say you?

Tib. More.

Dul. Right sir, for this hath none, is his eye so quicke as this same peece makes him shew?

Tib. The curtesie of art hath given more life to that part, then the sad cares of state would grant my Father.

Dul. This modell speakes about fourtie.

Tib. Then doth it somewhat flatter, for our father hath scene more yeares, and is a little shrunke from the full strength of time.

Gon. Somewhat coldly pray'd.

Dul. Your father hath a faire Solicitor,
And be it spoke with virgin modesty,
I would he were no elder, not that I doe fly
His side for yeares, or other hopes of youth,
But in regard the malice of lewd tongues,
Quicke to depraue on possibilities,
(Almost impossibilities) will spread
Rumors to honour dangerous.

Gon. What whisper? I, my Lord *Granuffo* twere fit
To part their lips: men of discerning wit
That haue read *plinie* can discourse, or so,
But giue me practise: well experienc't age
Is the true *Delphos*. I am no Oracle
But yet Ile prophesie: well my Lord *Granuffo*,
Tis fit to interrupt their privacie,
Is't not my Lord? now sure thou art a man
Of a most learned silence, and one whose words
Haue beene most pretious to me, right, I know thy heart,
Tis true, thy legs discourse with right and grace,
And thy tongue is constant. Faire my Lord,

The Fawne.

Forbeare all private cloſer conference,
What from your father comes, comes openly,
And ſo muſt ſpeake : for you muſt know my age
Hath ſeene the beings, and the quide of things,
I know *Dimensions* and the *terminy*
Of all *exiſtens* : Sir I know what ſhapes
Appetite formes ; but policie and ſtates
Haue more eleſted ends : your fathers ſute
Is with all publike grace received, and private loue
Imbraced, as for our daughters bent of mind
She muſt ſeeme ſomewhat nice, tis Virgins kind
To hold long out, if yet ſhe chance deny,
Aſcribe it to her decent modeſty :
We haue beene a Philoſopher and ſpoke
With much applauſe ; but now age makes us wiſe,
And drawes our eyes to ſearch the heart of things,
And leaue vaine ſeemings, therefore you muſt know,
I would be loath the gaudy ſhape of youth
Should one prouoke, and not allow'd of heate,
Or hinder, or, for ſir I know and ſo,
Therefore before us time and place affords
Free ſpeech, elſe not : wiſe heads uſe but few words
In ſhort breath, know the Court of *Vrbis* holds
Your preſence and your embaſſage ſo deare,
That wee want meanes once to expreſſe our heart
But with our heart: plaine meaning ſhunneſt art ;
You are moſt welcome (Lord *Grenuffe* a trick,
A figure note) wee uſe no *Rhetoricke*. *Exit Gon.*

Remanent Hercules, Nymphadore and Herod.

Hero. Did not *Tiberio* call his father foole ?

Nym. No, hee ſaid yeares had weakned his youthfull

Hero. Hee ſwore hee was bald. (quickneſſe.

Nym. No ; but not thicke hair'd.

Hero. By this light, Ile ſweare hee ſaid his father had
the hippout, the ſtrangury, the fiſtula, in *anno*, and a moſt
unbidable breath, no teeth, leſſe eyes, great fingers, little
legges,

The Fawne.

legges, an eternall fluxe, and an everlasting cough of the longues.

Nym. Fie, fie, by this light he did not.

Hero. By this light he should ha' done then : horne on him, threescore and five, to haue and to hold, a Lady of fiftene. O *Misericors* a tyrannie equall if not aboue thy torturing ; thou didst bind the living and the dead bodies together, and forced them so to pine and rot ; but this cruelty binds breast to breast, not onely different bodies, but if it were possible most unequall minds, together with an inforcement even scandalous to *Nature*. Now the Iayle deliver me, an Intelligencer ; be good to me yee Cloysters of bondage ; of whence art thou ?

Her. Of Ferrara.

Hero. A *Ferraraes*, what to me, camest thou in with the Prince *Tiberio* ?

Her. With the Prince *Tiberio*, what a that, you will not rayle at me, will you ?

Hero. Who I ? I rayle at one of *Ferrara*, a *Ferrazees*, no ? didst thou ride ?

Her. No.

Hero. Hast thou worne socks ?

Her. No.

Hero. Then blessed bee the most happy grauell betwixt thy toes, I doe prophesie thy tyrannising itch shall be honourable, and thy right worshipfull soule shall appeare in full presence ; art thou an officer to the Princeesse ?

Her. I am, what a that ?

Hero. My cap, what officer ?

Her. Yeoman of his bottles, what to that ?

Hero. My lip, thy name good yeoman of the bottles ?

Her. *Faunus*.

Nym. *Faunus* an old Courtier, I wonder thou art in no better cloaths and place *Faunus* ?

Her. I may bee in better place sir, and with them of more regard, if this match of our Dukes intermarriage with the heire of *Vrbino* proceed, the Duke of *Vrbino* dying,
and

The Fawne.

and our Lord comming in his Ladies right title to your Dukedome.

Hero. Why then shalt thou oh yeoman of the bottles become a maker of *Magnificoes*, thou shalt begge some od sute, and change thy old sute, part thy beard, clenſe thy teeth, and eate Apricocks, marry a rich widdow, or a crackt Lady, whose caſe thou shalt make good. Then my *Pythagoras*, shall thou and I make a transmigration of ſoules, thou shalt marry my daughter, or my wife shall be thy gracious Miſtreſſe. Seventene puncks shall be thy proportion, thou shalt begge to thy comfort of cleane linnen, eate no more fresh beefe at ſupper, or haue thy broth for next dayes porredge, but the fleſh pots of *Egypte* shall fatten thee, and the Graſhopper shall flourish in thy ſummer.

Nym. And what doſt thou thinke of the Dukes overture of marriage?

Hero. What doe you thinke?

Her. May I ſpeake boldly as at *Alleppo*?

Nym. Speake till thy lungs ake, talke out thy teeth, here are none of thoſe cankers, theſe miſchiefes of ſocietie intelligencers, or informers, that will caſt rumour into the teeth of ſome *Lelius Baudu*, a man cruelly eloquēt, and bloodily learned, no, what ſayeſt thou *Faunus*?

Her. With an undoubted breſt thus I may ſpeake boldly.

Hero. By this night ile ſpeake broadly firſt and thou wilt man, our Duke of *Vrbis* is a man very happily mad, for he thinkes himſelfe right perfectly wiſe, and moſt demonſtratiuely learned: nay more.

Her. No more, Ile on, mee thinkes the young Lord our Prince of *Ferrara* ſo bounteouſly adorned with all, of grace, feature and beſt ſhaped proportion, faire uſe of ſpeech, full opportunity, and that which makes the ſympathy of all equality, of heate, of yeares, of blood; mee thinkes theſe Loadſtones ſhould attract the mettle of the

The Faune.

the young Princess rather to the son then to the noy-
some, cold, & most weake side of his halfe rotten father.

Hero. Th'art ours, th'art ours, now dare we speake as
boldly as if *Adam* had not fallen, and made us all slaues,
harke yee, the Duke is an arrant doting Ass, an Ass, and
in the knowledge of my very sense, will turne a foolish
animall, for his sonne wil proue like one of *Baals* priests,
haue all the flesh presented to the Idoll his father, but he
in the night will feed on't, will deuoure it, hee will yeo-
man of the bottles, he will.

Her. Now gentlemen, I am sure the lust of speech
hath equally drenched us all, know I am no servant to
this Prince *Tiberio*.

Hero. Not?

Her. Not, but one to him out of some private urging
most vowed, one that pursues him but for opportunity of
false satisfaction, now if ye can preferre my service to
him, I shall rest yours wholly.

Hero. Iust in the devils mouth, thou shalt haue place,
Faune thou shalt, behold this generous *Nymphadoro*, a
gallant of a cleane boote, straight backe, and head of a
most hopefull expectation, hee is a servant of faire *Dul-
cimels*, her very creature, borne to the Princess sole ado-
ration, a man so spent in time to her, that pitie (if no
more of grace) must follow him second, when we haue
gained the roome, seru'd his sute *Hercules*. Ile bee your
intelligencer.

Her. Our very heart, and if need be, workes to most
desperate ends.

Hero. VVell urged. *Her.* Words fit acquaintance, but
full actions friends. *Nym.* Thou shalt not want *Faunus*.

Her. You promise well.

Hero. Be thou but firme, that old doting iniquity of age,
that only eyed lecherous duke thy Lord shal be bass'd to
extreamest derision, his sonne proue his toole fathers
owne issue.

Nym. And we, and thou with us blessed and enriched
past

The Fawne.

past that misery of possible contempt, and about the hopes of greatest conjectures.

Her. Nay as for wealth *vilia miretur vulgus*. I know by his physiognomy for wealth he is of my addiction, & bids a *fico* for't.

Nym. Why thou art but a younger brother, but poore *Baldazore*.

Hero. Faith to speake truth, my meanes are written in the booke of fate, as yet unknowne, and yet I am at my foole, and my hunting gelding, come, *Viah*, to this feastfull entertainment.

Exeunt. rema. Hercu.

Her. I never knew till now, how old I was,
By him by whom we are, I thinke a Prince
Whose tender sufferance never felt a gust
Of boulder breathings, but still liv'd gently fann'd
With the soft gales of his owne flatterers lips,
Shall never know his owne complection.
Deere sleepe and lust I thanke you, but for you,
Mortall till now, I scarce had knowne my selfe.
Thou gratefull poyson, sleepe mischiefe *Flattery*
Thou dreamefull slumber (that doth fall on Kings
As soft and soone as their first holy oyle,)
Be thou for ever damn'd, I now repent.
Severe indictions to some sharpe stiles
Freenes, so't grow not to licentiousnesse
Is gratefull to just states. Most spotlesse kingdome,
And Men O happy borne under good starrs,
Where what is honest you may freely thinke,
Speake what you thinke, and write what you doe speake,
Not bound to servile soothings. But since our ranke
Hath ever been afflicted with these flies
(That blow corruption on the sweetest vertues)
I will revenge us all upon you all
With the same stratagem we still are caught,
Flattery it selfe; and sure all knowe the sharpenesse

The Fawne.

Of reprehensiv language is even blunted
To full contempt, since vice is now term'd fashion,
And most are growne to ill even with defence,
I vow to wast this most prodigious heat
That falls into my age, like scorching flames
In depth of numb'd December, in flattering all
In all of their extreamest viciousnesse,
Till in their owne lov'd race they fall most lame,
And meet full butte the close of Vices shame. *Exit.*

ACTVS II. SCENA I.

*Herod and Nymphodoro with napkins in their hands,
followed by Pages with stooles and meat.*

Her. **C**OME Sir, a stoole boy, these Court Feasts are to
us Servitors Court Feasts, such scrambling, such
shift for to eate, and where to eate; here a Squire of low
degree hath got the carkasse of a Plover, there Pages of
the Chamber divide the spoyles of a tattered Pheasant,
here the Sewer has friended a Countrey-Gentleman
with a sweet greene goose, and there a young fellow that
late has bought his office, has caught a Woodcocke by
the nose, *with cups full overflowing.*

Nym. But is not *Faunus* prefer'd with a right hand?

Her. Did you ever see a fellow so spurted up in a mo-
ment? he has got the right eare of the Duke, the Prince,
Princessse, most of the Lords, but all the Ladies: why he
is become their onely Minion, Vsher, and Supporter.

Nym. He hath gotten more lov'd reputation of vertue,
of learning, of all graces, in one hour, then all your snar-
ling reformers have in — — —

Her. Nay, thats unquestionable, and indeed what a
fruitlesse labor, what a filling of *Danaes* tubbe, is it be-
come to inveigh against folly, community takes away
the sense, and example the shame: no, praise me these
fellowes,

The Fawne.

fellowes, hang on their chariot wheele, and mount with them whom fortune heaves, nay drives : A Stoicall soure vertue seldome thrives. Oppose such fortune, and then burst with those are pitied.

Enter Hercules freshly suted.

Nym. Behold that thing of most fortunate, most prosperous *Don Faunus* himselfe.

Hero. Blessed and long-lasting be thy carnation ribban; O man of more then wit, much more then vertue, of fortune, wilt eat any of a young spring sallet?

Her. Where did the hearbs grow my Gallant, where did they grow?

Hero. Hard by in the City here.

Her. No, Ile none, Ile eat no City hearbs, no City roots, for here in the City a man shal have his excrements in his teeth againe within foure and twenty houres, I love no City sallets: has't any Canarie?

Nym. How the poore snayle wriggles with this sudaine warmth. *Herod drinks.*

Hero. Here *Faunus* a health as deepe as a female.

Herc. Fore love, we must be more indeerd.

Nym. How doo'st thou feele thy selfe now *Fawne*?

Herc. Very womanly with my fingers, I protest I thinke I shall love you, are you married? I am truely taken with your vertues, are you married?

Hero. Yes.

Herc. Why I like you well for it.

Hero. No troth *Fawne*, I am not married.

Herc. Why I like you better for it; fore heaven I must love you.

Hero. Why *Fawne*, why?

Herc. Fore-heaven you are blest with three rare graces, fine linnen, cleane linings, a sanguine complexion, and I am iure, an excellent wit, for you are a Gentleman born.

Hero. Thanke thee sweet *Fawne*, but why is cleane linnen such a grace, I prethee?

Herc.

The Fawne.

Herc. Oh my excellent, and inward deerey approved friend, What's your name sir? cleane linnen is the first our life craues, and the last our death enjoys.

Hero. But what hope rests for *Nymphadore*, thou art now within the buttons of the Prince: shall the Duke his Father marry the Lady?

Herc. Tis to be hoped, not.

Nym. Thats some releefe as long as there is hope.

Herc. But sure sir tis almost undoubted the Lady will cary him.

Nym. O pestilent ayre, is there no plot so cunning, no surmise so false, no way of avoidance?

Herc. Hast thou any pity, either of his passion, or the Ladies yeeres, a Gentleman in the summer and hunting season of his youth, the Lady met in the same warmth, wer't not to be wept that such a saplesse chafing-dish-v-fing old dotard as the Duke of *Ferrara* with his withered hand, should plucke such a bud, such a -- Oh the life of sence!

Nym. Thou art now a perfect Courtier of just fashion, good grace, canst not relieve us?

Herc. Ha ye any money?

Nym. Pish *Fawne*, we are young Gallants.

Herc. The liker to have no money. But my young Gallants to speake like my selfe, I will hugg your humor. Why looke you, there is fate, destiny, constellations, and Planets, (which though they are under nature, yet they are above women,) who hath read the Book of chaunce? no, cherish your hope, sweeten your imaginations, with thoughts of, ah why women are the most giddy, uncertaine motions under heaven, tis neither proportion of body, vertue of mind, amplitude of fortune, greatnesse of blood, but onely meere chancefull appetite swayes them: which makes some one like a man, be it but for the parring of his nayles, viah, as for inequality, art not a Gentleman?

Nym.

The Faune.

Nym. That I am, and my beneficence shall shew it.

Her. I know you are, by that only word beneficence, which onely speakes of the future-tence (shall know it,) but may I breath in your bosomes? I onely feare *Tiberio* will abuse his fathers trust, and so make your hopes desperate.

Nym. How? the Prince? would he onely stood crosse to my wishes, he should find me an Italian.

Herc. How, an Italian?

Hero. By thy ayd an Italian, deere *Faunus*, thou art now wrigled into the Princes bosome, and thy sweet hand should Minister that *Nectar* to him, should make him immortall. *Nymphadoro* in direct phrase, thou should'st murther the Prince, so revenge thine owne wrongs, and be rewarded for that revenge.

Herc. Afore the light of my eyes, I thinke I shall admire, wonder at you. What? ha ye plots, projects, correspondences, and stratagems: why are not you in better place?

Enter *sir Amorofo*.

Who's this *Herod*, my eldest Brother *sir Amorofo Debili-doso*?

Here. Oh I know him, God blesse thine eyes sweet *sir Amorofo*, a rous, a vin de monte, to'ch health of thy chin, my deere sweet Signiour.

Sir Amor. Pardon me sir, I drinke no wine this spring.

Hero. O no sir, he takes the diet this spring alwayes, boy my brothers bottell.

Sir Amor. Faith *Faune*, an odde wholesome cold, make's me still hoarse and thumerique.

Hero. Yes in troth a paltry murre, last morning he blew nine bones out of his nose with an odde unwholesome murre: how do's my Sister your Lady, what do's she breed?

Hero.

The Fawne.

Herc. I perceive Knight you have children, oh tis a blessed assurance of heavens favour, & long lasting name to have many children.

Sir Amor. But I ha none, *Fawne*, now.

Herc. O thats most excellent, a right special happines, he shall not be a Drudge to his cradle, a slave to his child; he shall be sure not to cherish anothers blood; nor toyle to advance peradventure some Rascals lust, without children a man is unclog'd, his wife almost a Maide: *Messalina*, thou cryedst out, O blessed barrenesse, why once with childe the very *Venus* of a Ladies entertainment hath lost all pleasure.

Sir Amor. By this Ring *Faunus* I doe hugge thee with most passionate affection, and shall make my wife thanke thee.

Her. Nay my Brother grudgeth not at my probable inheritance, he means once to give a younger brother hope to see fortune.

Nym. And yet I heare sir *Amorous*, you cherish your loynes with high art, the onely ingrosser of *Eringoes*, prepar'd *Cantharides*, *Culleffes* made of dissolved *Pearle*, and bruis'd *Amber*, the pith of *parkets*, and candied *Lambstones* are his perpetuall meats; Beds made of the downe under Pigeons-wings and Goose-necks, fomentations, bathes, electuaries, frictions, and all the nurses of most forcible excited concupiscence he useth with most nice and tender industry.

Her. Pish *Zoccoli*, no *Nymphodoro*, if sir *Amorous* would ha children, let him lye on a mattres, plow or thresh, eat onyons, garlick, and lecke-porredg, *Pharaoh* and his counsell were mistaken; & their devise to hinder the encrease of procreation in the Israelites, with inforcing them to much labour of body, and to feed hard, with beetes, garlike, and onions (meats that make the originall of man most sharpe, and taking) was absurd. No he should have given barley bread, lettice, mellones, cucumers, huge store

The Fawne.

of veale, and fresh beefe, blown up their flesh, held them from exercise, rould them in feathers, and most severely seene them drunke once a day, then would they at their best have begotten but wenches, and in short time their generation infeeble to nothing.

Sir. *Am.* Oh divine *Faunus*, where might a man take up forty pound in a commodity of garlike, and Onyons ? *Nymphodoro* thine eare.

Her. Come what are you fleering at ? ther's some weakenes in your brother you wrinkle at thus, come prethee impart, what ? we are mutually incorporated, turn'd one into another, brued together, come I beleeeve you are familiar with your sister, and it were knowne.

Hero. Witch, *Faunus* witch, why how dost dreame I live ? ist fower scoure a yeare think'st thou maintaines my geldings, my pages, foote-clothes, my best feeding, high play, and excellent company ? no tis from hence, from hence, I mynt some foure hundred pound a yeere.

Her. Dost thou live like a Porter by thy backe boy ?

Hero. As for my weake rained brother hang him, hee has sore shins, dam him *heteroelite*, his braine's perished, his youth spent his fodder so fast on others Cattle, that he now wants for his owne in winter, I am faine to supply *Faune*, for which I am supplied.

Her. Dost thou braunch him boy ?

Hero. What else *Faune*.

Her. What else ? nay tis enough, why many men corrupt other mens wives, some their maides, others their neighbours daughters, but to lie with ones brothers wedlocke, O my deare *Herod* tis vile and uncommon lust.

Hero. Fore heaven I loue thee to the heart, well I may prayse God for my brothers weakenesse, for I assure thee, the land shall discend to me my little *Faune*.

Her. To thee my little *Herod* ? oh my rare Rascall,
I doe

The Fawne.

I doe find more and more in thee to wonder at, for thou art indeed, if I prosper, thou shalt know what.

Enter Don Zuccone.

Hero. What? know you not *Don Zuccone* the onely desperately rayling at's Lady that ever was confidently melancholy, that egregious ideot, that husband of the most vvitty, fayre (and be it spoken with many mens true grieve) most chaste Lady *Zoya*, but we have entered into a confederacy of afflicting him.

Her. Plots ha you laid? inductions, dangerous.

Nym. A quiet bosome to my sweet *Don*, are you going to visite your Ladie?

Zucc. What a clock ist, is it past three?

Hero. Past foure I assure you sweet *Don*.

Zucc. Oh then I may be admitted, her afternoons private nap is taken, I shall take her napping. I heare ther's one jealous that I lie with my owne vvife, and begins to vvithdraw his hand: I protest I vow, and you will, on my knees Ile take my sacrament on it, I lay not with her this long yeare, this foure yeare; let her not be turn'd upon me I beseech you.

Her. My deere *Don*?

Zucc. Oh *Faunus* dost know our Lady?

Her. Your Lady?

Zucc. No our Lady, for the love of charity incorporate with her, I would have all nations and degrees, all ages know our Lady, for I covet only to be undoubtedly notorious.

Her. For indeed sir, a repressed fame mountes like *Camomyll*, the more trod downe, the more it growes, things knowne common and undoubted, lose rumour.

Nym. Sir I hope yet your conjectures may erre; your Lady keeps full-face, unbated roundnesse, cheerefull aspect, were she so infamously prostitute, her cheeke would fall, her colour fade, the spirit of her eye would die.

The Faune.

Lucc. Oh young man, such women are like *Danaus* sub, and indeede all women are like *Achilleus*, with whom *Hercules* wrastring, he was no sooner hurl'd to the earth, but he rose up with double vigor, their fall strengthneth them. *Enter Dondolo.*

Don. Newes, newes, newes, newes, oh my deare *Don* be rays'd, be Ioviall, be triumphant, ah my deere *Don*.

Nym. To me first in private, thy newes I prethee.

Don. Will you be secret?

Nym. A my life.

Don. As you are generous?

Nym. As I am generous.

Don. *Don Zuccones* Ladie's with child.

Her. *Nymph.* *Nymph.* what i't? what's the newes?

Nym. You'l be secret.

Hero. Silence it selfe.

Nym. *Don Zuccones* Ladie's with child apparantly.

Her. *Herod,* *Herod,* whats the matter preethee, the newes?

Hero. You must tell no body.

Her. As I am generous —

Hero. *Don Zuccones* Ladie's with child apparantly.

Zucc. *Faune* whats the whisper, whats the fooles secret newes?

Her. Truth my Lord, a thing, that beauty, that well, I faith it is not fit you know it, now, now, now.

Zucc. Not fit I know it? as you are baptis'd tell me, tell me.

Her. Will you plight your patience to it?

Zucc. Speake I am a very blocke, I will not be mou'd, I am a very blocke.

Her. But if you should grow disquiet (as I protest, it would make a Saint blasphemous) I should be unwilling to procure your impatience.

Zucc. Ye doe burst me, burst me, burst me with longing.

Her.

The Fawne.

Her. Nay faith tis no great matter, harke ye, youle tell no body?

Zucc. Not.

Her. As you are noble?

Zucc. As I am honest.

Her. Your Lady wife is apparantly with child.

Zucc. With child?

Her. With child.

Zucc. Foole.

Her. My *Don*.

Zucc. With child? by the pleasure of generation, I proclaime I lay not with her this — give us patience, give us patience.

Her. Why? my Lord tis nothing to weare a forke.

Zucc. Heaven and earth.

Her. All things under the Moone are subject to their mistris grace; horns, lend me your ring my *Don*, Ile put it on my finger, now tis on yours againe, why is the gold now ere the worse in lustre or fitnesse?

Zucc. Am I us'd thus?

Her. I my Lord true, nay to be (looke ye, marke ye) to be us'd like a dead oxe, to have your owne hide pluckt on, to be drawn on with your owne horne, to have the Lordship of your father, the honour of your ancestors, maugre your beard, to discend to the base lust of some groome of your stable, or the page of your chamber.

Zucc. Oh *Phalaris* thy Bull.

S. Am. Good *Don*. ha patience, you are not the only Cuckold, I would now be separated.

Zuc. 'Las that's but the least drop of the storme of my revenge, I will unlegitimate the issue, what I will doe, shall be horrible but to thinke.

Her. But Sir.

Zucc. But Sir? I will doe what a man of my forme may doe, and — laugh on, laugh on, doe Sir *Amarous*, you have a Lady too.

The Fawne.

Hero. But my sweet Lord.

Zucc. Doe not anger me, least I most dreadfully curse thee, and vvish thee married, oh *Zuccone*, spitte vvwhite, spitte thy gall out, the only boone I crave of heaven, is but to have my honors inherited by a bastard, I vvill be most tirannous, blouddily tirannous in my revenge, and most terrible in my curses: live to grow blind vvith lust, sencelesse vvith use, loathed after, flattered before, hated alwaies, trusted never, abhorred ever, and last may she live to weare a foule smocke seven vveekes together, heaven I beseech thee.

Exit.

Zoya. Is he gone? is he blowne off? now out upon him unsufferably jealous foole.

Enter Zoya and Povea.

Don. Lady.

Zoya. Didst thou give him the fam'd report? do's he beleeve I am with child? do's he give faith?

Don. In most sincerity, most sincerely.

Her. Nay tis a pure foole, I can tell yee he was bred up in Germany.

Nym. But the laughter rises, that he vowes he lay not in your bed this foure yeare with such exquisite protestations.

Zoya. That's most full truth, he hath most unjustly severed his sheetes ever since the old Duke *Pietro*, heaven rest his soule.

Don. Fie, you may not pray for the dead, tis indifferent to them what you say.

Nym. Well sayd foole.

Zoya. Ever since the old Duke *Pietro*, the great Devill of hell torture his soule.

Don. O Lady, yet charity.

Zoya. Why? tis indifferent to them what you say foole, but do's my Lord ravell out, do's he fret? for pittie
of

The Fawne.

of an afflicted Lady load him soundly, let him not worke cleere from vexation, hee has the most dishonourably, with the most sinfull, most vicious obstinacy, persevered to wrong me, that were I not of a male constitution, twere impossible for me to survive it, but in madnesse name, let him on, I ha not the weake fence of some of your soft-eyed whimpering Ladies, who, if they were us'd like me, would gall their fingers with wringing their hands, looke like bleeding *Lucresses*, and shed salt water, ynough to powder all the beefe in the Dukes larder. No, I am resolved *Donna Zoya*; ha, that wives were of my mettall, I would make these ridiculously jealous fooles, howle like a starved dog, before he got a bit, I was created to be the affliction of such an unsanctified member, and will boyle him in his owne sirrupe.

Enter Zuccone listening.

Her. Peace the wolfes eare takes the wind of us.

Hero. The enemy is in ambush.

Zoy. If any man ha the wit, now let him talke wantonly, but not bauldly; come Gallants who'le be my servants? I am now very open hearted, and full of entertainment.

Her. Grace me too call you mistrisse.

Nym. Or me.

Hero. Or me.

Sir Am. Or me.

Zoy. Or all, I am taken with you all, with you all.

Herc. As indeed, why should any woman onely love such an one, since it is reasonable, women should affect all perfection, yea, all should covet many vertues, therefore Ladies should covet many men; for as in women, so in men, some woman hath only a good eye, one can discourse beautifully if she doe not laugh, one's well favoured to her nose, another hath onely a good brow, rother a plump lip, a third onely holdes beauty to the teeth,

The Fawne.

and there the soyle alters, some peradventure hold good to the breast, and then downward turne like the drempt-of Image, whose head was gold, breast silver, thighes yron, and all beneath clay and earth, one onely winkes eloquently, another onely kisses well, tother onely talkes well, a fourth onely lyes well: So in men, one Gallant has onely a good face, another has onely a grave methodicall beard, & is a notable wise fellow untill he speakes, a third onely makes water well, and thats a good provoking quality, one onely sweares well, another onely speakes well, a third onely do's well, all in their kinde good, goodnesse is to be affected, therfore they, it is a base thing and indeed an impossible for a worthy minde to be contented with the whole world, but most vile and abject to be satisfied with one poynt or pricke of the world.

Zoya. Excellent *Faunus* I kisse thee for this, by this hand.

Sir Am. I thought as well, kisse me too, deere mistresse.

Zoya. No, good sir *Amorous*, your teeth hath taken rust, your breath wants ayring, and indeed I love sound kissing. Come Gallants, who'le run a Caranto, or leape a Levalto.

Herc. Take heed Lady from offending or brusing the hope of your wombe.

Zoya. No matter, now I ha the sleight, or rather the fashion of it, I feare no barrenesse.

Here. O, but you know not your husbands aptnesse.

Zoya. Husband? husband? as if women could have no children without husbands.

Nym. I, but then they wil not be so like your husband.

Zoya. No matter, thei'le be like their father, tis honour ynough to my husband, that they vouchsafe to call him father, & that his land shall discend to them (do's he not gnash his very teeth in anguish) like our husband? I had rather they were ungroand for, like our husband? proove such a melancholy jealous asse as he is: Do's hee not stampe?

Nym.

The Fawne.

Nym. But eroth, your husband has a good face.

Zoya. Faith good ynough face for a husband, come gallants Ile daunce to mine owne whistle; I am as light now as - ah, a kisse to you, to my sweet free servants. dreame on me, and adue.

She sings and daunces.

Zxit Zoya.

Zuccone discovers himselfe.

Zucc. I shall loose my wits.

Herc. Be comforted deere *Don*, you ha none to leeze.

Zucc. My wife is growne like a Dutch-creft alwaies rampant, rampant, fore I will endure this affliction, I will live by taking cockles out of kennels, nay, I will runne my Countrey, forsake my religion, goe weave Fustians, or rowle the wheele-barrow at *Rotterdam*.

Herc. I would be divorced dispite her friends, or the oath of her Chamber-maide.

Zucc. Nay, I will be divorced in dispite of em all, Ile goe to law with her.

Herc. Thats excellent, nay, I would goe to Law.

Zucc. Nay, I will goe to law.

Herc. Why thats sport alone, what though it be most exacting, wherefore is money?

Zucc. True, wherefore is money?

Herc. What though you shall pay for every quill, each droppe of Inke, each minnam, letter, tittle, comma, pricke, each breath, nay, not onely for thine Orators prating, but for some other Orators silence, though thou must buy silence with a full hand, tis well knowne *Demosthenes* tooke above 2000. pound once only to hold his peace, though thou a man of noble gentry, yet you must waight, and besiege his study doore, which will proove more hard to be entred, then old *Troy*, for that was gotten into by a wooden horse, but the entrance of this may chaunce cost thee a whole stocke of Cattell, Oves & boves & caters

The Fawne.

cetera pecora campi, though then thou must sit there thrust and contemned bare-headed to a grograine scribe ready to start up at the doore creaking, prest to get in, with your leaue Sir, to some surly groome, the third sonne of a Rope-maker; what of all this?

Zucc. To a resolute minde these torments are not felt.

Herc. A very arrant Assie, when he is hungry will feed on though he be whipt to the bones, and shall a very arrant Assie *Zuccone*, be more vertuously patient, then a noble.

Don. No *Fawne*, the world shall know I have more vertue, then so.

Herc. Doe so and be wise.

Zucc. I will I warrant thee, so I may be revenged, what care I what I doe?

Herc. Call a dogge worshipfull.

Zucc. Nay, I will embrace, nay I wil embrace a Take-farmer after eleven a clocke at night, I will stand bare, and give wall to a Bellowes-mender, pawne my Lordship, sell my foot-cloth, but I will be reveng'd, do's she thinke she has married an Assie?

Herc. A Foole?

Zucc. A Coxecombe?

Herc. A Ninny-hammer?

Zucc. A Woodcocke?

Herc. A Calfe?

Zucc. No, she shall find that I ha eyes.

Herc. And braine.

Zucc. And nose.

Herc. And Fore-head.

Zucc. She shall yfaith *Fawne*, she shall, she shall, sweet *Fawne*, she shall yfaith old boy, it joyes my blood to thinke on't, she shall yfaith; farewell lov'd *Fawne*, sweet *Fawne* farewell, she shall yfaith boy.

Exit Zuccone.

Enter

The Fawne.

Enter Gonzago, and Granuffo with Duleimell.

Gonz. We would be privat, eonely *Faunus* stay, He is
a wise fellow Daughter, a very wise fellow, for he is still
just of my opinion: my Lord *Granuffo*, you may likewise
stay, for I know you'l say nothing, say on Daughter.
Exeunt.

Dul. And as I told you sir, *Tiberio* being sent,
Gra't in high trust as to negotiate
His royall fathers love, if he neglect
The honour of this faith, just care of state,
And every fortune that gives likely-hood
To his best hopes, to draw our weaker heart
To his owne love (as I protest he do's.)

Gonz. Ile rate the Prince with such a heat of breath
His eares shall glow, nay, I discover'd him,
I read his eyes, 's I can reade an eye,
Tho it speake in darkest Characters I can,
Can we not *Fawne*, can we not my Lord?
Why I conceive you now, I understand you both:
You both admire, yes, say is't not hit?
Though we are old, or so, yet we ha wit.

Dul. And you may say, (if your wisdom please
As you are truly wise) how vreake a creature
Soft woman is to beare the seidge and strength,
Of so prevailing feature, and faire language,
As that of his is ever: you may adde,
(If so your wisdom please, as you are wise.)

Gonz. As mortall man may be.

Dul. I am of yeres apt for his love, and if he should
In private urgent sute, how easie twere (proceed
To win my love, for you may say (if so
Your wisdom please) you find in me
A very forward passion to injoy him,
And therefore you beseech him seriously
Straight to forbear, with such close cunning art,

To

The Fawne.

To urge his too well graced suite : for you
(If so your Lordship please) may say I told you all.

Gonz. Goe to goe to, what I will say or so,
Vntill I say none but my selfe shall know.
But I will say, goe to, do's my colour rise ?
It shall rise, for I can force my blood
To come and goe, as men of wit and state
Must sometimes faine their loue, sometimes their hate.
That's pollicie now, but come with this free heate,
Or this same *Estro* or *Enthufiame*,
(For these are phrases both poetickall)
Will we goe rate the Prince, and make him see
Himselfe in us ; that is our grace and wits, (fits.
Shall shew his shapelesse folly, vice kneels while vertue
Enter Tiberio.

But see we are prevented daughter, in ;
It is not fit thy selfe should heare what I
Must speake of thy most modest wise, wise mind
For th'art carefull, sober, in all most wise. *Exit Dul.*
And indeed our daughter. My Lord *Tiberio*,
A horse but yet a colt may leaue his trot,
A man, but yet a boy may well be broke
From vaine addictions, the head of Rivers stopt,
The Channell dries ; he that doth dread a fire,
Must put out sparkes, and he who feares a bull,
Must cut his hornes off when he is a Calf,
Principijs obsta saith a learned man,
Who, tho' he was no Duke, yet he was wise,
And had some sense or so.

Tib. What meanes my Lord ?
Lah sir, thus men of braine can speake in clouds
Which weake eyes cannot pearse ; but my faire Lord
In direct phrase thus, my daughter tels me plaine,
You goe about with most direct intreats
To gaine her loue, and to abuse her father ;
O my faire Lord, will you a youth so blest

With

The Fawne.

With rarest gifts of fortune, and sweet graces
Offer to loue a young and tender Lady,
Will you I say abuse your most wise father ?
Who tho' he freeze in *August*, and his calues
Are sunke into his toes, yet may well wed our daughter
As old as he in wit : will you say
(For by my troth my Lord I must be plaine)
My daughter is but young, and apt to loue
So fit a person as your proper selfe,
And so the pray'd me tell you, will you now
Intice her easie breast to abuse your trust,
Her proper honour, and your fathers hopes ?
I speake no figures, but I charge you check
Your appetite, and passions to our daughter
Before it head, nor offer conference
Or seeke accessse, but by, and before us ;
What judge you us as weake, or as unwise ?
No you shall find that *Ventce* Duke has eyes ; and so
thinke on't.

Exeunt Gonzago and Granuffo.

Tib. Astonishment and wonder, what meanes this ?
Is the Duke sober ?

Her. Why ha' not you endeavour'd
Courses that haue seconded appetite,
And not your honour, or your trust of place ?
Doe you not court the Lady for your selfe ?

Tib. Fawne thou dost loue me : If I ha' done so
Tis past my knowledge, and I preethee *Fawne*
If thou obseru'st I doe I know not what
Make me to know it, for by the deare light
I ha' not found a thought that way ; I apt for loue ?
Let lasie idlenesse fild full of wine,
Heau'd with meates, high fed with lustfull ease
Goe dote on colour, as for me : why earth a sense
I court the Lady ? I was not borne in Cyprus,

I loue

The Fawne.

I loue, when ? how ? whom ? thinke, let us yet keepe
our reason sound ; Ile thinke, and thinke & sleepe. *Exit.*

Her. Amaz'd, even lost in wondring, I rest full
Of covetous expectation : I am left
As on a rock, from whence I may discerne
The giddy sea of humour flow beneath,
Vpon whose backe the vainer bubbles floate,
And forth-with breake ; O mighty flattery
Thou easiest, commonst, and most gratefull venome
That poysons Courts, and all societies,
How gratefull dost thou make me, should one rayle
And come to feare a vice ? beware legge-rings,
And the turn'd key on thee, when if softer hand
Suppling a sore that itches (which should smart)
Free speech gaines foes, base fawning steale the heart,
Swell you impostumb'd members till you burst,
Since tis in vaine to hinder, on ile thrust,
And when in shame you fall, ile laugh from hence,
And cry, so end all desperate impudence.
An others Court shall shew me where and how
Vice may be cur'd ; for now beside my selfe,
Possess't with almost phrenzie, from strong fervor,
I know I shall produce things meere divine,
Without immoderate heate, no vertues shine ;
For I speake strong, tho' strange, the dewes that sleepe
Our soules in deepest thoughts, are *Furie* and *Sleepe*.

Exit.

ACTVS TERTIVS.

Enter Faunus and Nymphadoro.

Nym. Faith *Fawne* tis my humour, the naturall son of
my sanguine complexion, I am most inforcedly in loue
with all women, almost affecting them all with an equal
flame.

Her. An excellent Iustice of an upright vertue, you
loue

The Fawne.

loue all Gods creatures with an unpartiall affection.

Nym. Right, neither am I inconstant to any one in particular.

Her. Tho' you loue all in generall, true, for when you vow a most devoted loue to one, you sweare not to tender a most devoted loue to another; and indeed why should any man over-loue any thing, 'tis judgement for a man to loue every thing proportionably to his vertue. I loue a dogge with a hunting pleasure, as hee is pleasurable in hunting, my horse after a journeying easinesse as he is easie in journeying, my hawke, to the goodnesse of his wing, and my wench——

Nym. How sweet *Fawne*, how?

Her. Why according to her creation, nature made them pretty, toying, idle, phantasticke, imperfect creatures, evē so I would in justice affect them, with a pretty toying idle phantasticke imperfect affection; & as indeed they are onely created for shew and pleasure, so would I onely loue them for shew and pleasure.

Nym. Why that's my humour to a very thread, thou dost speake my proper thoughts.

Her. But sir with what possibility can your constitution bee so boundlessly amorous as to affect all women of what degree, forme or complexion soever?

Nym. Ile tell thee, for mine owne part, I am a perfect *Ovidian*, and can with him affect all; if shee be a virgin of a modest eye, shame fac't, temperate aspect, her very modesty inflames me, her sober blushes fires me: If I behold a wanton, pretty, courtly petulant Ape, I am extremely in loue with her, because she is not clownishly rude, and that shee assures her lover of no ignorant, dull, moving venus: bee shee souerely severe, I thinke shee wittily counterfeits, and I loue her for her wit: if shee bee learned and censures Poets, I loue her soule, and for her soule her body: bee shee a Lady of profest ignorance, oh I am infinitely taken with her simplicitie;
I am

The Fawne.

I am assured to find no sophistication about her, bee shee slender and leane, shee's the Greekes delight, be she thick and plump, she's the Italians pleasure, if she be tall, she's of a goodly forme, and will print a faire proportion in a large bed, if she be short and low, shee's nimbly delightful, and ordinarily quicke witted, be she young, shee's for mine eye, be shee old, she's for my discourse as one well knowing, ther's much amiableness in a grane matron, but be she young or old, leane, fat, short, tall, white, red, browne, nay even blacke, my discourse shall find reason to loue her, if my meanes may procure opportunity to enjoy her.

Her. Excellent sir, nay if a man were of competent meanes, wert not a notable delight for a man to haue for every moneth in the yeare?

Nym. Nay for every weeke of the Moneth?

Her. Nay for every day of that weeke?

Nym. Nay for every hower of that day?

Her. Nay for every humor of a man in that hower, to haue a severall Mistresse to entertaine him, as if hee were *Saturnine*, or melancholy, to haue a blacke hayr'd, pall-fac'd, fallow thinking Mistresse to clip him: If joviall and merry, a sanguine, light tripping, singing, indeed a Mistresse that would dance and caranto as shee goes to embrace him, if cholericke, impatient or irefull, to haue a Mistresse with red haire, little Ferret eyes, a leane cheek, and a sharpe nose to entertaine him. And so of the rest.

Enter Dozetta.

Nym. O sir this were too great ambition: well I loue and am beloved of a great many, for I court all in the way of honour, in the trade of mariage *Fawne*; but aboue all I affect the Princesse, shee's my utmost end. O I loue a Lady, whose beauty is joynd with fortune, beyond all, yet one of beauty without fortune for some vses, nay one of fortune without beauty, for some ends, but never any that has neither fortune nor beauty, but
for

The Faune.

for necessitiy such a one as this is *Dona Donetta*. Heres one has loved all the Court just once over.

Her. O this is the faire Lady with the fowle teeth, Natures hand shooke when shee was in making, for the red that should haue spread her checks, nature let fall upon her nose, the white of her skinne slipt into her eyes, and the gray of her eyes leapt before his time into her haire, and the yellownesse of her haire fell without providence into her teeth.

Nym. By the vow of my heart, you are my most only elected, and I speake by way of protestation, I shall no longer wish to be, then that your onely affection shall rest in me, and mine only in you.

Don. But if you shall loue any other?

Nym. Any other? can any man loue any other, that knowes you, the only perfection of your sexe, and astonishment of mankind?

Don. Fie yee flatter, goe weare and understand my favour, this snail's slow, but sure.

Nym. This kisse.

Don. Farewell.

Nym. The integrity and onely vow of my faith to you, ever urged your well deserved requitall to me.

Exit Donetta:

Her. Excellent.

Nym. See here's an other of—— *Enter Garberza:*

Her. Of your most onely elected.

Nym. Right *Donna Garberza*.

Her. O I will acknowledge this is the Lady made of cutworke, and all her body like a sand-boxe full of holes, and containes nothing but dust, she chuseth her servants as men chuse dogs, by the mouth; if they open well and full, their cry is pleasing; she may be chaste, for she has a bad face, and yet questionlesse she may be made a strumpet, for she is covetous.

Nym. By the vow of my heart, you are my most only elected, and I speake it by way of protestation, I shall no longer

The Fawne.

longer wish to bee, then all your affections shall onely rest in me, and all mine onely in you.

Her. Excellent, this peece of stuffe is good on both sides, hee is so constant hee will not change his phrase.

Gar. But shall I giue faith, may you not loue another?

Nym. An other? can any man loue another that knowes you, the onely perfection of your sexe, and admiration of mankind?

Gar. Your speech flies too high for your meaning to follow, yet my mistrust shall not preceed my experience, I wrought this favour for you.

Nym. The integritie and onely vow of my faith to you, ever urg'd your well deserved requitall to me.

Her. Why this is pure wit, nay judgement.

Nym. Why looke thee *Fawne*, obserue me.

Her. I doe sir.

Nym. I doe loue at this instant some nineteene Ladies all in the trade of marriage: now sir whose father dyes first, or whose portion appeareth most, or whose fortune betters soonest, her with quiet liberty at my leasure will I elect; for if my humour loue ———

Enter Dulcimet and Philocalia.

Her. You professe a most excellent mysterie sir.

Nym. Fore heaven, see the Princess she that is —

Her. Your most onely elected too.

Nym. Oh I, oh I, but my hopes faint yet, by the vow of my heart you are my most only elected and ———

Dul. Ther's a ship of fooles going out, shall I pre-ferre thee *Nymph adoro*? thou mayest be masters mate, my father hath made *Dondato* Captaine, else thou shouldst haue his place.

Nym. By loue *Fawne* shee speakes as sharply and lookes as sourly, as if shee had beene new squeased ou of a crab.

Her.

The Fawne.

Her. How tearme you that Lady with whom shee holds discourse?

Nym. O *Fawne*, 'tis a Lady even aboue ambition, and like the verticall sunne, that neither forceth others to cast shaddowes, nor can others force or shade her, her stile is *Dona Philocalia*.

Her. *Philocalia*, what that renowned Lady, whose ample report hath strook wonder into remotest strangers, and yet her worth aboue that wonder? she whose noble industries hath made her breast rich in true glories, and undying habilities; shee that whilest other Ladies spend the life of earth, *Time*, in reading their glasse, their Jewels, and the shame of Poesie lustfull sonets, giues her soule meditations, those meditations wings that cleaue the ayre, fan bright celestiall fires, whose true reflections makes her see her selfe and them: Shee whose pitie is ever aboue her envie, loving nothing lesse then insolent prosperity, and pittying nothing more then vertue destitute of fortune.

Nym. There were a Lady for *Ferraraes* Duke, one of great blood, firme age, undoubted honour, aboue her sexe, most modestly, artfull, tho' naturally modest, too excellent to be left unmatched, tho' few worthy to match with her.

Her. I cannot tell, my thoughts grow busie.

Phi. The Princessse would be private, void the presence.

Exeunt.

Dul. May I rest sure thou wilt conceiue a secret.

Phi. Yes Madam.

Dul. How may I rest truely assur'd?

Phi. Truely thus; Doe not tell it me.

Dul. Why, canst thou not conceale a secret?

Phi. Yes, as long as it is a secret, but when two know it how can it bee a secret, and indeed with what justice can you expect secrecie in mee that can-

The Fawne.

cannot bee private to your selfe ?

Dul. Faith *Philocalia*, I must of force trust thy silence, for my breast breakes if I conferre not my thoughts upon thee.

Phi. You may trust my silence, I can command that, but if I chance to bee questioned I must speake truth, I can conceale, but not deny my knowledge, that must command me.

Dul. Fie on these Philosophicall discoursing women, prethee conferre with me like a creature made of flesh and blood, and tell me, if it be not a scandall to the soule of all-being proportion, that I a female of 13. of a light-some and civill discretion, healthy, lusty, vigorous, full and idle, should for ever be shackled to the crampy shinnes of a wayward, dul, sower, austere, rough, rheumy, threescore and fower.

Phi. Nay, threescore and ten at the least.

Dul. Now heaven blesse me, as it is pittie that every knaue is not a foole, so it is shame, that every old man is not, and resteth not a widdower. They say in China, when women are past child-bearing, they are all burnt to make gun-powder. I wonder what men should be done withall, when they are past child-getting: yet upon my loue *philocalia* (which with Ladies is often about their honour) I doe even dote upon the best part of the Duke.

Phi. Whats that?

Dul. His sonne, yes sooth, and so loue him, that I must marry him.

Phi. And wherefore loue him, so to marry him.

Dul. Because I loue him, and because hee is vertuous, I loue to marry.

Phi. His vertues.

Dul. I, with him his vertues.

Phi. I with him, alas sweete Princeesse, loue or vertue are not of the essence of marriage.

Dul. I rest upon your understanding, Ile maintaine that

The Fawne.

that wisdome in a woman is a most foolish qualitie: A Lady of a good complexion naturally, well witted, perfectly bred, and well exercised in discourse of the best men, shall make fooles of a thousand of these booke thinking creatures; I speake it by way of justification, I tel thee, (look, that no body Eaufdropus.) I tel thee I am truly learned for I protest ignorant, and wise; for I loue my selfe, and vertuous enough for a Lady of fifteene.

Phi. How vertuous?

Dul. Shall I speake like a creature of a good healthfull blood, and not like one of these weake greene sicknesse, leane tificke, staruelings. First for the vertue of magnanimity, I am very valiant, for there is no heroicke action so particularly noble and glorious to our sexe, as not to fall to action; the greatest deed we can doe is not to doe, (looke that no body listen) then am I full of patience, and can beare more then a Sumpter horse; for (to speake sensibly) what burthen is there so heauie to a Porters backe, as virginity to a well complexioned young Ladies thoughts? (looke no body harken) by this hand the noblest vow is that of Virginity, because the hardest, I will haue the Prince.

Phi. But by what meanes sweet Madam?

Dul. Oh *philocalia*, in heauie sadnesse and unwanton phrase, there lyes all the braine woike, by what meanes I could fall into a miserable blanke verse presently.

Phi. But deare Madam, your reason of loving him?

Dul. Faith onely a womans reason, because I was expressly forbidden to loue him, at the first view I lik't him; and no sooner had my Fathers wisdome mistrusted my liking, but I grew loath his judgement should erre, I pitied hee should proue a foole in his old age, and without cause mistrust me.

Phi. But when you saw no meanes of manifesting your affection to him, why did not your hopes perish?

The Fawne.

Dul. O *philocalia* that difficultie onely inflames mee, when the Enterprise is easie, the victory is inglorious; no let my wise, aged, learned, intelligent Father, that can interpret yes, understanding the language of birds, interpret the grumbling of Dogs, and the conference of Cats; that can reade even silence, let him forbid all interviewes, all speeches, all tokens, all messages, all (as hee thinkes) humane meanes, I will speake to the Prince, court the Prince, that hee shall understand mee; nay I will so stalke on the blind side of my all-knowing fathers wit, that doe what his wisdom can, hee shall bee my onely Mediator, my onely Messenger, my honourable spokesman, hee shall carry my favours, hee shall amplifie my affection, nay he shall direct the Prince the meanes, the very way to my bed; hee and onely hee, when hee onely can doe this, and onely would not doe this, hee onely shall doe this.

Phi. Only you shall then deserue such a husband: O loue how violent are thy passages?

Dul. Pish *philocalia* tis against the nature of loue, not to be violent.

Phi. And against the condition of violence to bee constant.

Dul. Constancy? constancy and patience are vertues in no living creatures but Centinels and Anglers: here's our father.

Enter Gonzago, Hercules and Granuffo.

Gon. What did he thinke to walke invisibly before our eyes? and he had *Giges* ring I would find him.

Hero. Fore loue you rated him with Emphasis.

Gon. Did we not shake the Prince with energie?

Her. With Ciceronian elocution.

Gon. And most pathetique piercing oratorie.

Her.

The Fawne.

Her. If he haue any wit in him, he will make sweet use of it.

Gon. Nay, hee shall make sweet use of it ere I haue done ; Lord what overweening fooles these young men be, that thinke us old men sots.

Her. Arrant Asses.

Gon. Doting Ideots, when wee God wot, ha, ha, las silly soules.

Her. Poore weake creatures to men of approved reach.

Gon. Full yeares.

Her. Of wise experience.

Gon. And approved wit.

Her. Nay as for your wit.

Con. Count *Granuffo*, as I liue this *Faunus* is a rare understander of men, is a not? *Faunus*, this *Granuffo* is a right wise good Lord, a man of excellent discourse, and never speakes, his signes to mee, and men of profound reach instruct abundantly; hee begs suites with signes, giue's thanks with signes, puts off his hat leisurely, maintaines his beard learnedly, keeps his lust privately, makes a nodding legge courtly, and liues happily.

Her. Silence is an excellent modest grace, but especially before so instructing a wisdom, as that of your excellencies, as for his advancement, you gaue it most royally, because hee deserues it least duely, since to giue to vertuous desert, is rather a due requitall, then a Princely magnificence, when to undeservingnesse, it is meere all bounty and free grace.

Gon. Well spoke, 'tis enough, *Don Granuffo*, this *Faunus* is a very worthy fellow, and an excellent Courtier, and belou'd of most of the Princes of Christendome I can tell you; for howsoever some severer dissembler grace him not when hee affronts him in the full face, yet if hee comes behind, or on the one side, heele leere and put backe his head upon him,

The Fawne.

bee sure, be you two pretious to each other.

Her. Sir my selfe, my family, my fortunes, are all devoted I protest most religiously to your service. I vow my whole selfe onely proud in being acknowledged by you, but as your creature, and my onely utmost ambition is, by my sword or soule to testifie how sincerely I am consecrated to your adoration.

Gon. Tis enough, art a Gentleman *Fawne*?

Her. Not uneminently descended, for were the pedegrees of some fortunately mounted, searched, they would bee secretly found to bee of the blood of the poore *Fawne*.

Gon. Tis enough, you two I loue heartily, for thy silence never displeaseth mee, nor thy speech ever offend mee: See our daughter attends us, my faire, my wife, my chaste, my dutious, and indeed, in all my daughter, (for such a pretty soule, for all the world haue I beene) what I thinke wee haue made the Prince to feele his error, what did hee thinke, hee had weake fooles in hand? no, hee shall find as wisely said *Lucullus*, young men are fooles, that goe about to gull us.

Dul. But sooth my wisest father, the young Prince is yet forgetfull, and resteth resolute, in his much unadvised loue.

Gon. Ist possible?

Dul. Nay I protest what ere he faine to you (as he can faine most deeply.)

Gon. Right wee know it, for if you mark't, hee would not once take sense of any such intent from him: O impudence, what mercy canst thou looke for?

Dul. And as I said, royally wise, and wisely royall Father.

Gon. I thinke that eloquence is hereditary.

Dul. Tho' hee can faine, yet I presume your sense is quicke enough to find him.

Gon. Quicke, ist not?

The Fawne.

Gra. Ist not *Fawne*? why, I did know you fained; nay I doe know (by the just sequence of such impudence) that hee hath laid some second siege unto thy bosome, with most miraculous conveyances of some rich present to thee.

Dul. O bounteous heaven! how liberall are your graces to my *Nestor*-like father.

Gon. Ist not so? say.

Dul. Tis so oraculous Father, he hath now more then courted with bare phrases.

See Father see, the very bane of honour,
Corruption of justice and virginity,
Gifts hath he left with mee; O view this scarfe,
This as he cald it most envied silke,
That should embrace an arme, or waste, or side,
VWhich he much fear'd should never, this he left,
Despight my much resistance.

Gon. Did hee so, giu't me, Ile giu't him; Ile regieue his token with so sharpe advantage——

Dul. Nay my worthy Father, reade but these cunning letters.

Gon. Letters? where? proue you but justly loving,
and conceiue mee,
Till justice leaue the gods Ile never leaue thee;
For tho' the Duke seeme wise, hee'l find this straine,
Where two hearts find consent, all thwarting's vaine;
And darst thou then averre this writ,
O world of wenching wiles, where is thy wit!

Enter Tiberio.

Dul. But other talke for us were farre more fit,
For see here comes the Prince *Tiberio*. (chamber.

Gon. Daughter upon thy obedience, instantly take thy

Dul. Deare father in all dutie, let mee beseech your
leaue, that I may but——

Gon.

The Fawne.

Gon. Go to, go to, you are a simple foole, a very simple animall.

Dul. Yet let me be the loyall servant of simplicity.

Gon. What would you doe? what are you wiser then your father? will you direct me?

Dul. Heavens forbid such insolence, yet let me denounce my hearty hatred.

Gon. To what end?

Dul. Tho't be in the Princes care, since fit's not maidens blush to raile aloud.

Gon. Go to, go to.

Dul. Let me checke his heate.

Gon. Well, well.

Dul. And take him downe deare father, from his full pride of hopes.

Gon. So, so, I say once more goe in. *Exit Dul. & Phi.*
I will not loose the glory of reproofe;
Is this th^e office of Embassadors my Lord *Tiberto*?
Nay duty of a soane, nay pietie of a man,
A figure cal'd in Art, *Gradatio*,
With some learnde (*Climax*) to court a royall Lady
For's master, father, or perchance his friend,
And yet intend the purchase of such beauty
To his owne use.

Tib. Your Grace doth much amaze me.

Gon. I faine, dissemble, Las we are now growne olde,
weake sighted, alas any one fooles us.

Tib. I deeply vow my Lord.

Gon. Peace, be not damnd, have pittie on your soule.
I confesse sweet Prince for you to love my daughter,
Young and witty, of equall mixture both of mind and
Is neither wondrous nor unnaturall, (body,
Yet to forswear and vow against ones heart,
Is full of base, ignoble cowardise,
Since tis most plaine, such speeches doe contemne
Heaven and feare men, (that's sententious now.)

Tib.

The Fawne.

Tib. My gracious Lord, if I unknowingly have er'd.

Gon. Vnknowingly? come you blush my Lord:

Vnknowingly, why can you write these lines,

Present this skarffe, unknowingly my Lord,

To my deare daughter, um, unknowingly?

Can you urge your suite, prefer your gentlest love,

In your owne right, to her too easie breast,

That God knowes takes too much compassion on ye,

(And so she praide me say) unknowingly my Lord?

If you can aet these things unknowingly,

Know we can know your actions so unknowen,

For we are old I will not say in wit,

(For every iust worth must not approve it selfe)

But take your skarfe, for she vowes shee'le not weare it.

Tib. Nay but my Lord.

Gon. Nay, but my Lord, my Lord,

You must take it, weare it, keepe it,

For by the honour of our house and blood,

I will deale wisely and be provident,

Your father shall not say I pandarizde,

Or fondly winkt at your affection,

No weele be wise, this night our daughter yeelds

Your fathers answer, this night we invite

Your presence therefore to a feastfull waking,

To morrow to *Ferrara* you returne

With wished answer to your royall father,

Meane time as you respect our best relation

Of your faire bearing, (*Granuffo* ist not good?)

Of your faire bearing, rest more anxious,

(No anxious is not a good word) rest more vigilant

Over your passion, both forbear and beare,

Anechon, eapechon, that's Greeke to you now,

Else your youth shall finde,

Our nose not stuf, but we can take the winde,

And smell you out, I say no more but thus,

And smell you out, what, ha not we our eyes,

The Faune.

Our nose and eares, what are these haire unwise?
Looke too't, *quot ego*, a figure called *Aposiopesis* or
Increpatio. Exeunt Gonzago and Granuffo.

Tib. *proove you but justly loving and conceive me,
Iustice shall leave the gods before I leave thee :*
Imagination proove as true, as thou art sweet,
And though the Duke seeme wise, heele finde this straine
When two hearts yeeld consent, all thwartings vaine,
O quicke devisefull strong braind *Dulcimet*
Thou art to full of wit to be a wife,
Why dost thou love, or what strong heat gave life
To such faint hopes? O woman thou art made
Most only of, and for deceit, thy forme
Is nothing but delusion of our eyes,
Our eares, our hearts, and sometimes of our hands,
Hypocrisie and vanity brought forth,
Without male heate, thy most most monstrous being ;
Shall I abuse my royall fathers trust?
And make my selfe a scorne, the very foode
Of rumor infamous, shall I that ever loath'd,
A thought of woman, now begin to love
My worthy fathers right, break faith to him that got me,
To get a faithlesse woman?

Her. True my worthy Lord, your grace is *vere pius*.

Tib. To take from my good father
The pleasure of his eyes,
And of his hands, imaginary solace of his fading life.

Her. His life that onely lives to your sole good.

Tib. And my selfe good, his lifes most onely end.

Her. Which O may never end!

Tib. Yes *Faune* in time, we must not prescribe to nature every thing: ther's some end in every thing.

Her. But in a woman, yet as she is a wife, she is
Oftentimes the end of her husband.

Tib. Shall, I say?

Her. Shall you I say confound your owne faire hopes,
Crosse

The Fawne.

Crosse all your course of life, make your selfe vaine,
To your once steady gravenesse, and all to second
The ambitious quicknesse of a monstrous love,
Thats onely out of difficulty borne,
And followed onely for the miracle,
In the obtaining, I would ha ye now,
Tell her father of it.

Tib. Vncompassionate vilde man,
Shall I not pittie, if I cannot love?
Or rather shall I not for pittie love,
So wondrous wit in so most wondrous beauty,
That with such rarest art and cunning meanes
Entreates? what I thinke valufesse, and not
Worthy but to graunt my admiration,
Are fathers to be thought on in our loves?

Her. True right sir, fathers are friends, a crowne,
And love hath none, but all are allied to themselues a-
Your father I may boldly say, hee's an Ass, (lone,
To hope that youle forbear to swallow,
What he cannot chew, nay t'is injustice truely,
For him to judge it fit, that you should starue
For that which onely he can feast his eyes withall,
And not digest.

Tib. O *Fawne* what man of so cold earth
But must love such a wit in such a body,
Thou last and onely rarenesse of heavens workes,
From best of man made modell of the gods:
Divinest woman, thou perfection
Of all proportions, beauty made when *Ioue* was blich,
Well filld with *Nectar*, and full friends with man,
Thou deare as ayre, necessary as sleepe
To carefull man: woman, O who can sin so deeply,
As to be curst from knowing of the pleasures,
Thy soft society, modest amorousnesse,
Yeelds to our tedious life. *Fawne*,
The Duke shall not know this.

Here.

The Fawne.

Herc. Vnlesse you tell him, but what hope can live
in you,
When your short stay, and your most shortened
conference,

Not onely actions, but even looks obserude,
Cut off all possibilities of obtaining.

Tib. Tush *Fawne*, to violence of womens love & wit,
Nothing but not obtaining is impossible,
Notumque furens quid fœmina possit.

Her. But then how rest you to your father true?

Tib. To him that onely can give dues, she rests most
due. *Exit.*

Her. Even so he that with safety would well lurke in
Courts,

To best elected ends, of force is wrung,
To keepe broade eyes, soft feet, long eares, and most
short tounge.

For tis of knowing creatures the maine Art,
To use quicke hammes, wide armes and most close
heart.

Actus tertij Finis.

ACTVS QVARTVS.

Enter Hercules and Garbeta.

Herc. Why t'is a most well in fashion affection *Dona*
Garbeta, your Knight Sir *Amorous* is a man of a most un-
fortunate back, spits white, has an ill breath, and at three
after dinner goes to the Bath, takes the diet, nay which is
more, takes Tobacco, therefore with great authority you
may cuckold him.

Gar. I hope so, but would that friend my brother
discover

The Fawne.

discover mee, would hee wrong himselfe to prejudice mee.

Her. No prejudice deare *Garbeta* his brother your husband right, he cuckolde his eldest brother, true, he gets her with childe just.

Garb. Sure theres no wrong in right, true and just.

Her. And indeed since the vertue of procreation growed hopelesse in your husband, to whom should you rather commit your love and honour to, then him that is most like and neere your husband, his brother; but are you assured your friend and brother rests intirely constant solely to you?

Gar. To me, O *Fawne*, let me sigh it with joy into thy bosome, my brother has bin wooed by this & that and tother Lady to entertaine them (for I have seen their letters) but his vow to me O *Fawne* is most immutable, unfaining, peculiar, and indeed deserved.

*Enter Puttato and a Page, Puttato
with a Letter in his hand.*

put. Never intreate mee, never beseech mee, to have pittie forsooth on your Master, Master *Herod*: Let him never be so daringly ambitious, as to hope with all his vowes and protestations to gaine my affection, gods, my discretion! has my surlery, tapstry, laundry, made me be tane vp at the Court, preferde mee to a husband, and have I advanc't my husband with the labour of mine owne body, from the blacke-guard, to bee one of the Dukes drummers, to make him one of the Court gallants, can tell who weares perfumes, who plaisters, and for vvhy, know vvhoose a Gallant of a chaste shirt, I become, or dares your master thinke I will become, or if I become, presumes your Master to hope I vvould become one of his common feminines, no let Master *Herod* bragge of his brothers wife, I skorne
his

The Fawne.

his letters, and her leavings at my heele, ifaith and so tell him.

Pag. Nay costly, deare *Puttotta*, mistresse *Puttotta*, madam *Puttotta*, O be mercifull to my languishing master, he may in time grow a great and well grac't Cour-tier, for he weares greene already, mixe therefore your loves, as for madam *Garbetza* his brothers wife, you see what he writes there.

Put. I must confesse he saies she is a spinie, greene creature, of an unwholesome barren blood, and cold im-brace, a bony thing of most unequall hyppes, uneven eyes, ill rankt teeth, and indeed one, but that she hires him, he endures not, yet, for all this does he hope to dishonest me: I am for his betters, I would he should well know it, for more by many then my husband, know I am a woman of a knowne, sound and upright carriage, and so he shall find if he deale with me, and so tell him I pray you, what does he hope to make me one of his gilles, his punckes, polecats, flirtes, and feminines?

Exit, as Puttotta goes out she flings away the letter, the Page puts it up, and as he is talking Hercules steales it out of his pocket.

Pag. Alas my miserable master, what suddes art thou washt into, thou art borne to be scornde of every carted community, and yet heele out-cracke a Germane when he is drunke, or a Spaniard after he hath eaten a *Fumatho*, that he haz lyen with that and that, and tother lady, that he lay last night in such a maidens chamber, tother night he layd in such a Countesse couch, to night he lies in such a Ladies closet, when poore I know all this while he lied in his throat.

Exit.

Her. Madam let mee sigh it in your bosome, how im-mutable and unfainting, and indeed.

Gar. Fawne I will undoe it, raskall he shall starue for any further maintenance.

Herc.

The Fawne.

Her. You may make him come to the covering and recovering of his old dublets.

Gar. He was in faire hope of proving heire to his elder brother, but he has gotten a child.

Her. So, you withdrawing your favour, his present meanes faile him, and by getting you with child, his future meanes for ever rest despairefull to him.

Gar. O heaven that I could curse him beneath damnation impudent varlet: by my reputation *Fawne*, I onely lou'd him, because I thought I onely did not loue him, but as he vow'd infinite beauties doated on him; alas I was a simple countrey Lady, wore gold buttons, trunck-sleeues, and flaggon bracelets, in this state of innocencie was I brought up to the Court.

Her. And now instead of countrey innocencie haue you got Court honesty; well Madam leaue your brother to my placing, he shall haue a speciall cabin in the ship of fooles.

Gar. Right, remember hee got his elder brothers wife with child, & so depriu'd himselfe of the inheritance.

Her. That wil follow him under hatches I warrant you.

Gar. And so depriu'd himselfe of inheritance; deare *Fawne* be my Champion.

Her. The very scourge of your most basely offending brother.

Gar. Ignoble villaine, that I might but see thee wretched without pitie and recovery! well.

Enter Herod and Nymphodoro.

Her. Stand; *Herod.* you are full met sir.

Hero. But not met full sir, I am as gaunt as a hunting gelding after 3 trained sents, fore Venus Fan I haue beene thaling of peascods, upon faire *Madona* haue I this after-noonne grafted the forked tree.

Her. I't possible?

Hero. Possible, fie on this satiety, tis a dull, blunt, weary, and drowfie passion; who would bee a proper fellowe

The Fawne.

to be thus greedily devoured and swallowed among Ladies? faith tis my torment my very racke.

Her. Right *Herod*, true, for imagine all a man possesse were a perpetuall pleasure, like that of generation, even in the highest lusciousnesse, he straight sinkes as vnable to beare so continuall, so pure, so universall a sensuality.

Herod. By even truth t'is very right, and for my part would I were eunuch't rather then thus suckt away with kisses, infeebling daliance, and O the falling sickenesse on them all, why did reasonable nature give so strange, so rebellious, so tyrannous, so insatiate parts of appetite to so weake a governesse as woman.

Her. Or why O custome didst thou oblige them to modesty, such cold temperance, that they must be wooed by men, courted by men! why all know, they are more full of strong desires, those desires most impatient of delay, or hinderance, they have more unhourely passions then men, and weaker reason to temper those passions then men.

Nym. Why then hath not the discretion of nature thought it just, customary coines, old fashions, termes of honor and of modesty forsooth, all laid aside, they court not us, beseech not us, rather for sweetes of love, then we them, why by *Ianus* women are but men turnde the wrong side outward.

Her. O sir, nature is a wise worke-man, she knowes right well that if women should wooc us to the act of love, we should all be utterly sham'd, how often should they take us unprovided when they are alwaies ready.

Herod. I sir, right sir, to some few such unfortunate handsome fellowes as my selfe am to my grieve I know it.

Herc. Why heere are two perfect creatures, the one *Nymphodoro*, loves all, and my *Herod* here injoyes all.

Herod. Faith some score or two of Ladies or so,
ravish

The Fawne.

ravish mee among them, divide my presence, and would ingrosse mee, were I indeed such an asse as to bee made a *Monopoly* of: looke sirrah what a yild hand one of them writes, who would ever take this for a d. deerest, or reade this for only, only deerest.

Her. Here's a lye indeed.

Hero. True, but here's another much more legible, a good secretary; my most affected *Herod*, the utmost ambition of my hopes, and onely.

Her. There is one lye better shap'd by ods.

Hero. Right, but here's a Ladies Roman hand to mee is beyond all; looke ye, to her most elected servant, and worthy friend *Herod Baldonzozo*, Esquire, I beleeve thou knowest what Countesses hand this is, Ile shew thee another.

Her. No good *Herod*, Ile shew thee one now: To his most elected Mistresse and worthy Laundresse, divine Mistresse *Puttata*, at her Tent in the Wood-yard, or elsewhere, give these.

Hero. Prithce ha silence, what's that.

Her. If my teares, or vovves, my doubtlest protestations on my knees,

Hero. Good hold.

Her. Faire and onely loved laundresse,

Herod. Forbeare I beseech thee.

Her. Might move thy stony heart to take pittie of my sighes.

Herod. Doe not shame me to the day of judgement.

Her. Alas I write in passion, alas thou knowest besides my loathed sister thou art

Herod. For the Lords sake.

Her. The onely hope of my pleasure, the only pleasure of my hopes, be pleas'd therefore to ———

Herod. Cease I beseech thee.

Her. Pish, nere blush man, 'tis an uncourtly quality, as for thy lying, as long as there is pollicy in't, tis very passable

The Fawne.

passable, wherefore has heaven given man tongue but to speake to a mans owne glory? He that cannot swell bigger then his naturall skin, nor seeme to be in more grace then he is, has not learn'd the very rudiments, or A.B.C. of courtship.

Herod. Vpon my heart *Fawne* thou pleasest me to the soule, why look you, for mine owne part I must confesse-

Enter Dondolo.

See here's the Dukes foole.

Don. Aboard aboard aboard all manner of fooles of Court, Citie or countrey, of what degree, sexe or nature.

Herod. Foole.

Don. *Herod.*

Her. What, are you full fraighted, is your ship well foold?

Don. O 'twas excellently thronged full, a Iustice of peace tho' hee had beene one of the most illiterate asses in a Countrey, could hardly ha got a hanging cabin. O we had first some long fortunate great Politicians, that were so sottishly paradized, as to thinke when popular hate seconded Princes displeasure to them, any unmerited violence could seeme to the world injustice; some purple fellowes whom chance reared, and their owne deficiencies of spirit hurled downe; wee had some Courtiers that ore-bought their offices and yet durst fall in loue, Priests that forsooke their functions to avoid a thwart stroake with a wet finger. But now alas *Fawne*, now ther's place and place.

Her. Why? how gat all these forth, was not the war-rant strong?

Don. Yes, yes, but they got a Superfedeas, all of them proved themselues either knaues or mad men; and so were all let goe; ther's none left now in our ship but a few

The Fawne.

few Citizens, that let their wiues keepe their shop bookes, some Philosophers, and a few Critiques; one of which Critiques has lost his flesh with fishing at the measure of *Plautus* verses, another has vow'd to get the consumption of the lungs, or to leaue to posterity the true orthography and pronounciation of laughing, a third hath melted a great deale a suet, worne out his thumbs with turning, read out his eyes, and studied his face out of a sanguine into a meagre spawling steamy loathsomenesse, and all to find but why *mentula* should be the feminine gender, since the rule is in *Propriaque maribus tribuuntur mascula dicas*. These Philosophers, Critiques, and all the maids we could find at 16, are all our fraught now.

Her. O then your ship of fooles is full.

Nym. True the maids at 17. fill it.

Don. Fill it quoth you? alas wee haue very few and these we were faine to take up in the countrey too.

Her. But what Philosophers ha yee?

Don. O very strange fellowes, one knowes nothing, dares not averre, he liues, goes, sees, feels.

Nym. A most insensible Philosopher.

Don. An other that there is no present time, and that one man to day, and to morrow is not the same man, so that hee that yesterday owed money to day owes none, because he is not the same man.

Hero. Would that Philosophy would hold good in law.

Her. But why has the Duke thus laboured to haue all the fooles shipt out of his dominions.

Don. Marry because he would play the foole himselfe alone without any rivall.

Her. Ware your breech foole.

Don. I warrant thee old lad, tis the priviledge of poore fooles to talke before an intelligencer, marry if I could toole my selfe into a Lordship as I know some ha fool'd

The Fawne.

themselves out of a Lordship, were I growne some huge fellow and got the leere of the people upon me, if the fates had so decreed it, I should talke reason though I nee open'd my lips.

Her. *In fatis agimur cedit fatis*; but how runnes rumour, what breath's strongest in the Pallace now? I thinke you know all.

Don. Yes, we fooles thinke we know all, the Prince hath audience to night, is feasted, and after supper is entertained with no Comœdie, Maske, or Barriers, but with ———

Nym. What I prithee?

Herod. What I prithee?

Don. With a most new and speciall shape of delight.

Nym. What for loves sake?

Don. Marry Gallants, a Session, a generall Councell of love, summon'd in the name of *Don Cupid*, to which, upon paine of their Mistresse displeasure, shall appeare all favour wearers, Sonnet-mongers, Health drinkers, and neat in riches of Barbers and Perfumers, and to conclude, all, that can wighee and wag the taile, are, upon grievous paines of their backe, summon'd to be assistant in that Session of love.

Her. Hold, hold, doe not paule the delight before it come to our pallat; and what other rumour keepes airc on mens lungs?

Don. Other egregiousnesse of folly, ha you not heard of *Don Zuccong*?

Nym. What of him good foole?

Don. He is separated.

Nym. Divor'd.

Don. That salt, that Criticisme, that very all Epigram of a woman, that Analysis, that *compendium* of witnesse.

Nym. Now Iesu what words the foole has.

Don. VVee have still such words, but I will not unshake

The Fawne.

shake the jest before it be ripe, and therefore kissing your worships fingers in most sweet termes without any sense; and with most faire lookes without any good meaning, I most courtlike take my leave, *basilus manus de vostro Signioria*.

Hera. Stay foole, wee'l follow thee, for fore heaven we must prepare our selves for this session. *Exeunt.*

Enter Zuccone pursued by Zoya on her knees attended by Ladies.

Zuc. I will have no mercy, I will not relent, Justice beard is shaven, and shall give thee no hold, I am separated, and I will be separated.

Zoya. Deare my Lord, husband.

Zuc. Hence creature, I am none of thy husband, or father of thy bastard, no I will be tyrannous, and a most deep revenger, the order shall stand; ha, thou Queane, I have no wife now.

Zoy. Sweet my Lord.

Zuc. Hence, avant, I will marry a woman with no womb, a creature with two noses, a wench with no haire, rather then remarry thee; nay, I will first marry, marke me, I will first marry, observe me, I will rather marry a woman that with thirst drinkes the blood of man; nay, heed me, a woman that will thrust in crowdes, a Ladie that being with child ventures the hope of her wombe, nay, gives two crownes for a roome to behold a goodly man, three parts alive, quartered, his privities hackled off, his belly launched up: nay, Ile rather marry a woman to whom these smoking, hideous, bloudfull, horrid, though most iust spectacles, are very lust, rather then reaccept thee: Was I not a handsome fellow from my foot to my feather, had I not wit? nay, which is more, was I not a *Don*, and didst thou *Asleon* mee? did I not make thee a Lady?

Hera. And

The Fawne.

Her. And did shee not make you a more worshipfull thing, a Cuckold?

Zuc. I married thee in hope of children.

Hero. And has not shee shewed her selfe fruitfull that was got with child without helpe of her husband?

Zuc. Ha thou ungratefull, immodest, unwise, and that God's my witnesse I ha lou'd, but goe thy wayes, twist with whom thou wilt for my part, th'ast spun a faire thread, who'l kisse thee now, who'l court thee now, who'l ha thee now?

Zoy. Pitie the frailty of my sexe sweet Lord.

Zuc. No, pitie is a foole, and I will not weare his coxcombe, I haue vowed to loath thee, the Irish man shall hate aquavity, the Welch man cheese, the Dutch man shall loath salt butter before I reloue thee: do's the babe pule? thou should'st ha cry'd before, 'tis too late now, no the trees in autumnne shall sooner call backe the spring with shedding of their leaues, then thou reverse my just irrevocable hatred with thy teares, away goe vaunt.

Exit Zoya and the Lady.

Her. Nay but most of this is your fault, that for many yeares, onely upon mere mistrust, sever'd your body from your Lady, and in that time gaue opportunity, turn'd a jealous Ass, and heard some so try and tempt your Ladies honour, whilest shee with all possible industry of apparant merit diverting your unfortunate suspicion.

Zuc. I know't I confesse, all this I did and I doe glory in't, why? cannot a young Lady for many moneths keepe honest? no, I misthought it, my wife had wit, beauty, health, good birth, faire clothes, and a passing body, a Lady of rare discourse, quicke eye, sweet language, alluring behaviour, and exquisite entertainment. I misthought it, I fear'd, I doubted, and at the last I found it out, I prayse my wit, I knew I was a Cuckold.

Her.

The Fawne.

Her. An excellent wit.

Zuc. True *Fawne*, you shall reade of few dunces that haue had such a wit I can tell you, and I found it out, and I was a Cuckold.

Her. Which now you haue found, you will not bee such an Assie as *Cesar*, great *Pompey*, *Lucullus*, *Anthony*, or *Cato*, and diuers other *Romans*, cuckolds, who all knew it, and yet were nere divorc'd upon't; or like that Smith-God *Vulcan*, who having taken his wife, yet was presently appeased, and entreated to make an Armour for a bastard of hers.

Zuc. No the *Romans* were asses, and thought that a woman might mixe her thigh with a stranger wantonly, and yet still loue her husband matrimonially.

Her. As indeed they say, a many married men lye somerime with strange women, whom, but for the instant use, they abhorre.

Zuc. And as for *Vulcan* 'twas humanity more then humane; such excesse of goodnesse for my part shall only belong to the gods.

Her. Assie for you.

Zuc. As for me my *Fawne* I am a batcheller now.

Her. But you are a Cuckold still, and one that knowes himselfe to be a Cuckold.

Zuc. Right, thats it, and I knew it not 'twere nothing, and if I had not pursu'd it too, it had lyen in oblivion, and shaddowed in doubt, but now I ha' blaz'd it.

Her. The world shall know what you are.

Zuc. True, Ile pocket up no hornes, but my revenge shall speake in thunder.

Her. Indeed I must confesse I know twenty are Cuckolds, and decently and stately enough, a worthy gallant spirit (whose vertue suppresseth his mishap) is lamented but not disesteemed by it: Yet the world shall know.

Zuc. I am none of those silent Coxcombs, it shall not.

Her.

The Fawne.

Her. And although it be no great part of injustice, for him to be stricke with the scabbard that has stricke with the blade (for there is few of us but hath made some one Cuckold or other.)

Zuc. True I ha don't my selfe.

Her. Yet.

Zuc. Yet I hope a man of wit may prevent his owne mishap, or if he cannot prevent it.

Her. Yet.

Zuc. Yet make it knowen yet, and so knowne that the world may tremble with onely thinking of it. Well *Fawne* whom shall I marry now? O heaven! that God made for a man no other meanes of procreation, and maintayning the world peopled, but by women, O that we could get one an other with child *Fawne*, or like flies procreate with blowing, or any other way then by a woman, by women who haue no reason in their loue, or mercy in their hate, no rule in their pittie, no pittie in their revenge, no judgement to speake, and yet no patience to hold their tongues; mans opposit, the more held downe they swell, about them naught but *will*, beneath them naught but *hell*.

Her. Or that since heaven hath given us no other meanes to allay our furious appetite, no other way of increasing our Progenie, since wee must intreate and beg for asswagement of our passions, and entertainment of our affections, why did not heaven make us a nobler creature then women to sue unto? some admirable deity of an uncorruptible beauty, that might bee worth our knees, the expence of our heate, and the crinkling of our—

Zuc. But that wee must court, sonnet, flatter, bribe, kneele, sue to so feeble and imperfect, inconstant, idle, vaine, hollow bubble, as woman is. O my fate.

Her. O my Lord looke who here comes.

Enter

The Fawne.

Enter Zoya supported by a Gentleman Vsher, followed by Herod and Nymphadoro with much state, soft musicke playing.

Zuc. Death a man, is she delivered?

Her. Delivered? yes *O my Don.* delivered? yes *Done* Zoya the grace of society, the musicke of sweetly agreeing perfection, more clearly chaste then Ice or frozen raine, that glory of her sexe, that wonder of wit, that beauty more freshly then any coole and trembling wind, that now only wish of a man is delivered, is delivered.

Zuc. How? *Her.* From *Don.* *Zuc.* that dry skallinesse, that sarpego, that barren drouth, and shame of all humanity. *Zoy.* What fellowes that?

Nym. *Don.* *Zuc.* your sometime husband.

Enter philocalia.

Zoy. Alas poore creature.

Phil. The Princessse prayes your company.

Zoy. I waite upon her pleasure.

All but Hercules, Zuc. Herod, and Nym. deparr.

Zuc. Gentlemen why hazard you your reputation in shamefull company with such a branded creature?

Herod. Miserable man whose fortune were beyond teares to be pitied, but that thou art the ridiculous author of thine owne laught at mischief.

Zuc. Without paraphrase your meaning.

Nym. Why thou womans foole?

Zuc. Good Gentlemen let one dye but once.

Herod. Wert not thou most curstfully mad to sever thy selfe from such an unequal'd rarity.

Zuc. Is she not a strumpet? Is she not with child?

Nym. Yes with feathers.

Her. Why weakenesse of reason, couldst not perceiue all was faind to be rid of thee? *Zuc.* Of me?

Nym. She with child, untroddé know is not so spotlesse.

Herod. Chaste as the first voice of a new borne infant.

Her. Know she grew loathing of thy jealousie.

Nym.

The Fawne.

Nym. Thy most pernicious curiosity.

Her. Whose suspitions made her vnimitable graces
motiue of thy base jealousie.

Herod. Why beast of man?

Nym. Wretched aboue expression that snoredst over a
beautie which thousands desired, neglectedst her bed, for
whose enjoying a very saint would haue sued.

Her. Defam'd her.

Hero. Suggested privily against her.

Nym. Gaue foule language publickly of her.

Her. And now lastly done that for her which she once
ly prayed for, and wisht as wholesome ayre for, namely
to be from such an unworthy.

Herod. Senselesse.

Nym. Injurious.

Her. Malitious.

Herod. Suspitious.

Nym. Mishaped.

Her. Ill languag'd.

Herod. Vnworthy.

Nym. Ridiculous.

Her. Jealous.

Herod. Arch Coxcombe as thou art.

Exeunt Nym. and Herod.

Zuc. O I am sicke, my blood ha's the crampe, my stomacke or'turnes : O I am very sicke.

Her. Why my sweet *Don*, you are no Cuckold.

Zuc. Thats the grieve on't *Hercules*, thats the grieve
on't that I ha' wrong'd so sweet (and now in my know-
ledge) so delicate a creature; O me thinkes I embrace her
yet.

Her. Alas my Lord you haue done her no wrong, no
wrong in the world, you haue done her a pleasure, a
great pleasure; a thousand Gentlemen, nay Dukes will
be proud to accept your leavings, your leavings; now is
she courted, this heire sends her Iewels, that Lord pro-
fers

The Fawne.

fers her joynters, tother Knight proclaimes challenges to maintaine her, the onely not beautifull, but very beautie of women.

Zuc. But I shall never embrace her more.

Her. Nay that's true, that's most true (I would not afflict you) onely thinke how unrelentlesse you were to her but supposed fault.

Zuc. O tis true, too true.

Her. Thinke how you scorn'd her teares.

Zuc. Most right.

Her. Teares that were onely shed (I would not vex you) in very grieve to see you covet your owne shame.

Zuc. Too true, too true.

Her. For indeed she is the sweetest modest soule, the fullest of pitie.

Zuc. O I, O I.

Her. The softnesse and very courtesie of her sexe, as one that never lou'd any——

Zuc. But me.

Her. So much that hee might hope to dishonour her, nor any so little that hee might feare she disclaim'd him. O the graces made her a soule, as soft, as spotlesse downe upon the Swans faire breast that drue bright *Cythereas* Chariot, yet thinke (I would not vexe you) yet thinke how civill you were to her.

Zuc. As a Tiger, as a very Tiger.

Her. And never hope to be reconcil'd, never dreame to be reconcil'd, never——

Zuc. Never, alas good *Fawne*, what would'st wish me to doe now?

Her. Faith goe hang your selfe my *Doe*, that's best sure.

Zuc. Nay that's too good, for Ile doe worse then that, Ile marry againe; where canst picke out a morsell for me *Fawne*?

Her. There is a modest matron-like creature.

Zuc. What yeares *Fawne*?

Her.

The Fawne.

Her. Some fourscore wanting one.

Zuc. A good sober age, is she wealthy?

Her. Very wealthy.

Zuc. Excellent.

Her. She has three haire on her skalp, and foure teeth in her head, a brow wrinkled and puckerd like old parchment halfe burnt, shee has had eyes, no womans Iaw-bones are more apparant, her sometimes envious lips now shrink in, and give her nose and her chin leave to kisse each other very moystly, as for her reverend mouth it seldome opens, but the very breath that flies out of it infects the fowles of the aire, and makes them drop down dead; her breasts hang like cobwebs, her flesh will never make you cuckold, her bones may.

Zuc. But is she wealthy?

Her. Very wealthy.

Zuc. And will she ha me, art sure?

Her. No sure, she will not ha you, why do you thinke that a waiting-woman of three bastards, a stumper nine times carted, or a hag whose eyes shoot poyson, that has bin an old witch, and is now turning into a gib-cat, what! wil ha you? marry *Don Zuccone*, the contempt of women, and the shame of men, that has afflicted, contemned so choice a perfection as *Dona Zoyas*?

Zuc. Alas *Fawne* I confesse, what wouldst ha me doe?

Her. Hang your selfe, you shall not marry, you cannot, Ile tell you what you shall doe, there is a ship of fooles setting forth, if you seek good meanes, and intreat hard, you may obtaine a passage man, be masters mate I warrant you.

Zuc. *Fawne*, thou art a skurvy bitter knave, and dost flout *Dons* to their faces, twas thou flatteredst me to this, and now thou laughst at me, dost? though indeed I had a certaine proclivity, but thou madest me resolute, doest grin and gern? O you comforters of life, helps in sicknes, joyes in death, and preservers of us, in our children, after death

The Fawne.

death, women, haue mercy on me.

Her. O my *Don*, that God made no other meanes, of procreation but by these women, I speak it not to vex you.

Zuc. O *Fawne*, thou hast no mercy in thee, dost thou leere on me, well, Ile creepe upon my knees to my wife, dost laugh at me? dost gearne at me? dost smile? dost lcere on me, dost thou? O I am an Assc, true, I am a Coxcombe, well, I am mad, good: A mischiefc on your cogging tongue, your smoothing throat, your oyelic jawes, your supple thumbs, your dissembling smiles; and O the graund Devill on you all: when mischiefc favours our fortunes, and we are miserable, tho' justly wretched, More pittty, comfort, and more helpe we haue, In foes profest, then in a flattering knaue.

Exit.

Her. Thus few strike sayle untill they run on shelfe,
The eye sees all things but his proper selfe,
In all things curiositie hath beene
Vitious at least, but herein most pernitious,
What madnesse ist to search and find a wound,
For which thete is no cure, and which unfound:
Nere rankles, whose finding only wounds,
But he that upon vaine surmise forsakes
His bed thus long, onely to search his shame,
Giues to his wife, youth, opportunity,
Keepes her in idle full delitiousnesse,
Heates and inflames imagination,
Provokes her to revenge with churlish wrongs, (men,
What should he hope but this, why should it lye in wo-
Or even in chastitie it selfe, since chastities a female,
T'avoid desires so ripened, such sweets so canded:
But she that hath out borne such masse of wrongs,
Out-dur'd all persecutions, all contempts,
Suspects, disgrace, all wants, and all the mischiefc
The basenesse of a cankerd churle could cast upon her,
With constant vertue, best fain'd chastity,

And

The Fawne.

And in the end turnes all his jealousies
To his owne scorne, that Lady I employe,
It may be lawfull not to prayse, but even adore.

Enter Gonzago, Granuffo, with full state.

Enter the Cornets sounding.

Gon. Are our sports ready, is the Prince at hand ?

Her. The Prince is now arriu'd at the Court gate.

Gon. What meanes our daughters breathlesse halte ?

Enter Dulcimet in haste.

Dul. O my princely father, now or never let your princely wisdome appeare.

Gon. Feare not our daughter, if it rest within humane reason I warrant thee, no I warrant thee, *Granuffo* if it rest in mans capacitie, speake deare daughter.

Dul. My Lord, the Prince——

Gon. The Prince, what of him deare daughter ?

Dul. O Lord what wisdome our good parents need, to shield their chickens from deceits, and wiles of kite-like youth.

Gon. Her very phrasedisplays whose child she is.

Dul. Alas had not your grace beene provident, a very *Nestor* in advise and knowledge, hah, where had your poore *Dulcimet* beene now, what vaines had not I beene drawen into ?

Gon. Fore God, she speakes very passionately. Alas daughter, heaven giues every man his talent ; indeed vertue and wisdome are not fortunes gifts, therefore those that fortune cannot make vertuous, she commonly makes rich, for our owne part we acknowledge heavens goodness, and if it were possible to be as wise againe as wee are, we would nere impute it to our selues : for as we bee flesh and blood, alas we are fooles, but as we are Princes, Schollers, and haue reade *Cicero de Oratore*, I must confesse

The Fawne.

fesse there is another matter in't; what of the Prince deare daughter?

Dul. Father doe you see that tree that leanes just on my chamber window? *Gon.* What of that tree?

Enter Tiberio with his traine.

Dul. O sir, but note the policie of youth, marke but the stratagems of working loue, the Prince salutes mee, and thus greets my care.

Gon. Speake softly, he is entred.

Dul. Although he knew, I yet stood wavering what to elect, because though I affected, yet destitute of meanes to enjoy each other, impossibility of having might kill our hope, and with our hope, desire to enjoy. Therefore to avoid al faint excuses, and vaine feares, thus he devised; to *Dulcims* chamber window, A well growne plantaine spreads his happy armes, by that in depth of night one may ascend (despight al fathers jealousies and feares) into her bed.

Gon. Speake low, the Prince both markes and listens.

Dul. You shall provide a Priest (quoth hee) in truth I promist and so you well may tell him, for I temporized and onely held him off.

Gon. Politickly, our daughter to a haire.

Dul. With full intention to disclose it all to your preventing wisedome.

Gon. I let mee alone for that: but when intends hee this invasion? when will this Squirril elime?

Dul. O sir in that is all, when but this night.

Gon. This night?

Dul. This very night when the Court revels had o're wak'd your spirits, and made them full of sleepe, then—

Gon. Then, *verbum sat sapienti*: goe take your chamber, downe upon your knees, thanke God your father is no foolish son, but one that can foresee and see.

Exit Dulcims.

My Lord we discharge your presence from our Court.

The Fawne.

Tib. What means the Duke ?

Gon. And if to morrow past you rest in Vrbis, the priviledge of an Ambassadour is taken from you.

Tib. Good your grace some reason ?

Gon. What, twice admonisht, twice againe offending ?
And now growen blushlesse ? you promised to get
Into her chamber, she to get a Priest,
(Indeed she wisht me tell you she confest it)
And there despight all fathers jealous feares,
To consummate full joyes, know Sir our daughter
Is our daughter, and has wit at will
To gull a thousand easie things like you :
But Sir depart, the Parliament prepar'd
Shall on without you, all the Court this night
Shall triumph that our Daughter has escap'd
Her blowing up ; your end you see,
Wee speake but short, but full *Socratice*.

Remaineth Hercules and Tiberio.

Tib. What should I thinke, what hope, what but imagine of these Engines ?

Her. Sure sir the Lady loves you
With violent passion, and this night prepares
A Priest with nuptiall rites to entertaine you
In her most private chamber.

Tib. This I know
With too much torture, since meanes are all unknown
To come unto these ends, wheres this her chamber,
Then what meanes shall without suspicion
Convey me to her chamber, O these doubts
End in despaire——

Enter Gonzago hastily.

Gon. Sir, sir, this Plantine was not planted here (you ;
To get into my daughters chamber, & so she praid me tell
What though the maine aymes I read into her window ;

And

The Fawne.

And easie labour climes it : yet Sir know
She has a voice to speake, and bid you welcome,
With so full breast that both your eares shall heare an't,
And so she praid me tell you ; ha we no braine ?
Youth thinkes that age, Age knowes that youth is vaine.

Tib. Why now I haue it *Fawne*, the way, the meanes,
and meaning, good Duke and 'twere not for pittie I could
laugh at thee, *Dulcimet* I come, thine most miraculously,
I will now begin to sigh, reade Poets, look pale, goe neat-
ly, and be most apparantly in loue ; as for——

Her. As for your old father.

Tib. Alas he and all know, this an old sawe hath bin,
Faiths-breach for loue and kingdomes is no sin. *Exit.*

Her. Where are we now ? *Cyllenian Mercurie*,
And thou quicke Messenger of *Ioues* broken pate,
Aide and direct us : you better Stars to knowledge
Sweet constellations, that effect pure oyle,
And holy vigill of the pale-cheekt Muses,
Giue your best influence, that with able spright,
We may correct, and please, giving full light
To every angle of this various sense,
Workes of strong birth, end better then commence. *Exit.*

Finis Actus quarti.

ACTVS QVINTVS.

*Whilest the Act is playing, Hercules and Tiberio enter,
Tiberio climes the tree, and is received aboue by
Dulcimet, Philocalia and a priest : Hercules stays
beneath.*

Her. Thou mother of chaste dew, nights modest lampe,
Thou by whose faint shine, the blushing lovers
Ioyne glowing cheeks, and mixe their trembling lips

The Fawne.

In vowes well kist, rise all as full of splendor,
As my breast is of joy—You genitall,
You fruitfull well mixt heares, O blesse the sheets
Of yonder chamber, that *Ferraraes* Dukedome,
The race of princely issue be not curs'd,
And ended in abhorred barrenesse.
At length kill all my feares, nor let it rest
Once more my tremblings, that my too cold sonne
(That ever scorner of humane loves,)
Will still contemne the sweets of marriage,
Stil kill our hope of name in his dull coldnesse,
Let it be lawfull to make use yee sowers
Of humane weaknesse, that pursueth still
What is inhibited, and most affects,
What is most difficult to be obtain'd,
So we may learne, that nicer loue's a shade,
It follow's fled, pursue flies as afraid,
And in the end close all the various errors,
Of passages most truly comicall:
In morall learning with like confidence,
Of him that vow'd good fortune of the Scene,
Shall neither make him fat, or bad make leane.

Enter Dondolo laughing.

Don. Ha, ha, ha.

Her. Why dost laugh foole, heres no body with thee?

Don. Why, therefore doe I laugh, because ther's no body with mee, would I were a foole alone, I faith I am come to attend, let me goe, I am sent to the Princessse to come and attend her father to the end of *Cupids* Parliament.

Her. Why, ha they sat already upon any statutes?

Don. Sat? I, all's agreed in the nether house.

Her. Why, are they divided?

Don. O I, in *Cupids* Parliament, all the young gallants are in the nether house, & all the old Signiors that can but only kisse are of the upper house: is the Princessse aboue?

Her.

The Fawne.

Her. No sure, I thinke the Princesse is beneath man,
ha they supt foole?

Don. O yes, the confusion of tongues, at the large table is broke up, for see the presence his; A foole, a foole, a foole, my Coxcombe for a foole.

Enter Sir Amorous, Herod, Nymphodoro, Garbetza, Donella and Poucia.

Herod. Stop Affe, what's the matter Ideot?

Don. O gallants, my fooles that were appoynted to waight on *Don Cupid*, haue launcht out their ship to purge their stomacks on the wazer, and before *supper*, I feare they will proue defectiue in their attendance.

Herod. Pish foole, they'le float in with the next tide.

Don. I, but whens, that lets mine Almanacke or prognostication.

Sir Am. What, is this for this yeare?

Don. In true wisedomer sir it is, Let me see the Moone, fore pittie, tis in the waine, what grieve is this that so greue a Planet should ever decline or loose splendor—full Sea at—

S. Am. Wher's the signe now foole?

Don. In Capricorne, *Sir Amareuse*.

Gar. What strange thing do's this Almanacke speake of foole?

Don. Is this your Lady *Sir Amareus*?

S. Am. It is, kisse her foole.

Herod. You may kisse her now, she is married.

S. Am. So he might ha done before, (Sind.)

Don. In sober modesty Sir, I doe not use to doe it be-

Herod. Good foole be acquainted with this Lady too, she's of a very honest nature I assure thee.

Don. I easily belecue you sir, for she hath a very good face, I assure yee.

Gar. But what strange things do's thy Almanacke speake of good foole? *Don.* That this yeare no child shall be begotten, but shall haue a true Father.

The Fawne.

Sir Am. That's good newes ifaith, I am glad I got my wife with child this yeare.

Here. Why sir *Amorous*, this may bee, and yet you not the true father, may it not *Herod*?

Gar. But what more sayes it good *Fawne*?

Here. Faith Lady very strange things; it sayes, that some Ladies of your hayre shall have feeble hams, short memories, and very weake ey-sight, so that they shall mistake their owne Page, or even brother in law sometimes for their owne husbands.

S. Am. Is that all *Fawne*?

Here. No sir *Amorous*, here's likewise prophesied a great scarcety of Gentry to ensue, and that some Bores shall be dubbed sir *Amoroso*: A great scarcety of Lawyers is likewise this yeare to ensue, so that some one of them shall bee entreated to take Fees on both sides.

Enter Don Zuccone following Dona Zoya on his knees.

Zuc. Most deere, deere Lady, wife, Lady, wife, O doe but looke on me, and ha some mercy.

Zoy. I will ha no mercy, I will not relent.

Zuc. Sweet Ladie.

Zoy. The order shall stand, I am separated, and I will be separated.

Zuc. Deere, my love, wife.

Zoy. Hence fellow, I am none of thy wife, no I will be tyrannous and a most deep revenger, the order shall stand, I will marry a fellow that keepes a foxe in his bosome, a goat under his arme-holes, and a pole-cat in his mouth, rather then reaccept thee.

Zuc. Alas, by the Lord Lady, what should I say, as heaven shall bleffe me — what should I say?

Herod. Kneele and cry man.

Zoy. Was

Th: Fawne.

Zoy. Was I not handsome, generous, honest enough from my foot to my feather for such a fellow as thou art?

Zuc. Alas, I confesse, I confesse.

Zoy. But goe thy wayes and wive with whom thou wilt for my part, thou hast spunne a faire thread, who will kisse thee now? who'l court thee now? who'l ha thee now?

Zuccon. Yet bee a woman — and for Gods sake helpe mee.

Herod. And doe not stand too stiffely.

Zucc. And doe not stand too stiffely, doe you make an Ass of me, but let these rascalls laugh at me, alas what could I doe withall, twas my destiny that I should abuse you.

Zoy. So it is your destiny that I should thus revenge your abuse; No, the Irishman shall hate Aquavitz, the Vvelchman Cheese, and the Dutchman Salt butter, before Ile love or receive thee; does hee crie? does the babe pule? 'Tis too late now, goe, burie thy head in silence, and let oblivion bee thy utmost hope.

*The Courtiers adresse themselves to dancing,
whilst the Duke enters with Granuzo, and
takes his state.*

Her. Gallants to dancing, loud musick, the Duke's upon entrance.

Gon. Are the sports ready?

Her. Ready.

Gon. Tis enough, of whose intencion is this parliament?

Her. Ours.

Gon. Tis enough,
This night we will exult, O let this night

The Fawne.

Be ever memoriz'd with prouder triumphs,
Let it be writ in lasting Characters,
That this night our great wisdom did discover
So close a practice, that this night, I say,
Our policy found out, nay dasht the drifts
Of the young Prince, and put him to his shifts,
May past his shifts, for *love* we could make a good Poet.
Delight us on, we dare our Princely eare,
We are well pleas'd to grace him, then skorne feare.

Cornets playing. Drunkenesse, Sloth, Pride, and Plenty
leade Cupid to his state, who is followed by Folly, Warre,
Beggary, and Slaughter.

Stand, tis wisdom to acknowledge ignorance
Of what we know not, we would not now prove foolish
Expound the meaning of your show.

Her. Triumphant Cupid, that sleeps on the soft cheek
Of rarest beauty, whose throne's in Ladies eyes,
Whose force with'd lightning from *Joves* shaking hand,
Forc'd strong *Alcides* to resigne his club,
Pluckt *Neptunes* Trident from his mighty arme,
Unhelmed *Mars*, He (with these trophees borne,
Led in by *Sloth, pride, plenty, Drunkenesse,*
Follow'd by *Folly, Warre, Slaughter, Beggary*)
Takes his faire throne, sit pleas'd, for now we move,
And speake not for our glory, but for love.

Hercules takes a boile of wine.

Gonz. A pretty figure, what, begins this session with
ceremony?

Her. With a full health to our great Mistris *Venus*,
Let every state of *Cupids* parliament
Begin this session, *Et quod bonum faustumque sit precor.*

Hercules drinks a health.

Gonz. Giv't us, wee'l pledge, nor shall a man that lives
In charity refuse it, I will not be so old,
As not be grc'd to honour Cupid, giv't us full,

¶ When

The Fawne.

When we were young we could ha troid it off,
Drunke downe a Dutch-man.

Her. Tis lamentable pittie your Grace has forgot it :
Drunkennesse, O tis a most fluent and swelling vertue,
sure the most iust of all vertues, tis justice it selfe, for if it
chance to oppresse and take too much, it presently restores
it againe. It makes the King and the Peasant equall, for
if they are both drunke alike, they both are beasts alike :
As for that most precious light of heaven, Truth, if time
be the father of her, I am sure drunkennesse is oftentimes
the mother of her, and brings her forth ; Drunkennesse
brings all out, for it brings all the drinke out of the pot,
all the wit out of the pate, and all the money out of the
purse.

Gonz. My Lord *Granuffo*, this *Fawne* is an excellent
fellow.

Don. Silence.

Gonz. I warrant you for my Lord here.

Cup. Since multitude of lawes are signes either of much
tyranny in the Prince, or much rebellious disobedience in
the subject, we rather thinke it fit to study, how to have
our old lawes thorowly executed, then to have new sta-
tutes cumborously invented.

Gon. Afore *Ioue* he speakes very well.

Her. O sir, love is very eloquent, makes all men good
Orators, himselfe then must needes be eloquent.

Cup. Let it therefore be the maine of our assembly, to
survay our old lawes, and punish their transgressions, for
that continually the complaints of Lovers ascend up to
our deity, that love is abus'd, and basely bought and sold,
beauty corrupted, affection feign'd, and pleasure it selfe
sophisticated. That young Gallants are proud in appe-
tite, and weake in performance : That young Ladies are
phantastically inconstant ; old Ladies impudently unsa-
tisfied ; wives complaine of unmarried women, that they
steale the dues belonging to their sheetes ; and maides
make

The Fawne.

make exclaime upon wives, that they unjustly ingrosse all into their owne hands, as not content with their owne husbands, but also purloynning that which should bee their comfort: Let us therefore bee severe in our justice; And if any, of what degree soever, have approvedly offended, let him be instantly unpartially arrested & punished; reade our statutes.

Her. A statute made in the five thousand foure hundred threescore and third yeare of the casefull raigne of the mighty potent *Don Cupid*, Emperour of sighes and protestations, great King of kisses, Arch-Duke of dalliance; and sole lov'd of *Her* for the maintaining and relieving of his old souldiers, maymed, or dismembred in love.

Don. Those that are lightly hurt, shame to complaine: those that are deeply struck, are past recovery.

Cup. On to the next.

Her. An Act against the plurality of Mistresses.

Cup. Reade.

Her. Whereas some over amorous and unconscionable covetous young Gallants, without all grace of *Venus*, or the feare of *Cupid* in their minds, have at one time ingrossed the care or cures of diverse Mistresses, with the charge of Ladies, into their owne tenure or occupation, whereby their Mistresses must of necessity be very ill and unsufficiently served, and likewise many able portly gallants live unfurnished of competent entertainment to the merite of their bodies: and whereas likewise some other greedy strangers have taken in the purlues, out-set land, and the ancient commons of our soveraigne Liege *Don Cupid*, taking in his very high-ways, and inclosing them, and annexing them to their owne Lordships, to the much impoverishing and putting of diverse of *Cupids* true hearts and loyall subjects to base and abhominable thifts: Bee it therefore enacted by the soveraigne authority and erected ensigne of *Don Cupid*, with the assent of some of the
Lords;

The Fawne.

Lords, most of the Ladies, and all the Commons, that what person or persons soever, shall in the trade of honour presume to weare, at one time, two Ladies favours, or at one time shall earnestly court two women in the way of marriage; or if any, under the degree of a Duke, shall keepe above twenty women of pleasure, a Dukes brother fiftene, a Lord ten, a Knight or Pentioner or both foure, a gentleman two, shall, *ipso facto*, be arrested by follies mace, and instantly committed to the ship of fooles, without either baile or mayn-prize: *Millesimo centesimo quingentesimo quadragesimo nono Cupidinis semper unius.* Nymphadoro to the barre.

Nym. Shame a Folly, will Fawne now turne an Informer? does he laugh at me?

Her. *Domina Garbetza*, did hee not ever protest you were his most only elected mistris?

Gar. He did.

Her. *Domina Donella*, did he not ever protest you were his most only elected Mistris?

Don. He did.

Her. *Domina Poueia*, did he not ever protest that you were his most only elected Mistris?

Pou. He did.

Nym. Mercy.

Cup. Our mercy is nothing, unlesse some Lady will beg thee.

Ladies. Out upon him dissembling perfidious lyer.

Her. Indeed tis no reason Ladies should beg lyers.

Nym. Thus he that loveth many, if once knowne, Is justly plagu'd to be belov'd of none. *Exit.*

Her. An Act against counterfeiting of Cupids royall coyne, and abusing his subjects with false money.

To the Barre sir *Amorows*.

In most lamentable forme complaineth to your blind celsitude, your distressed Oratours, the VVomen of the world, that in respect that many spend-thrifts,
who

The Fawne.

who having exhausted and wasted their substance, and in stranger parts have with empty shewes treasonably purchased Ladies affections, without being of ability to pay them for it with currant money, and therefore have deceitfully sought to satisfy them with counterfeited mettall, to the great displeasure, and no small losse of your humblest subjects. May it therefore with your pittifull assent be enacted, that what Lord, knight, or gentleman soever, knowing himselfe insufficient, bankrupt, exhausted and wasted, shall trayterously dare to entertaine any Lady, as wife, or Mistresse, *ipso facto*, to bee severed from all commercement with women, his wife or Mistris in that state offending, to bee forgiven with a pardon of course, and himselfe to bee pressed to saile in the ship of fooles, without either baile or main-prise.

Herc. Sir *Amorous* is arrested.

Don. Amor. Sir Iudgement of the countrey.

Her. I take my oath upon thy brothers body tis none of thine.

Amor. By the heart of dissemblance, this *Fawne* has wrought with us, as strange Taylors worke in corporate cities, where they are not free all inward, inward, he lurkt in the bosom of us, and yet we know not his profession: Sir let me have counsell.

Her. Tis in a great case, you may have no counsell.

Don. Amor. Sir, death a justice, are we in Normandy, what is my Ladies doome then?

Cup. Acquited by the right penalty of the statute, hence, and in thy ignorance bee quietly happy, away with him. On.

Her. An Act against forgers of love-letters, false brag-garts of Ladies favours, and vaine boasters of counterfeited tokens.

Herc. Tis I, tis I, I confesse guilty, guilty.

Her. I will be most humane and right courteously languaged in thy correction, and onely say, thy vice apparant

The Fawne.

Want here has made thee an apparant beggar, and now a false knave has made thee a true foole: Folly to the ship with him, and twice a day let him bee duckt at the maine-yard.

Cup. Proceed.

Her. An Act against flaunderers of *Cupids* liege Ladies names, and leyd defamers of their honours.

Zuc. Tis I, tis I, I weep, and cry out, I have bin a most contumelious offender, my only cry is *miserere*.

Cup. If your relenting Lady will have pittie on you, the fault against our Deity be pardoned.

Zuc. Madam if ever I have found fauour in your eyes, if ever you have thought mee a reasonable handsome fellow, as I am sure before I had a beard you might; O be mercifull.

Zoya. Well, upon your apparant repentance, that all modest Spectators may witnesse, I have for a short time only thus faignedly hated you, that you might ever after truely love mee, upon these cautions I reaccept you: first you shall vow.

Zuc. I do vow, as heaven bleesse me, I will doe.

Zo. What?

Zuc. What ere it be, say on I besetch you.

Zo. You shall vow.

Zuc. Yes.

Zo. That you shall never.

Zuc. Never.

Zoya. Faine loue to my wayting woman or Chamber maid.

Zuc. No.

Zoya. Never promise them such a farme to their marriage. *Zuc.* No

Zoya. If sheele discover but whom I affect.

Zuc. Never.

Zoya. Or if they know none, that thei'le but take a false oath, I doe, onely to berid of me.

Zuc. I

The Fawne.

Zuc. I sweare I will not, I will not only not counterfeitley loue your women, but I will truly hate them an't be possible, so farre from maintayning them that I will begger them, I will never picke their trunks for letters, search their pockets, ruffle their bosomes, or teare their foule smocks: never, never.

Zoya. That if I chance to haue a humour to bee in a maske, you shall not grow jealous.

Zuc. Never.

Zoya. Or grudge at the expence.

Zuc. Never, I will eate mine owne armes first.

Zoya. That you shall not search if my chamber doore hinges be oyl'd to avoid creaking.

Zuc. As I am a sensible creature ———

Zoy. Nor ever suspect the reason why my bed-chamber floore is double matted.

Zuc. Not as I haue blood in me.

Zoya. You shall vow to weare cleane lining, and feed wholsomely.

Zuc. I and highly, I will take no more Tobacco, or come to your sheets drunke, or get wenches, I will ever feed on fried frogs, wild snayles, and boild Lamstones, I will adore thee more then a mortall, obserue and serue you as more then a Mistresse, doe all duties of a husband, all offices of a man, all services of thy creature, and ever liue in thy pleasure, or dye in thy service.

Zoya. Then here my quarrell ends, thus cease all strife.

Zuc. Vntill they loose, men know not whats a wife;
Wee sight and dully view the lampe of heaven,
Because we daily se e't, which but bereaved,
And held one little weeke from darkned eyes,
With greedy wonder we should all admire,
And proud height of command puts out loues fire.

Her. An Act against mummers, false seemers, that abuse Ladies with counterfeit faces, courting outely by signes, and seeming wise onely by silence.

Cup.

The Fawne.

Cup. The penalty.

Her. To be urged to speake, and then if inward ability answer not outward seeming, to be committed instantly to the ship of fooles, during great *Cupids* pleasure. My Lord *Granuffo* to the barre, speake, speake, is not this law just?

Gra. Iust sure, for in good truth, or in good sooth, when wise men speake, they still must open their mouth.

Her. The brazen head has spoken.

Don. Thou art arrested.

Gra. Me?

Her. And judg'd away.

Exit Granuffo. (hawes,

Gon. Thus silence, can envie lookes with hums and Makes many worshipped, when if tried were dawes: Thats the mortality or lenvoy of it, lenvoy of it, on.

Her. An act against privie conspiracies, by which, if any with ambitious wisdom, shall hope and strive to outstrip love, to crosse his words, and make frustrate his sweet pleasures, if such a presumptuous wisdom fall to nothing, and dye in laughter, the wizard so transgressing is *ipso facto*, adjudged to, offend in most deepe treason, to forfeit all his wit at the will of the Lord, and bee instantly committed to the ship of fooles for ever.

Gon. I marry sir, O might *OEdipus* riddle mee out such a fellow, of all creatures breathing I doe hate those things that strugle to seeme wise, and yet are indeed very fooles: I remember when I was a young man in my fathers dayes, there were foue gallant spirits for resolution, as proper for body, as witty in discourse as any were in Europe; nay Europe had not such, I was one of them; wee foue did all love one Lady, a most chaste virgin shee was, we all enjoyed her, I well remember, and so enjoyd her, that despite the strictest guard was set upon her, wee had her at our pleasure I speake it for her honour and my credite: where shall you find such witty fellows

The Fawne.

fellowes now a dayes : Alas how easie it is in these weaker times to crosse loue tricks , ha ha ha alas, alas, I smile to thinke (I must confesse with some glory to mine owne wisedome) to thinke how I found out and crossed, and curb'd, and jerkt, and firkte, and in the end made desperate *Tiberios* hope ; Alas good silly youth, that dares to cope with age , and such a beard : I speake it without glory.

Her. But what yet might your well known wisedome thinke,

If such a one as being most severe,
A most protested opposite to the match
Of two young lovers, who having bar'd them speech,
All interviews, all messages, all meanes
To plot their wished ends, even he himselfe
Was by their cunning made the goe betweene,
The onely messenger, the token-carrier,
Told them the times when they might fitly meet,
Nay, shew'd the way to one anothers bed.

Gon. May one haue the sight of such a fellow for nothing ?

Doth their breath such an egregious Ass ?

Is there such a foolish animall in *rerum natura* ?

How is it possible such a simplicity can exist ? let us not loose our laughing at him for Gods sake, let follies scepter light upon him, and to the ship of fooles with him instantly.

Don. Of all these follies I arrest your grace.

Gon. Me ? ha, me ? mee varlet ? me foole ? ha, tot'h I ayle with him: what varlet ? call me Ass, me ?

Her. What graue *Vrbins* Duke, dares Follies scepter touch his prudent shoulders, is he a Coxcombe, no, My Lord is wise.

For we all know that *Vrbins* Duke has eyes.

Gon. God a mercy *Fawne*, hold fast varlet, hold thee good *Fawne*, rayling reprobate.

Her.

The Fawne.

Her. Indeed I must confesse, your grace did tell,
And first did intimate your daughters loue,
To otherwise most cold *Tiberio*,
After conuai'd her private favour to him,
A curious scarfe, wherein her needle wrought
Her private favour to him.

Gon. What I doe this ? ha.

Her. And last, by her perswasion shew'd the youth,
The very way and best elected time,
To come unto her chamber.

Gon. Thus did I sir ?

Her. This did you sir, but I must confesse,
You meant not to doe this, but were rankely guld,
Made a plaine naturall. This sure sir you did,
And in assurance Prince *Tiberio*,
Renowned, witted, *Dulcimet* appeare ;
The acts of constant honour cannot feare. *Exit Her.*

*Tiberio and Dulcimet aboue are discovered,
hand in hand.*

Dul. Royally wise, and wisely royall father.

Don. Thats sententious now, art *Ironia*.

Dul. I humbly thanke your worthy piety, that through
your onely meanes I haue obtayned so fit, loving and de-
sired a husband.

Gon. Death a discretion, if I should proue a foole,
now am not I an Asse, thinke you, ha ? I will haue them
both bound together, and sent to the Duke of *Ferrara*
presently.

Tib. I am sure good Father wee are both bound to-
gether as fast as the Priest can make us already, I thanke
you for it kind father, I thanke you onely for't.

Her. And as for sending them to the Duke of *Ferrara*,
see my good Lord, *Ferraraes* ore joy'd Prince, meets
them in fullest wish.

The Fawne.

Gon. By the Lord I am asham'd of my selfe, that the plaine troth, but I know now wherefore this wa what a slumber haue I beene in?

Hercules enters in his owne shape.

Her. Never grieue or wonder, all things sweetly sti

Gon. There is no folly to protested will.

Her. What still in wondring, ignorance doth rest
In private conference, your deare lou'd breast
Shall fully take. But now we change our face.

Epilogus.

AND thus in bold, yet modest phrase we end,
He whose Thalia with swiftest hand hath pend
This lighter subject, and hath boldly torne,
Fresh bayes from Daphnes arme, doth onely scorne
Malitious censures of some envious few,
Who thinke they loose if others haue their due.
But let such Addars hisse; know all the sting,
All the vaine some of all those snakes that ring,
Minervas glasse full shield can never taint,
Poyson or pierce, firme art disdaines to faint;
But yet of you that with impartiall faces,
With no prepared malice, but with graces,
Of sober knowledge, haue suruai'd the frame,
Of his slight Scene, if you shall iudge his flame,
Dislemporarily weake, as faulty much,
In stile, in plot, in spirit; loe if such
Fre daines in selfe accusing phrase to craue,
For prayse but pardon which hee hopes to haue;
Since he protests he ever hath aspir'd,
To be beloued, rather then admir'd.

FINIS.

THE
D V T C H
COVRTEZAN.

As it hath been divers times
Presented at the Black Fryers,
by the Children of the Queenes
Majesties Revells.



LONDON,
Printed for WILLIAM SHEARES.

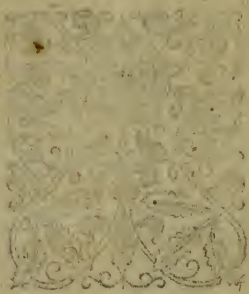
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THE

D V T C H

GOVERNMENT

As a new form of government
Presented at the Black Fryers,
by the Council of the Queens
Majesty's Council.



LONDON

Printed for William Sturges

1633

Prologue.

SLight hasty labours in this easie Play,
Present not what you would, but what we may:
For this vouchsafe to know the onely end
Of our now study is, not to offend.
Yet thinke not, but like others rayle we could,
(Best art presents not what it can, but should)
And if our pen in this seeme over-sight,
We strine not to instruct, but to delight;
As for some few, we know of purpose here
To taxe, and scowt: know firme art cannot feare
Vaine rage: onely the highest grace we pray
Is, you'll not taxe, untill you judge our Play.
Thinke and then speake: tis rashnesse and not wit
To speake what is in passion, and not judgement fit.
Sit then, with faire expectance, and survey
Nothing but passionate man in his slight play,
who hath this onely ill, to some deem'd worst,
A modest diffidence, and selfe mistrust.

Fabula Argumentum.

THe difference betwixt the loue of a Cour-
tezan, and a wife, is the full scope of the
Play, which intermixed with the deceits of a
witty Citie Iester, fills up the Comcedy.

Dramatis personæ.

<i>Francischina.</i>	A Dutch Courtezan
<i>Mary Faugh.</i>	An old Woman.
<i>Sir Lionell Freevill.</i>	} Two old Knights.
<i>Sir Hubert Subbois.</i>	
<i>Young Freevill.</i>	Sir Lion: Sonne.
<i>Beatrice</i>	} Sir Huberts Daughters.
<i>Crispinella.</i>	
<i>Putifer.</i>	Their Nurse.
<i>Tysefaw.</i>	A blunt Gallant.
<i>Caqueteur.</i>	A prating Gull.
<i>Malheureux.</i>	} Young Freevills unhappy Friend.
<i>Cocledemoy.</i>	
	A knavishly witty Citie Companion.
<i>Master Mulligrub.</i>	A Vintner.
<i>Mistresse Mulligrub.</i>	His wife.
<i>Master Burnish.</i>	A Goldsmith.
<i>Lionell.</i>	His man.
<i>Holifernes Rams-cure.</i>	A Barbers boy.
	Three Watchmen.

THE



THE DUTCH COUR- TEZAN.

*Turpe est
difficile
habere n
gas.*

ACTVS I. SCENA I.

*Enter three Pages with lights. Mulligrub, Freevile, Mal-
heureux, Tisetew, and Caqueteur.*

Freevile.



AY comfort my good host *Sharke*, my
good *Mulligrub*.

Mal. Advance thy snout, doe not suffer
thy sorrowfull nose to drop on thy Spa-
nish leather Ierken, most hardly honest
Mulligrub.

Free. What, cogging *Cocledemoy* is run away with a
nest of goblets, true, what then? they will be hammerd
out well enough, I warrant you. (sently.

Mull. Sure, some wise man would find them out pre-

Free. Yes sure, if wee could find out some wise man
presently.

Mal. How was the plate lost? how did it vanish?

Free. In most sincere prose thus: that man of much
money, some wit, but lesse honesty, cogging *Cocledemoy*.

The Dutch Courtezan.

comes this night late into my hoste *Mulligrubs* Taverne here, calls for a roome, the house being full, *Cocledemoy* consoorted with his moveable cattle, his instrument of fornication, the Bawd mistris *Mary Faugh*, are imparlar'd next the street, good poultrey was their food, black-bird, larke, woodcocke, and mine hoast here, comes in, cries God blesse you, and departs. A blind Harper enters, craves audience, uncaseeth, playes, the Drawer for female privatenesse sake is nodded out, who, knowing that whosoever will hit the marke of profit, must, like those that shoot in stone-bowes, winke with one eye, growes blind a the right side, and departs.

Caque. He shall answer for that winking with one eye at the last day.

Mol. Let him have day till then, and hee will winke with both his eyes.

Free. *Cocledemoy* perceiving none in the roome but the blind Harper (whose eyes heaven had shut up from beholding wickednesse) unclasps a casement to the street very patiently, pockets up three boles unnaturally, thrusts his wench forth the window, and himselfe most preposterously with his heeles forward followes, (the unseeing Harper playes on) bids the empty dishes and the treacherous candles much good doe them: the Drawer returnes, but out alas, not onely the birds, but also the neast of Goblets were flowne away, Laments are rais'd.

Tyssef. Which did not pierce the heavens.

Free. The Drawers mone,
Mine Host doth try, the boles are gone.

Mul. *Hic finis Priami.*

(*ligrub.*

Mal. Nay, be not jaw-fall'n, my most sharking *Mul-*

Free. Tis your just affliction, remember the sinnes of the sellar, and repent, repent.

Mul. I am not jaw-fall'n, but I will hang the cony-catching *Cocledemoy*, and there's an end on't. *Exit.*

Caq. Is it a right stone, it shews well by candle-light?

Free. So

The Dutch Courtezan.

Free. So doe many things that are counterfeit, but I assure you this is a right Diamond.

Caque. Might I borrow it of you? it will not a litle grace my finger in visitation of my Mistris.

Free. Why use it most sweet *Caquette*, use it.

Caque. Thankes good sir, tis growne high night, gentles, rest to you. *Exit.*

Tys. A torch, sound wench, soft sleepe, and sanguine dreames to you both, on boy.

Free. Let me bid you good rest.

Mal. Not so trust me, I must bring my friend home: I dare not give you up to your owne company, I feare the warmth of wine and youth will draw you to some common house of lascivious entertainment.

Free. Most necessary buildings *Malheroux*, ever since my intention of marriage I doe pray for their continuance.

Mal. Lov'd sir, your reason?

Free. Marry, lest my house should bee made one: I would have married men love the Stewes, as Englishmen love the low Countries, with warre should be maintain'd there, lest it should be brought home to their owne doores: what, suffer a man to have a hole to put his head in, though he goe to the Pillory for it: Youth and appetite are above the club of *Hercules*.

Mal. This lust is a most deadly sinne sure.

Free. Nay, tis a most lively sin sure.

Mal. Well, I am sure tis one of the head sinnes.

Free. Nay, I am sure it is one of the middle sinnes.

Mal. Pity, tis growne a most daily vice.

Free. But a more nightly vice, I assure you.

Mal. Well, tis a sinne.

Free. I, or els few men would wish to goe to heaven: and not to disguise with my friend, I am now going the way of all flesh.

Mal. Not to a Courtezan?

Free. A

The Dutch Courtezan.

Fre. A courteous one.

Mal. What to a sinner ?

Free. A very Publican.

Mal. Deare my lov'd friend, let me be full with you,
Know sir, the strongest Argument that speakes
Against the soules eternity, is lust,
That wise mans folly, and the fooles wisdom :
But to grow wild in loose lasciviousnesse,
Given up to heat, and sensuall appetite,
Nay to expose your health, and strength, and name,
Your precious time, and with that time the hope
Of due preferment, advantagious meanes
Of any worthy end, to the state use,
The common bosome of a money creature,
One that sells humane flesh, a Mangonist.

Free. Alas good creatures, what would you have them
doe ? would you have them get their living by the curse
of man, the sweat of their browes ? so they doe, every
man must follow his trade, and every woman her occu-
pation ; a poore decayed mechanickall mans wife, her hus-
band is layd up, may not shee lawfully bee layd downe,
when her husbands onely rising is by his wifes falling ?
a Captaines wife wants meanes, her Commander lyes
in open field abroad, may not shee lye in civill armes at
home ? A waiting gentlewoman, that had wont to take
say to her Lady, miscarries, or so ; the Court misfortune
throwes her downe, may not the City courtesie take
her up ; doe you know no Alderman would pittie such
a womans case ; why, is charity growne a sinne ; or
relieving the poore and impotent an offence ? You will
say beasts take no money for their fleshly entertainment,
true, because they are beasts, therfore beastly ; only men
give to loose, because they are men, therefore manly ;
and indeed, wherein should they bestow their mony bet-
ter ? In land, the title may bee crackt ; In houses, they
may be burnt ; In apparell, twill weare ; In wine, alas
for

The Dutch Courtezan.

for pittie, our throat is but short : but employ you money upon women, and a thousand to nothing, some one of them will bestow that on you, which shall stick by you as long as you live; they are no ingratefull persons, they will give you quit for quo : doe ye protest, they'l sweare; doe you rise, they'l fall ; doe you fall, they'l rise ; doe you give them the french crown, they'l give you the french — *O justus justa justum*. They sell their bodies, doe not better persons sell their soules ? nay, since all things have been sold, honour, justice, faith, nay, even God himselfe, Ay me, what base ignoblenesse is it to sell the pleasure of a wanton bed ?

Why doe men scrape, why heape to full heapes joyne,
But for his Mistresse, who would care for coyne ?
For this I hold to be deny'd of no man,
All things are made for man, and man for woman ;
Give mee my fee.

Mal. Of ill you merite well, my hearts good friend,
Leave yet at length, at length, for know this ever,
Tis no such sinne to erre, but to persever.

Fre. Beauty is womans vertue, love the lifes musicke,
and woman the dainties or second course of heavens curious workmanship ; since then beauty, love, and woman, are good, how can love of womans beauty be bad ? and *Bonum, quo communius, eo melius*, wilt then go with me ?

Mal. Whither ?

Free. To a house of salvation.

Mal. Salvation ?

Free. Yes, it will make thee repent: wilt' goe to the family of love ? I will shew thee my creature : a pretty nimble-ey'd Dutch Tanakin, an honest soft-hearted impropriation, a soft, plump, round-cheek'd Froe, that has beauty enough for her vertue, vertue enough for a woman, and woman enough for any reasonable man in my knowledge : wilt' passe along with me ?

Mal. VVhat, to a Brothell, to behold an impudent
prostitution

The Dutch Courtezan.

prostitution, he on't I shall hate the whole sexe to see her: the most odious spectacle the earth can present, is an immodest vulgar woman.

Free. Good still: my braine shall keep't: you must goe as you loue me. (in.

Mal. Well: Ile goe to make her loath the shame she's The sight of vice augments the hate of sinne.

Free. The sight of vice augments the hate of sinne, very fine perdy. *Exeunt.*

SCENA SECVNDA.

Enter Cocledemoy, and Mary Faugh.

Cocle. Mary, Mary Faugh.

Mar. Hem.

Cocle. Come my worshipfull rotten Rough bellied Baud, ha my blew tooth'd Patrons of naturall wickedness, giue me the goblets.

Mar. By yea, and by nay, master *Cocledemoy* I feare you'll play the knaue and restore them.

Cocle. No by the Lord *Aunt*, Restitution is Catholique and thou knowest we loue.

Mar. What?

Cocle. Oracles are ceas'd: *Tempus prateritum*, do'st heare my worshipfull glisterpipe, thou ungodly fire that burnt *Dianas* Temple, doest heare Baud?

Mar. In very good truthnesse you are the foulest mouth'd prophane rayling brother, cal a woman the most ungodly names: I must confesse we all eate of the forbidden fruite, and for mine owne part, though I am one of the family of loue, and as they say a Baud that couers the multitude of sinnes, yet I trust I am none of the wicked that eate fish a Fridayes.

Cocle. Hang toasts, I rayle at thee my worshipfull organ bellowes that fills the pipes, my fine rattling steamy cough

The Dutch Courtezan.

cough a the lungs & cold with a Pox, I rayle at thee, what my right pretious panders, supportres of *Barbar Surgeons*, and inhauntres of *lorinus* and diet drinke : I rayle at thee necessary damnation, ile make an oration, I in prayse of the most courtly in fashion , and most pleasurable fun-
tis, I.

Mar. I prethee doe, I loue to haue my selfe prayst'd, as well as any old Iade, I.

Cocle. *List then*, a Baud ; first for her profession or vocation , it is most wotshipfull of all the twelue Companies, for as that trade is most honourable that sels the best commodities ; as the Draper is more worshipfull then the Point-maker , the Silke-man more worshipfull then the Draper, and the Gold-smith more honourable then both, *Little Mary* : so the Baud aboue all , her shop has the best ware , for where these sell but cloath , fattens, and jewels, she sels diuine vertues, as virginittie, modesty, and such rare Iems , and those not like a petty chapman, by retayle , but like a great Merchant by whole sale, wa, ha, ho, and who are her customers, not base corne cutters, or sowgelders , but most rare wealthy Knights , and most rare bountifull Lords are her customers : Againe, where as no trade or vocation profiteth, but by the losse and displeasure of another ; as the Merchant thrives not but by the licentiousnesse of giddy youth , and unsetled , the Lawyer, but by the vexation of his Client, the Phisitian but by the maladies of his patient , onely my smooth gumb'd Bawd liues by others pleasure, and onely growes rich by others rising ; O mercifull gaine , O righteous in-come. So much for her vocation, trade and life, as for their death, how can it be bad, since their wickednesse is alwayes before their eyes, and a deaths head most commonly on their middle finger. To conclude , 'tis most certaine they must needs both liue well , and dye well , since most commonly they liue in *Clarcken-well*, and dye in *Bridewell*. *Dixi Mary.*

Enter

The Dutch Courtezan.

Enter Freevile and Malhercux.

Free. Come along, yonder's the preface or exordium to my wench, the Bawd: Fetch, fetch. What Master *Cocledemoy*, is your knave-ship yet stirring? looke to it, *Mulligrub* lyes for you.

Cocl. The more foole he, I can ly for my selfe, worshipfull friend, hang toasts, I vanish. Ha my fine boy, thou art a scholler and hast read *Tullies Offices*, my fine knave hang toasts.

Free. The Vintner will toast you, and hee catch you.

Cocl. I will draw the Vintner to the floope, and when he runnes low, tilt him, ha my fine knave, art going to thy recreation?

Free. Yes my capricious rascall.

Cocl. Thou wilt looke like a foole then by and by.

Free. Looke like a foole, why?

Cocl. Why, according to the old saying, A beggar when hee is lowfing of himselfe lookes like a Philosopher; a hard-bound Philosopher, when hee is on the stoole, lookes like a tyrant; and a wise man, when he is in his belly act, lookes like a foole; God give your worship good rest, grace and mercy keepe your *Syringe* straight, and your *Lotium* unspilt.

Enter Franciscina.

Free. See sir, this is she.

Mal. This?

Free. This.

Mal. A Courtezan? Now cold blood defend mee, what a proportion afflicts me?

Fran. O mine aderliver love, vat sall me do to requit dis your mush affection?

Free. Marry

The Dutch Courtezan:

Free. Marry salute my friend, clip his necke, and kisse him welcome.

Fran. A mine art sir, you bim very velcome

Free. Kisse her man with a more familiar affection, so, come what entertainment, goe to your Lute.

Exit Franciscina.

And how dost approve my sometimes elected? thee's none of your ramping Canniballs that devoure mans flesh, nor any of your Curtian Gulfes that will never bee satisfied, untill the best thing a man has be throwne into them. I lov'd her with my heart, untill my soule shewed mee the imperfection of my body, and placed my affection on a more lawfull love, my modest *Beatrice*, which if this short-heeles knew, there were no being for mee with eyes before her face: But faith, dost thou not somewhat excuse my sometimes incontinency with her enforcive beauties? Speake.

Mal. Ha, she is a whore, is she not?

Freev. Whore? fie, whore? you may call her a Courtezan, a Cockatrice, or (as that worthy spirit of an eternall happinesse sayd) a Suppositarie, but Whore? fie, tis not in fashion to call things by their right names: Is a great Merchant a Cuckold, you must say, he is one of the Livery; Is a great Lord a foole, you must say hee is weake; Is a gallant pocky, you must say hee has the Court skab, come, she is your Mistris, or so.

Enter Franciscina with her Lute.

Come Syren, your voyce.

Fran. Vil you not stay in mine bosome to night love?

Free. By no meanes sweet breast, this gentleman has vowd to see me chastly layd.

Fran. He shall have a bed too, if dat it please him.

Free. Peace,

The Dutch Courtezan.

Free. Peace, you tender him offence,
Hee's one of a professed abstinence:
Syren, your voyce and away.

She sings to her Lute.

THE SONG.

*The darke is my delight,
So tis the Nightingales.
My Musick's in the night,
So is the Nightingales.
My body is but little,
So is the Nightingales.
I love to sleepe gainst prickle,
So doth the Nightingale.*

Thankes, busse, so the night growes old, good rest.

Fran. Rest to mine dear love, rest, and no long absence.

Free. Beleeve me not long.

Fran. Shall Ick not beleeve you long? *Exit Franc.*

Free. O yes, come vial, away, boy, on.

Exit his Page lighting him.

Enter Freuill and seemes to overheare Malheroux.

Mal. Is she unchast? can such a one be damn'd?

O, love and beauty, yee two eldest seedes
Of the vast Chaos, what strong right yee have
Even in things divine, our very soules!

Free. Wha, ha, ho, come bird come, stand, peace.

Mal. Are strumpets then such things, so delicate?
Can custome spoyle, what Nature made so good,
Or is their custome bad? Beautie's for use,
I never saw a sweet face vicious,
It might be proud, inconstant, wanton, nice,
But never tainted with unnaturall vice:
Their worst is, their best art is love to winne,
"O that to love should be or shame, or sinne!"

Free. By

The Dutch Courtezan.

Free. By the Lord hee's caught, Laughter eternall !

Mal. Soule I must loue her, destiny is weake to my affection,

A common loue, blush not faint breast,

That which is ever lov'd of most is best ;

Let colder eld the strong'st objections moue,

No lou's without some lust, no life without some loue.

Free. Nay come on good sir, what though the most odious spectacle the world can present bee an immodest vulgar woman ?

Yet sir for my sake——

Mal. Well sir for your sake Ile thinke better of them.

Free. Doe good sir, and pardon mee that haue brought you in,

You know the sight of vice augments the hate of sinne.

Mal. Hah ? will you goe home sir, 'tis hie bed time ?

Free. Withall my heart sir, onely doe not chide me, I must confesse.

Mal. A wanton lover you haue beene.

Free. O that to loue should be or shame, or sinne.

Mal. Say yee ?

Free. Let colder eld the strong'st objections moue. !

Mal. How's this ?

Free. No loue's without some lust,
No life without some loue,

Goe your wayes for an Apostata, I belecue my cast garment must bee let out in the seames for you when all is done :

“ Of all the fooles that would all man ont-thrust,

“ He that 'gainst Nature would seeme wise is worst.

Exeunt.

Fin's Actus primi.

The Dutch Courtezan.

ACTVS II. SCENA I.

Enter Freevile, pages with torches, and gentlemen with musicke.

Free. The morne is yet but young : here gentlemen,
This is my *Beatrice* window, this the chamber
Of my betrothed dearest, whose chaste eyes,
Full of lou'd sweetnesse, and cleere chearefulnesse,
Haue gag'd my soule to her injoyings,
Shredding away all those weake under-branches
Of base affections, and unfruitfull heates,
Here bestow your musicke to my voice. *Cantat.*

Enter Beatrice aboue.

Alwayes a vertuous name to my chaste loue.

Bea. Lou'd sir the honor of your wish returne to you,
I cannot with a mistresse complement,
Forced discourses, or nice art of wit,
Giue entertaine to your deare wished presence,
But safely thus, what hearty gratefulnessse,
Vnsullen silence, unaffected modesty,
And an unignorant shamefastnesse can expresse,
Receiue as your pretested due. Faith my heart,
I am your servant,
O let not my secure simplicity,
Breed my mislike, as one quite void of skill,
Tis grace enough in vs not to be ill,
I can some good, and faith I meane no hurt,
Doe not then sweet wrong sober ignorance,
I judge you all of vertue, and our vowe
Should kill all feares that base distrust can moue,
My soule what say you, still you loue ?

Free. Still ? my vow is up aboue me, and like time
Irrevocable. I am sworne all yours,
No beauty shall untwine our armes, no face

The Dutch Courtezan.

In my eyes can or shall seeme faire,
And would to God onely to me you might
Seeme onely faire, let others disesteeme
Your matchlesse graces, so might I safer seeme,
Envie I covet not, farre, farre be all ostent,
Vaine boasts of beauties: soft joyes and the rest,
“Hee that is wise, pants, on a private breast;
So could I live in desert most unknowne,
Your selfe to me enough were populous,
Your eyes shall be my joyes; my wine that still
Shall drowne my often cares, your onely voice
Shall cast a slumber on my lightning sense,
You with soft lip shall only ope mine eyes,
And sucke their lids a sunder, only you
Shall make me with to live, and not feare death,
So on your cheeks I might yeeld latest breath,
O he that thus may live, and thus shall dye,
May well be envied of a deity.

Beat. Deare my lou’d heart be not so passionate,
Nothing extreame lives long.

Free. “But not to bee extreame,
Nothing in loue’s extreame, my loue receiues no meane.

Beat. I giue you faith, and prethee since poore soule
I am so easie to beleue thee, make it much more pittie to
deceiue me: weare this slight favour in my remembrance,

Throweth downe a ring to him.

Free. Which when I part from,
Hope the best of life, ever part from me.

Beat. I take you and your word, which may ever live
your servant; see day is quite broke up, the best of houres.

Free. Good morrow gracefull mistresse, our nuptiall
day holds.

Beat. With happy constancie a wished day. *Exit.*

Enter Malheureux.

Free. My selfe and all content rest with you.

Mal. The studious morne with paler cheek drawes on

The Dutch Courtezan.

The dayes bold light, harke how the free-borne birds
Caroll their unaffected passions, (*The Nitingals sing.*)
Now sing they sonnets, thus they cry, we loue,
O breath of heaven! thus they harmelesse soules
Giue entertaine to mutuall affects.

They haue no Bawds, mercenary beds,
No politicke restraints, no artificiall heats,
No faint dissemblings, no custome makes them blush,
No shame afflicts their name, O you happy beasts
In whom an inborne heate is not held sinne,
How farre transcend you wretched, wretched man
Whom nationall custome, tyrannous respects
Of slavish order, fetters, lames his power,
Calling that sinne in us, which in all things else
Is natures highest vertue.

(*O miseri quorum gaudia crimen habent.*)

Sure nature against vertue crosse doth fall,
Or vertues selfe is oft unnaturall,
That I should loue a strumpet, I a man of Snow,
Now shame forsake me whether am I fallen!
A creature of a publique use, my friends loue too,
To liue to be a talke to men, a shame
To my professed vertue. O accursed reason,

“How many eyes hast thou to see thy shame,

“And yet how blind once to prevent defame!

Free. *Diaboli virtus in Lumbis est*, morrow my friend:
come, I could make a tedious Scene of this now but,
what, pah, thou art in loue with a Courtezan, why sir,
should wee loath all strumpets, some men should hate
their owne mothers or sisters, a sinne against kind I can
tell you.

Mal. May it beseeme a wise man to be in loue?

Free. Let wise men alone, 'twill beseeme thee and me
well enough.

Mal. Shall I not offend the vow band of our friend-
ship?

Free.

The Dutch Courtezan.

Free. What to affect that which thy friend affected? by heaven I resigne her freely, the creature and I must grow off, by this time she has assuredly heard of my resolved marriage, and no question sweares, Gods Sacrament, ten thousand devils Ile resigne I faith.

Mal. I would but embrace her, heare her speake, and at the most but kisse her.

Free. O friend hee that could liue with the smoake of rost meate might liue at a cheape rate.

Mal. I shall nere proue heartily received,
A kind of flat ungracious modesty,
An insufficient dulnesse stains my haviour.

Free. No matter sir, Insufficiencie and sottishnesse are much commendable in a most discommendable action, now could I swallow thee, thou hadst wont to be so harsh and cold, ile tell thee. Hell and the prodigies of angry loue are not so fearefull to a thinking mind, as a man without affection, why friend, Philosophy and nature are all one, loue is the center in which all lines close the common bond of being.

Mal. O but a chaste reserved privatenesse, a modest continence.

Free. Ile tell thee what, take this as firmest sense,
“ Incontinence will force a Continence,
“ Heate wasteth heate, light defaceth light,
“ Nothing is spoyled but by his proper might,
This is something too waighy for thy floore.

Mal. But how so ere you shade it, the worlds eye
Shines hot and open on't,
Lying, malice, envie, are held but slidings,
Errors of rage, when custome and the world
Cals lust a crime spotted with blackest terrors.

Free. Where errors are held crimes, crimes are but errors :
Along sir to her, she is an arrand strumpet, and a strumpet is a Sarpego, Venomde Gonory to man. (*Offers to goe out and suddenly drawes backe.*)

The Dutch Courtezan:

Things actually possesse; yet since thou art in love; and againe, as good make use of a Statue, a body without a soule, a carcasle three moneths dead; yet since thou art in love.

Mal. Death man, my destiny; I cannot chuse.

Free. Nay, I hope so, againe, they sell but onely flesh, No jot affection, so that even in the enjoying,

Absentem marmoreãq; putes, yet since you needs must love.

Mal. Vnavoydable, though folly, worse then madnesse.

Free. Its true,

But since you needs must love, you must know this,

He that must love, a foole and he must kisse.

Enter Cocledemoy.

Master Cocledemoy, *ut vales domine?*

Cocl. *Ago tibi gratias* my worshipfull friend, how does your friend?

Free. Out you rascall.

Cocl. Hang toasts, you are an Assc, much a your worships braine lyes in your Calves — bread a God boy, I was at supper last night with a new weand bulchin, bread a God, drunke, horribly drunke, there was a wench, one *Franke Frailty*, a punke, an honest pole-cat, of a cleane In-step, sound leg, smooth thigh, and the nimble devill in her buttocke, ah fiest a grace, when saw you *Tisefew*, or Master *Caquette*, that prattling gallant of a good draught, common customes, fortunate impudence, and sound fart?

Free. Away rogue.

Cocl. Hang toasts, my fine boy, my companions are worshipfull.

Mal. Yes, I heare you are taken up with schollers and Church-men.

Enter Holifernes the Barbar.

Cocl. *Quanquam te Marce fili* my fine boy, does your worship want a Barbar-Surgion?

Free. Farewell knave, beware the *Mulligrubs*.

Exeunt Freevill & Malheureux.

Cocl. Let.

The Dutch Courtezan.

Cocl. Let the *Mulligrubs* beware the knave, what a Barbar-Surgion my delicate boy?

Holif. Yes sir, an apprentice to Surgery.

Cocl. Tis my fine boy, to what bawdy house does your Master belong? vvhats thy name?

Hol. *Holifernes Rain-scure.*

Cocl. *Rain-scure*? good M. *Holifernes* I desire your further acquaintance, nay, pray ye be coverd my fine boy, kill thy itch, and heale thy skabs, is thy Master rotten?

Hol. My father forsooth is dead.

Cocl. And layd in his grave,
Alas what comfort shall *Peggy* then have?

Hol. None but me sir, tha's my mothers sonne I assure you.

Coc. Mothers son, a good vvitty boy, would live to read an Homily well, and to whom are you going now?

Hol. Marry forsooth to trim M. *Mulligrub* the Vintner.

Cocl. Doe you know Master *Mulligrub*?

Hol. My Godfather forsooth.

Cocl. Good boy hold up thy chops, I pray thee do one thing for me, my name is *Gudgeon*.

Hol. Good Master *Gudgeon*.

Cocl. Lend me thy Basen, razor, and apron.

Hol. O Lord sir.

Cocl. Well spoken, good English, but what's thy furniture vvorth?

Hol. O Lord sir I know not.

Cocl. Well spoken, a boy of a good vvit, hold this pawne, vvhere dost dwell?

Hol. At the signe of the three Razors sir.

Coc. A signe of good shaving my catastrophonically fine boy, I have an od jest to trim M. *Mulligrub* for a wager, a jest boy, a humour, Ile returne thy things presently, hold.

Hol. What meane you M. *Gudgeon*?

Cocl. Nothing faith but a jest boy, drinke that, Ile recoile presently.

The Dutch Courtezan.

Hol. You'l not stay long?

Cocl. As I am an honest man the three razers?

Hol. I fir. *Exit Holifernes.*

Cocl. Good, and if I shave not Master *Mulligrub*, my wit has no edge, and I goe cacke in my pewter, let me see, a Barbar, my scurvy tongue will discover me, I must dissemble, must disguise, for my beard my false haire, for my tongue Spanish, Dutch or Welch, no, a northerne Barbar, very good, widdow *Rain-scures* man, well, newly entertain'd, right, so, hang tofts, all cardes have white backs, and all knaves would seeme to have white breasts, so, proceed now worshipfull *Cocledemoy*.

Exit Cocledemoy in his Barbars furniture.

Enter Mary Fough, and Franciscina with her hayre loose, chafing.

Mary. Nay, good sweet daughter doe not swagger so, you heare your love is to be marryed, true, he does cast you off, right, he will leave you to the world, what then? though blew and white, blacke and greene leave you, may not red and yellow entertaine you, is there but one colour in the raine-bow?

Fran. *Grandgripcome* on your sentences, Gods sacrament, ten tow sand devills take you, you ha brought mine love, mine honour, mine body all to noting.

Mary. To nothing? Ile bee sworne I have brought them to all the things I could, I ha made as much a your Maydenhead, and you had been mine owne daughter I could not ha sold your Maydenhead oftener then I ha done, I ha sworne for you, God forgive me, I ha made you acquainted with the Spaniard *Don Skirtoll*, with the Italian Master *Beieroane*, with the Irish Lord *S. Patricke*, with the Dutch Merchant *Haunce Herkin Glukin Skellam Flappdragon*, and specially with the greatest French, and now lastly with this English, (yet in my conscience) an honest gentleman: and am I now growne one of the
accursed

The Dutch Curtezan.

accursed with you for my labour? Is this my reward? am I call'd Bawd? Well *Mary Fough*, goe thy wayes *Mary Fough*, thy kind heart will bring thee to the Hospitall.

Fra. Nay good Naunt, you'l helpe mee to an oder love, vil you not?

Mary. Out thou noughty belly, wouldst thou make me thy Bawd? thou'dst best make mee thy Bawd, I ha kept counsell for thee, who payd the Apothecary, was't not honest *Mary Fough*? who redeem'd thy petticote and mantle, vvas't not honest *Mary Fough*? vvhich helped thee to thy custome, not of swaggering Ireland Captains, nor of 2 s. Innes-a-court men, but with honest art-caps, vvealth flat-caps, that pay for their pleasure the best of any men in Europe; nay, vvhich is more, in London, and dost thou desie me vile creature?

Fra. Foutra upon you Vitch, Bavvd, Pole-cat, Paugh, did not you praise *Freevile* to mine love?

Mary. I did praise him I confesse, I did praise him, I said hee vvas a foole, an unthrift, a true whore-master, I confesse, a constant Drab-keeper, I confesse, but vvhich, the vvind is turn'd.

Fra. It is, it is vile voman, reprobate voman, naughty voman, vat fall become of mine poore flesh now? mine body must turne Turke for 2 d. O Divela, life a mine art, Ick fall bee reveng'd, doe ten thousand hell damne mee, Icke fall have the rogue trote cut, and his love, and his friend, and all his affinity fall smart, fall dye, fall hang, now legion of devill seize him, de gran pest, S. *Anthones* fire, and de hot Neapolitan pocke rot him.

Enter Freevile and Malhereux.

Free. Franciscina.

Fra. O mine sect, deer'st, kindest, mine loving, O mine tousand, ten tousand, delicated, pretty sect-art.

Cantat Gallice.

a mine a decre leevest affection.

Free. Why

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Free. Why Monkey, no fashion in you? giue entertaine to my friend.

Fran. Icke sal make de most of you, dat curtesie may :
Aunt Mary, Metire *Faugh*, stooles, stooles for des gal-
lants : mine Mettre sing non oder song, frolique, frolique
Sir, but still complaine me doe her wrong, lighten your
heart Sir, for me did but kisse her, for me did but kisse her,
and so let goe : (pany.

Your friend is very heauie, ick sall nere like such sad com-

Free. No thou delightest onely in light Company.

Fran. By mine trot, he beene very sad, vat ayle you sir?

Mal. A toothake Lady, a paultry rheume.

Fran. De diet is very goot for de rheume.

Free. How farre off dwels the house-surgeon *Mary*
Faugh?

Mar. You are a prophane fellow Ifaith, I little thought
to heare such ungodly tearmes come from your lips.

Fran. Pree de now, tis but a toy, a very trifle.

Free. I care not for the valew, *Franke*, but Ifaith.

Fran. I fait, me must needs haue it (dis is *Beatrice* ring,
oh could I get it,) seet prece de now, as ever you haue em-
braced mee with a hearty arme, a warme thought, or a
pleasing touch, as ever you will professe to loue me, as
ever you doe wish me life, giue me dis ring, dis little ring.

Free. Pree thee bee not uncivilly importunate, sha not
ha't, faith I care not for thee, nor thy ieaiousie, sha not
ha't ifaith.

Fran. You doe not loue me, I heare of Sir *Hubert Sub-
boyes* daughter mistresse *Beatrice*, Gods Sacrament, ick
could scratch out her eyes, and sucke the holes.

Free. Goe y'are growen a puncke rampant.

Fran. So get thee gone, nere more behold mine eyes by
thee made wretched.

Free. *Mary Faugh* farewell, farewell *Franke*.

Fran. Sall I not ha de ring? *Free.* No by the Lord.

Fran. By te Lord?

Free.

The Fawne.

Free. By the Lord.

Fran. Goe to your new Blouze, your unprou'd flattery,
your modest Mettre forsooth.

Free. Marry will I forsooth.

Fran. Will you marry forsooth?

Free. Doe not turne witch before thy time :
With all my heart Sir, you will stay.

Mal. I am no whit my selfe, *Video meliora proboque*,
But raging lust my fate all strong doth moue :

“ The Gods themselues cannot be wise and loue.

Free. Your wishes to you. *Exit Freevil.*

Mal. Beautie entirely choyce.

Fran. Pray yee proue a man of fashion, and neglect
the neglected.

Mal. Can such a raritie be neglected, can there bee
measure or sinne in loving such a creature.

Fran. O mine poore forsaken heart.

Mal. I cannot containe, he saw thee not that left thee,
If there be wisdom, reason, honour, grace,
Or any foolishly esteemed vertue,
In giving o're possession of such beauty,
Let me be vitious, so I may be lou'd,
Passion I am thy slaue, sweet it shall be my grace,
That I account thy loue, my onely vertue :
Shall I sweare I am thy most vowed servant?

Fran. Mine vowed, goe, goe, goe, I can no more of loue,
no, no, no, you beene all unconstant, O unfaithfull men,
tyrants, betrayers, de very enjoying us, looseth us, and
when you onely ha made us hatefull, you only hate us :
O mine forsaken heart.

Mal. I must not raue, Silence and modesty two custo-
mary vertues : will you be my mistresse?

Fran. Mettres? ha, ha, ha.

Mal. Will you lye with me?

Fran. Lie with you, O no, you men will out-lie any
woman, fait me no more can loue.

Mal.

The Dutch Courtezan.

Mal. No matter, let me enjoy your bed.

Franc. O vile man, vat doe you tinck on me, doe you take me to be a beast, a creature that for sense onely will entertaine loue, and not onely for loue, loue? O brutish abomination!

Mal. Why then I pray thee loue, and with thy loue enjoy me.

Franc. Giue me reason to affect you, will you sweare you loue me?

Mal. So seriously, that I protest no office so dangerous, no deed so unreasonable, no cost so heauie, but I vow to the utmost tentation of my best being to effect it.

Franc. Sall I, or can I trust againe? O foole, How naturall tis for us to be abus'd!

Sall ick be sure that no satiety,
No inoying, not time shall languish your affection?

Mal. If there be ought in braine, heart or hand,
Can make you doublesse, I am your vowed servant.

Franc. Will you doe one ting for me?

Mal. Can I doe it?

Franc. Yes, yes, but ick doe not loue dis same *Freevill*.

Mal. Well.

Franc. Nay I doe hate him.

Mal. So.

Franc. By this kisse I hate him.

Mal. I loue to feele such oaths, sweare againe.

Franc. No, no, did you ever heare of any that lou'd at the first sight?

Mal. A thing most proper.

Franc. Now fait, I judge it all incredible, untill this houre I saw you pretty faire eyed yout, would you enjoy me?

Mal. Rather then my breath, even as my being.

Franc. Vel, had ick not made a vow.

Mal. What vow?

Franc. O let me forget it, it makes us both despaire.

Mal.

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Mal. Deare soule what vow?

Fran. Hah, good morrow gentle Sir, endeavour to forget mee, as I must bee enforced to forget all men. Sweet mind rest in you.

Mal. Stay, let not my desire burst me, O my impatient heate endures no resistance, no protraction, there is no being for me but your suddaine injoying.

Fran. I doe not loue *Freevill*.

Mal. But what vow, what vow?

Fran. So long as *Freevil* liues, I must not loue.

Mal. Then hee.

Fran. Must.

Mal. Die.

Fran. I, no there is no such vehemence in your affects, Would I were any thing, so he were not.

Mal. Will you be mine when he is not?

Fran. Will I? deare, deare breast, by this most zealous kisse, but I will not perswade you: but if you hate him that I loath most deadly, yet as you please, ile perswade noting.

Mal. Will you be onely mine?

Fran. Vill I? how hard tis for true loue to dissemble, I am onely yours.

Mal. Tis as irrevocable as breath, he dies. Your loue.

Fran. My vow, not untill he be dead,
Which that I may be sure not to infringe,
Dis token of his death, shall satisfie,
He has a ring, as deare as the ayre to him,
His new louses gift: rat got and brought to me,
I shall assured your professed rest.

Mal. To kill a man?

Fran. O done safely, a quarrell suddaine pickt,
With an advantage strike, then bribe, a little coyne,
Al's safe, deare soule, but Ile not set you on.

Mal. Nay he is gone, the ring, well, come, little more liberall of thy loue.

Fran.

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Fran. Not yet, my vowv.

Mal. O heaven ! there is no hell,
But loves prolongings ; deere, farewell. (revenge

Fran. Farevvell: Now does my heart swel high; for my
Has birth and forme, first, friend sal kill his friend,
Him dat survives Ile hang, besides de chaste

Beatrice Ile vexe, only the ring,
Dat got, de world sall know the worst of evils,
“ Woman corrupted is the vvorst of devills.

Exit Franciscina.

Mal. To kill my friend, O tis to kill my selfe ;
Yet man is but mans excrement, man, breeding man,
As he does vvormes : *he spits*

Or this, to spoyle this nothing.
The body of a man is of the selfe same soule,
As Oxe or horse, no murther to kill these;
As for that onely part vvwhich makes us man,
Murther vvants power to touch't : O wit, hovv vile;
Hovv hellish art thou, vvhen thou raisest nature
Gainst sacred faith ! thinke more, to kill a friend
To gaine a vvoman, to lose a vertuous selfe
For appetite and sensuall end, vvwhose very having
Loseth all appetite, and gives satiety,
That corporall end, remorse, and inward blushings
Forcing us loath the steame of our ovvne heats,
Whil't friendship clos'd in vertue, being spirituall,
Tasts no such languishings, and moments pleasure,
With much repentance, but like rivers flow,
And further that they runne, they bigger grow.
Lord hovv vvvas I misgone, hovv easy tis to erre,
When passion vvill not give us leave to thinke !
“ A learn'd that is an honest man may feare,
“ And lust, and rage, and malice, and any thing;
“ When he is taken uncollected suddenly :
“ Tis sinne of cold blood, mischief vvith vvak'd eyes,
“ That is the damned and the truest vice,

Not,

The Dutch Courtezan.

“ Not he that’s passionlesse, but he bove passion’s wise.
My friend shall know it all. *Exit.*”

Enter Master Mulligrub, and Mistris Mulligrub, she with a bag of money.

Mist. Mull. It is right I assure you, just fiftene pounds.

Mull. Well *Cocledemoy*, tis thou puttest mee to this charge, but and I catch thee, Ile charge thee wth as many Irons ; well, is the Barbar come, Ile be trimd, and then to Cheap-side, to buy a faire piece of plate to furnish the losse, is the Barbar come ?

Mist. Mull. Truth husband, surely heaven is not pleas’d with our vocation ; wee doe winke at the sinnes of our people, our wines are Protestants, and I speake it to my griefe, and to the burden of my conscience, wee fry fish with salt butter.

Exit.

Mull. Goe looke to your businesse, mend the matter, and skore false with a vengeance.

Enter Cocledemoy like a Barbar.

Welcome friend, whose man ?

Cocl. Widdow *Raine/cures* man an’t shall please your good worship, my name’s *Andrew Sharke*.

Mull. How does my god-sonne good *Andrew* ?

Cocl. Very well, hee’s gone to trim M. *Quicquid* our Parson, hold up your head.

Mull. How long have you been a Barbar *Andrew* ?

Cocl. Not long sir, this two yeare.

Mull. What, and a good workeman already ? I dare scarce trust my head to thee.

Cocl. O feare not, wee ha pol’d better men then you, we learne the trade very quickly, will your good worship be shaven or cut ?

Mull. As you will, what trade didst live by before thou turnest Barbar *Andrew* ?

Cocl. I

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Cocl. I was a Pedler in Germany, but my countrey-men thrive better by this trade.

Mull. What's the newes Barbar? thou art sometimes at Court.

Cocl. Sometimes pole a Page, or so fir.

Mull. And what's the newes, how doe all my good Lords and all my good Ladies, and all the rest of my acquaintance?

Cocl. What an arrogant knave's this, Ile acquaintance yee,
he spyeth the bag.
(tis cash) say ye fir?

Mull. And what newes, what newes, good *Andrew*?

Cocl. Marry fir, you know the Conduit at Greenwich, and the under holes that spowt up water.

Mull. Very well, I was wash'd there one day, and so was my wife, you might have wrung her smocke ifaith; but what a those holes?

Cocl. Thus fir, out of those little holes, in the midst of the night, crawl'd out foure and twenty huge; horrible; monstrous, fearefull, devouring ———

Mull. Blesse us!

Cocl. Serpents, which no sooner were beheld, but they turn'd to Mastives which howl'd; those mastives instantly turnd to Cockes which crow'd, those Cockes in a moment were chang'd to Bares which roared, which Bares are at this houre to bee yet seene in *Paris Garden*, living upon nothing but tosted cheesc and greene Onions.

Mull. By the Lord and this may be; my wife and I will goe see them, this portends something.

Cocl. Yes worshipfull Fiest, thou'lt feele what it portends by and by.

Mull. And what more newes? you shave the world, especially you Barbar-Surgions, you know the ground of many things, you are cunning privy searchers, by the mas you skowre all: what more newes?

Cocl. They

The Dutch Courtezan.

Cocle. They say Sir that 25. couple of Spanish Iennets are to bee seene hand in hand dance the old measures, whilest sixe goodly Flaunders Mares play to them on a noyse of flutes

Mal. O monstrous! this is a lye a my word, nay, and this be not a lye, I am no foole I warrant, nay make an Ass of me once—

Cocle. Shat your eyes close, winke sure sir, this ball will make you smart.

Mal. I doe winke.

Cocle. Your head will take cold.

(*Cocledemoy puts on a Coxecombe on Mulligrubs head.*)
I will put on your good worships night-cap, whilest I shaue you, so, mum: hang to asts: faugh: viah: sparrowes must pecke and *Cocledemoy* munch.

Mal. Ha, ha, ha, 25. couple of Spanish Iennets to daunce the old measures. *Andrew* makes my worship laugh. ifaith dost take me for an Ass *Andrew*? dost know one *Cocledemoy* in towne? he made me an Ass last night, but ile asse him, art thou free *Andrew*? shaue me well, I shall be one of the common Councell shortly, and then *Andrew*, why *Andrew*, *Andrew*, dost leaue me in the Suds?

Cantar.

Why *Andrew* I shall be blind with winking. Ha *Andrew*, wife, *Andrew*, what means this? wife, my money wife.

Enter Mistrresse Mulligrub.

Mistrresse Mullig. what's the noyse with you? what ayle you?

M. Mul. Where's the Barbar?

Mrs. Mul. Gone, I saw him depart long since, why are you not trimd?

M. Mul. Trimd, O wife I am shau'd, did you take hence the money?

Mrs. Mul. I toucht it not as I am religious.

M. Mul. O Lord I haue winkt faire.

The Dutch Courtezan.

Enter Holofernes.

Holof. I pray God-father giue me your blessing. (*drew?*

M. Mul. O *Holofernes*, O where's thy mothers *An-*

Holof. Blessing God-father.

M. Mul. The devill choake thee, where's *Andrew* thy mothers man?

Holof. My mother hath none such forsooth.

Mul. My money, 15 l. plague of all *Andrewes*, who wast trimd me?

Holof. I know not God-father, only one met me, as I was comming to you, and borrowed my furniture, as hee said for a jest sake.

M. Mul. What kind of fellow?

Holof. A thicke elderly stub-bearded fellow.

M. Mul. *Cocledemoy*, *Cocledemoy*, raise all the wise men in the streete, Ile hang him with mine owne hands: O wife, some *Rosa-Solis*.

Mrs. Mul. Good husband take comfort in the Lord, Ile play the devill, but ile recover it, haue a good conscience, 'tis but a weeks cutting in the Tearme.

M. Mul. O wife, O wife! O *Iacke* how do's thy mother? is there any fiddlers in the house?

Mrs. Mul. Y. s, *M. Creakes* noyse.

Mr. Mul. Bid'em play, laugh, make merry, cast up my accounts, for ile goe hang my selfe presently, I will not curse, but a poxe on *Cocledemoy*, hee has pol'd and shau'd me, he has trimd me.

Exeunt.

ACTVS III. SCENA. I.

Enter Beatrice, Crispinella, and Nurse Putifer.

Puti. **N** Ay good child A loue, once more, *M. Freevils Sonnet*, a the kisse you gaue him.

Beatr. Sha't good Nurse. Purest lips soft banks of blisses, Selfe alone, deserving kisses:
O giue me leaue to, &c.

Crisp.

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Crisp. Pish sister *Beatrice*, prethee reade no more, my stomacke alate stands against kissing extreemely.

Beat. Why good *Crispinella*?

Crisp. By the faith, and trust I beare to my face, tis growen one of the most unsavory Ceremonies: Boddy a beauty, tis one of the most displeasing injurious customs to Ladies: any fellow that has but one nose on his face, and standing collar, and skirts also linde with Taffery sarcenet, must salute us on the lips as familiarly: Soft skins save us, there was a stubbearded *John*, a stile with a ploydens face saluted me last day, and stroke his bristles through my lips, I haue spent 10. shillings in *pomatum* since to skinne them againe. Marry if a noble man or a knight with one locke visit us, though his uncleane goose-turd-greene teeth haue the pallsie, his nostrils smell worse then a purrified maribone, and his loose beard drops into our bosome, yet we must kisse him with a cursie a curse, for my part I had as liue they would breake wind in my lips.

Beat. Fie *Crispinella* you speake too broad.

Crisp. No yet sister, lets nere bee ashamed to thinke what wee bee not ashamed to speake, I dare as boldly speake venery, as thinke venery.

Beat. Faith sister ile be gone if you speake so broad.

Crisp. Will you so? now bashfulnesse seaze you, wee pronounce boldly Robbery, Murder, treason, which deeds must needs be farre more loathsome then an act which is so naturall, just and necessary, as that of procreation, you shall haue an hypocritall vestall Virgin speake, that with close teeth publikely, which thee will receiue with open mouth privately, for my owne part I consider nature without apparel, without disguising of custome or complement, I giue thoughts words, and words truth, & truth boldnesse, the whose honest freeness makes it her vertue, to speake what she thinks, wil make it her necessity to think what is good, I loue no prohibited things, & yet I

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would haue nothing prohibited by policy but by vertue for as in the fashion of time, those bookes that are cald in, are most in sale and request, so in nature, those actions that are most prohibited, are most desired.

Beat. Good quicke sister stay your pace, we are private, but the world would censure you, for truly severe modesty is womens vertue.

Crisp. Fie, fie, vertue is a free pleasant buxom quality: I loue a constant countenance well, but this froward ignorant coynesse, soure austere lumpsish uncivill privatenes, that promises nothing but rough skins, and hard stooles, ha, fie on't good for nothing but for nothing, well nurse, and what doe you conceiue of all this?

Put. Nay faith my conceiving dayes bee done, marry for kissing ile defend that, thats within my compasse, but for my owne part, here's mistresse *Beatrice* is to bee married with the grace of God, a fine gentleman hee is shall haue her, and I warrant a strong, hee has a leg like a post, a nose like a Lyon, a brow like a Bull, and a beard of most faire expectation: this weeke you must marry him, and I now wil reade a lecture to you both, how you shall behaue your selues to your husbands; the first moneth of your nuptiall, I ha broke my skull about it I can tell you, and there is much braine in it.

Crisp. Reade it to my sister good nurse, for I assure you ile nere marry.

Put. Marry God forfend, what will you doe then?

Crisp. Faith strue against the flesh, marry? no faith, husbands are like lots in the lottery, you may draw forty blankes before you find one that has any price in him; A husband generally is a carelesse domineriing thing that growes like corall, which as long as it is under water is soft and tender, but as soone as it has got his branch about the wanes is presently hard, stiffe, not to be bowed but burst, so when your husband is a sutor and under your choyse, Lord how supple he is, how obsequious, how at
your

The Dutch Courtezan.

your service sweet Lady : once married, got up his head
aboue, a stiffe, crooked, knobby, inflexible, tyrannous
creature he growes, then they turne like water, more you
would embrace the lesse you hold, ile liue my owne wo-
man, and if the worst come to the worst, I had rather
proue a wag then a foole.

Beat. O but a vertuous marriage.

Crisp. Vertuous marriage? there is no more affinity
betwixt vertue and marriage, then betwixt a man and his
horse; indeed vertue gets up upon marriage sometimes,
and manageth it in the right way, but marriage is of ano-
ther peece, for as a horse may bee without a man, and a
man without a horse, so marriage you know is often
without verue, and vertue I am sure more oft without
marriage, but thy match sister, by my troth I thinke twill
doe well, he's a well shapt cleane lipped gentleman, of a
handsome; but not affected finenesse, a good faithfull eye,
and a well humor'd cheeke, would he did not stoope in
the shoulders for thy sake, see here he is

Enter Freevill and Tisefew.

Free. Good day sweet.

Crisp. Good morrow brother, nay you shall haue my
lip, good morrow servant.

Tisse. Good morrow sweet life.

Crisp. Life? dost call thy mistresse life.

Tisse. Life, yes why not life?

Crisp. How many mistresses hast thou?

Tisse. Some nine.

Crisp. Why then thou hast nine liues like a Cat.

Tisse. Mew you would be taken up for that.

Crisp. Nay good let me still sit, wee low statured loue
still to sit, lest when we stand we may be supposed to sit.

Tisse. Dost not weare high corke shooes chopines?

Crisp. Monstrous ones. I am as many other are, peec'd
aboue and peec'd beneath.

Tisse. Still the best part in the—

The Dutch Courtezan.

Crisp. And yet all will scarce make mee so high as one of the Gyants stilts that stalke before my Lord Majors Pageants.

Tise. By the Lord so i thought, twas for something, *Mistris Ioyce* jested at thy high in-steps.

Crisp. She might well enough, and long enough, before I would be ashamed of my thortnesse; what I made, or can mend my selfe, I may blush at, but what nature put upon me, let her be ashamed for me, I ha nothing to doe with it, I forget my beautie.

Tise. Faith *Ioyce* is a foolish bitter creature.

Crisp. A pretty mill-dewed wench she is.

Tise. And faire. *Crisp.* As my selfe.

Tise. O you forget your beauty now.

Crisp. Troth I never remember my beauty, but, as some men doe religion, for controversies sake.

Beat. A motion sister.

Crisp. *Ninivie, Iulius Caesar, Ionas*, or the destruction of Ierusalem?

Beat. My love here.

Crisp. Prithee call him not Love, tis the drabs phrase, nor sweet honey, nor my cunny, nor deare duckling, they are Citizen termes, but call him —

Beat. What?

Crisp. Any thing, what's the motion?

Beat. You know this night our parents have intended solemnly to contract us, and my Love to grace the feast hath promised a Maske.

Free. You'l make one *Tisefew*, and *Caquetteur* shall fill up a roome.

Tise. Fore heaven well remembred, hee borrowed a Diamond of me last night, to grace his finger in your visitation; the lying Creature will sweare some strange thing on it now.

Enter Caquetteur.

Crisp. Peace, hee's here, stand close, lurke.

Caque. Good

The Dutch Courtezan.

Caque. Good morrow most deare, and worthy to bee most wise, how does my Mistris?

Crisp. Morrow sweet servant, you glister, prithee let's see that stone.

Caqu. A toy Lady, I bought to please my finger.

Crisp. Why I am more pretious to you then your finger.

Caqu. Yes, or then all my body I sweare.

Crisp. Why then let it be bought to please me, come, I am no professed beggar.

Caq. Troth Mistris, zoones, forsooth, I protest.

Crisp. Nay, if you turne protestant for such a toy.

Caqu. In good deed la, another time Ile give you a —

Crisp. Is this yours to give?

Caqu. O God forsooth, mine quoth you, nay as for that —

Crisp. Now I remember, I ha scene this on my servant *Tisefewes* finger.

Caqu. Such another.

Crisp. Nay, I am sure this is it.

Caqu. Troth 'tis forsooth, the poore fellow wanted money to pay for his supper last night, and so pawn'd it to me, tis a pawne ifaith, or else you should have it.

Tise. Harke ye, thou base lying — how dares thy impudence hope to prosper, wer't not for the priviledge of this respected companie, I would so bang thee.

Crisp. Come hither servant, what's the matter betwixt you two?

Caqu. Nothing, but (harke you) hee did mee some uncivill discourtesies last night, for which, because I should not call him to account, hee desires to make mee any satisfaction: The Coward trembles at my very presence, but I have him on the hip, Ile take the forfeit on his Ring.

Tise. What's that you whisper to her?

Caque. Nothing Sir, but satisfie her that the Ring

The Dutch Courtezan.

was not pawnd, but only lent by you to grace my finger, and so told her I crav'd your pardon for being too familiar, or indeed over-bold with your reputation.

Crisp. Yes indeed he did, he said you desired to make him any satisfaction for an uncivill discourtesie you did him last night, but hee said hee had you a the hip and would take the forfeit of your ring.

Tis. How now ye base pultron?

Coque. Hold, hold, my Mistris speakes by contraries.

Tise. Contraries?

Coque. She jests, faith only jests.

Crisp. Sir, Ile no more a your service, you are a child, Ile give you to my Nurse.

Put. And he come to mee, I can tell you, as old as I am, what to doe with him.

Coque. I offer my service forsooth.

Tise. Why so, now every dogge hath his bone to know on.

Free. The Maske holds Master *Caqueture*.

Coque. I am ready sir, Mistris Ile dance with you, nere feare, Ile grace you.

Put. I tell you I can my singles and my doubles, and my trick a twentie, my carantapace, my traverse forward, and my falling backe yet ifaith.

Beat. Mine, the provision for the night is ours,
Much must be our care, till night we leave you,
I am your servant, be not tyrannous,
Your vertue wan me, faith my love's not lust,
Good wrong me not, my most fault is much trust.

Free. Vntill night onely my heart be with you. Farewell sister.

Crisp. Adieu brother, come on sister for these sweetemeates.

Free. Let's meet and practise presently.

Tise. Content, wee'l but sit our pumpes, come ye pernicious vermine.

Exeunt.

Enter.

The Dutch Courtezan.

Enter Matheureux.

Fre. My friend, wishd hours, what news from Babylon?
How does the woman of sin and naturall concupiscence?

Mal. The eldest child of nature nere beheld
So damn'd a creature.

Free. What, *in nova fert animus mutatas dicere formas*,
which way beares the tide?

Mal. Deare loved sir, I find, a mind couragiously viti-
ous may put on a desperate security, but can never be bles-
sed with a firme enjoying, and selfe satisfaction.

Free. What passion is this my deare *Lindabridis*?

Mal. Tis well we both may jest, I have bin tempted
to your death.

Free. What is the rampant Cocatrice growne mad for
the losse of her men?

Mal. Devillishly mad.

Free. As most assured of my second love.

Mal. Right.

Free. She would have had this ring.

Mal. I, and this heart, and in true prooffe you were
slaine, I should bring her this ring, from which she was
assured you would nor part, untill from life you parted;
for which deed, and onely for which deed, I should pos-
sesse her sweetnesse.

Free. O bloodie villaines, nothing is defamed, but by
its proper selfe; Phisicians abuse remedies, Lawyers
spoil the Law, and women onely shame women: you
ha vow'd to kill me?

Mal. My lust, not I, before my reason would, yet I
must use her, that I a man of sense should conceive end-
lesse pleasure in a body, whose soule I know to be so hi-
deously blacke!

Free. That a man at twenty three should cry, O
sweet pleasure! and at fourtie three should sigh, O
sharpe pexe! but consider man furnish'd with omnipo-
tencie, and you overthrow him, thou must coole thy
impatience

The Dutch Courtezan.

impatient appetite. Tis fate, tis fate.

Mal. I doe maligne my creation, that I am subject to passion. I must enjoy her.

Free. I haue it, marke, I giue a Maske to night
To my loues kindred, in that shalt thou goe:

In that we two make shew of falling out,
Giue seeming challenge, instantly depart,
With some suspicion to present fight.

VVee will be seene as going to our swords,
And after meeting, this Ring onely lent,

Ile lurke in some obscure place, till rumour

(The common Bawd to loose suspicions)

Haue fayned me slaine, which (in respect my selfe
Will not be found, and our late seeming quarrell)

Will quickly sound to all as earnest truth:

Then to thy wench, protest me surely dead.

Shew her this Ring, enjoy her, and blood cold

Weele laugh at folly.

Mal. O but thinke of it.

(sions,

Fre. Think of it? come away, vertue let sleepe thy pas-

“What old times held as crimes, are now but fashions.

Exeunt.

*Enter Master Garnish, and Lionell: Master Mulligrubbe,
with a standing Cup in one hand, and an Obligation in the
other, Cocledemoy stands at the other doore disguised
like a French Pedler, and overheares them.*

Mul. I am not at this time furnished, but there's my
Bond for your plate.

Gar. Your Bill had bin sufficient, y'are a good man, a
standding cup parcell gilt, of 32 ounces, 11 pound, 7 shil-
lings, the first of Iuly, good plate, good man, good day,
good all.

Mul. Tis my hard fortune, I will hang the knaue, no,
first he shal halfe rot in fetters in the dungeon, his consci-
ence made despairefull, ile hire a knaue a purpose, shal as-
sure him he is damn'd, and, after see him with mine owne
eyes

The Dutch Courtezan.

eyes, hanged without singing any Psalm. Lord, that hee has but one necke.

Gar. You are too tyrannous, you'l use me no further.

Mul. No sir, lend mee your servant, onely to carry the plate home; I haue occasion of an houres absence.

Gar. With easie consent, sir hast & be careful. *Ex Ga.*

Mul. Bee very carefull I pray thee, to my wines owne

Lion. Secure your selfe. (hands.

Mul. To her owne hand.

Lion. Feare not, I haue delivered greater things then this, to a womans owne hand.

Cocl. Mounsier, please you to buy a fine delicate ball, sweet ball, a Camphyer ball.

Mul. Prethee away. (shaved.

Coc. One a bal to skowver, a skowring ball, a ball to be

Mul. For the loue of God talke not of shaving, I haue bin shaved, mischiefe and 1000 devils cease him, I haue been shaved. *Exit. Mullig.*

Cocl. The fox grows fat when he is cursed, ile shaue ye smoother yet; turd on a tile stone, my lips haue a kinde of rheume at this bole, ile hau't, ile gargalize my throat with this Vintner, & when I haue done with him, spit him out; Ile shark, conscience dos not repine; were I to bite an honest gentlemā, a poore grogaran Poet, or a penurious Parson, that had but ten pigs tailes in a twelue-month, & for want of learning had but one good stool in a fortnight, I were damnd beyond the works of supererrogation, but to wring the wythers of my gowty barnd spiggot frigging-jumbler of elemēts, *Mulligrub*, I hold it as lawfull as sheep-shearing, taking eggs frō hens, caudels from Asses, or butterd shrimps from horses, they make no use of them, were not provided for thē. And therefore worshipful *Cocledemoy*, hang toasts, on, in grace & vertue to proceed, only beware, beware degrees, there be rounds in a ladder, & knots in a halter, ware carts, hang toasts, the common counsell has decreed it, I must draw a lot for the great goblet. *Exit.*

Enter

The Dutch Curtezan.

Enter Mistresse Mulligrub, and Lionell with a Goblet.

Mrs. Mul. Nay, I pray you stay and drinke, & how do's your Mistresse, I know her very well, I haue beene inward with her, and so has many more, she was ever a good patient creature ifaith, with all my heart ile remember your master, an honest man, he knew me before I was married, an honest man he is, and a crafty, hee comes forward in the world well, I warrant him, and his wife is a proper woman that she is, well, she has beene as proper a woman as any in Cbeape, thee paints now, and yet she keeps her husbands old Customers to him still. Introth a fine fac'd wife in a wainscot carved seat, is a worthy ornament to a Tradesman shop, and an attractive I warrant, her husband shall find it in the custome of his ware, Ile assure him, God be with you good youth, I acknowledge the receipt.

Exit Lion. I acknowledge all the receipt sure, tis very well spoken, I acknowledge the receipt, this tis to haue good education and to be brought up in a Taverne, I doe keepe as gallant and as good company, though I say it, as any thein London, Squiers, Gentlemen, and Knights diet at my table, and I doe lend some of them money, and full many fine men goe upon my score, as simple as I stand here, and I trust them, and truely they very knightly and courtly promise faire, giue mee very good words, and a peece of flesh when time of yeare serues, nay, though my husband be a Citizen and's caps made of wooll, yet I haue wit, and can see my good allooone as another, for I haue all the thanks, my silly husband, alas, he knowes nothing of it, tis I that beare, tis I that must beare a braine for all.

Cocle. Faire houre to you Mistresse.

Mrs. Mu. Faire houre, fine tearme, faith ile score it up anon, a beautifull thought to you sir.

Cocle. Your husband, and my Master Mr. Garnish has sent you a Iole of fresh Salmon, and they both will come to dinner to season your new cup with the best wine, which

The Dutch Courtezan.

which cup your husband intreats you to send backe by me, that his armes may be graved a the side, which he forgot before it was sent.

Mrs. Mul. By what token, are you sent by no token? nay, I haue wit.

Cocl. Hee sent me by the same token, that he was dry shaued this morning.

Mrs. Mu. A sad token, but true; here sir, I pray you commend me to your Master, but especially to your Mistress, tell them they shall be most sincerely welcome.

Exit.

Cocl. Shall bee most sincerely welcome, worshipfull *Cocledemoy*, lurke close, hang toasts, be not ashamed of thy quality, every mans turd smells well in's owne nose, vanish Foyft.

Exit.

Enter Mrs. Mulligrub, with servants and furniture for the Table.

Mrs. Mul. Come spread these Table Diaper Napkins, and doe you heare perfume this Parlour it do's so smel of prophane Tobacco, I could never endure this ungodly tobacco, since one of our Elders, assured me upon his knowledge Tobacco was not vsed in the Congregation of the family of loue: spread, spread handsomely, Lord these boyes doe things arsie, varsie, you shew your bringing up, I was a Gentlewoman by my sisters side, I can tell yee so methodically: methodically, I wonder where I got that word. O sir *Aminadab Rath* had mee kisse him methodically, I had it some where; and I had it indeed.

Enter Master Mulligrub.

Mul. Mind, be not desperate, ile recover all. All things with me, shall seeme honest, that can be profi- He must nere winch, that would or thrine, or saue, (table, To be cald nigard, Cuckold, Cut-throat, Knaue.

Mrs. Are they come husband? *Mul.* Who? what, how how? what feast towards in my private Parlour?

Mrs. Pray leaue your foolery, what are they come?

Mul.

The Dutch Courtezan.

Mul. Come, who come?

Mis. You need not mak't so strange.

Mul. Strange?

Mrs. I strange, you know no man that sent me word, that hee and his wife would come to dinner to mee, and sent this jole of fresh Salmon before hand?

Mul. Peace, not I, peace, the messenger hath mistaken the house; let's eat it up quickly before it be enquir'd for: sit to it, some vinegar, quicke, some good luck yet, faith, I never tasted Salmon relisht better, oh when a man feeds at other mens cost.

Mrs. Other mens cost? why did not you send this jole of Salmon?

Mul. No.

Mrs. By Master Garnish man?

Mul. No.

Mrs. Sending mee word, that hee and his wife would come to dinner to me.

Mul. No, no.

Mrs. To season my new boule?

Mul. Boule?

Mrs. And withall willd me to send the boule backe?

Mul. Backe?

Mrs. That you might haue your Armes grau'd on the

Mul. Ha? (side?)

Mrs. By the same token you were dry shaven this morning before you yvent forth.

Mul. Pah, how this Salmon stinkes.

Mrs. And thereupon sent the bole backe, prepared dinner: nay and I beare not a braine.

Mul. Wife, doe not vex me, is the bole gone, is it deliver'd?

Mrs. Deliver'd? yes sure, tis deliver'd.

Mul. I will never more say my prayers, doe not make mee madd, tis common, let me not crie like a woman, is it gone?

Mrs. Gone?

The Dutch Courtezan.

Mrs. Mull. Gone? God is my witnesse, I deliver'd it with no more intention to be couzen'd on't, then the child new borne, and yet —

Mull. Looke to my house, I am haunted with evill spirits, heare mee, doe, heare mee, if I have not my Goblet againe, Ile goe to the Devill, Ile to a Conjuror, looke to my house, Ile raise all the wise men i'th street.

Exit.

Mrs. Mull. Deliver us, what words are these! I trust in God he is but drunke sure.

Enter Cocledemoy.

Cocl. I must haue the Salmon to worship *Cocledemoy*, now for the Master-piece, God blesse thy neck-piece, and *Foutra*, faire mistris my Master —

Mrs. Mull. Have I caught you, what *Roger*?

Cocled. Peace good Mistresse, Ile tell you all, a jest, a very meere jest, your husband onely tooke sport to fright you, the Bole's at my Masters, and there is your husband, who sent mee in all hast, lest you should bee over frighted with his feigning, to entreat you come to dinner to him.

Mrs. Mull. Praise heaven it is no worse.

Cocl. And desired me, to desire you to send the Iole of Salmon before, and your selfe to come after to them, my Mistresse would be right glad to see you.

Mrs. Mull. I pray carry it: now thanke them intirely: blesse me, I was never so out of my skin in my life, pray thanke your Mistresse most intirely.

Cocl. So now *Figo*, worshipfull *Mall Feugh* and I will mounch, Cheaters and Bawds goe together like washing and wringing.

Exit.

Mrs. Mull. Beshrew his heart for his labour, how every thing about me quivers, what *Christian*, my hat and apron, here take my sleeves, and how I tremble, so, Ile gossip it now for't, that's certaine, here has bin revolutions and false fires indeed,

Enter.

The Dutch Courtezan.

Enter Mulligrub.

Mull. Whither now? what's the matter with you now? whither are you a gadding?

Mistress Mull. Come, come, play the foole no more, will you goe?

Mull. Whither, in the rank name of madnes, whither?

M. Mul. Whither? why to Master *Garnish*, to eate the Iole of Salmon; Lord, how strange you make it!

Mull. Why so; why so?

M. Mull. Why so, why did not you send the selfe same fellow for the Iole of Salmon, that had the cup?

Mull. Tis well, tis very well.

M. Mull. And willed me to come and eat with you at the Gold-smiths.

Mull. O I, I, I, art in thy right wits?

M. Mull. Doe you heare; make a foole of some body else, and you make an asse of me, Ile make an oxe of you, doe you see.

Mull. Nay wife be patient, for looke you, I may bee mad; or drunke, or so, for mine owne part, though you can beare more then I, yet I can do well; I will not curse nor care I, but heaven knowes what I thinke. Come, let's goe heare some musicke, I will never more say my prayers: let's go heare some dolefull musicke, nay, if heaven forget to prosper knaves, Ile goe no more to the Synagogue. Now I am discontented, Ile turne Sectarie, that is fashion.

Exeunt.

ACT V. SCENA I.

Enter Sir Hubert Subboyse, Sir Lyonell Freevill, Crispinella, and servants with lights.

Sir Hub. **M**ore lights; welcome Sir *Lyonell Freevill*, brother *Freevill* shortly. Look to your lights.

Servant.

The Dutch Curtezan.

Serv. The Maskers are at hand.

Sir Lio. Call downe our daughter : Harke they are at hand, ranke hanfomely.

Enter the Maskers, they dance. Enter Malheureux, and takes Beatrice from Frevile. They draw.

Fre. Know fir, I haue the advantage of the place,
You are not safe, I would deale even with you.

Mal. So. *They exchange gloues as pledges.*

Fre. So.

Beat. I doe beseech you sweet, do not for me provoke your Fortune.

Sir Lio. What sudden flaw is risen ?

Sir Hub. From whence comes this ?

Fre. An vlcer long time lurking, now is burst.

Sir Hub. Good fir, the time and your designs are soft.

Bea. I deare fir, counsel him, advise him, twill relish wel
From your carving : Good my sweet rest safe.

Fre. All's well, all's well, this shall be ended straight.

Sir Hub. The banket staies, there wee le discourse more

Fre. Mariage must not make men cowards. (large.

Sir Lio. Nor rage fooles.

Sir Hub. "Tis valor, not where heat, but reason rules.

Onely Tiffesu and Crispin. stay. (Exe.

Tif. But doe you heare Lady, you proud ape you.
What was the jest you brake of me even now ?

Crisp. Nothing, I only said you were all mettle, that you
had a brazen face, a leaden braine, and a copper beard.

Tiff. Quicksilver, thou little more then a dwarfe, and
somewhat lesse then a woman.

Cri. A wispe, a wisp, a wisp, will you go to the banket?

Tif. By the Lord I think thou wilt marry shortly too,
thou growest somevvhat foolish already.

Crisp. O I faith, tis a faire thing to be married, and a necessary;
to heare this word, *must*, if our husbands be proud,

The Dutch Courtezan.

we must beare his contempt ; if noysome, we must beare with the Goat under his arme-holes; if a foole, wee must beare his bable; and vvhich is vvorse, if a loose liver, vvee must liue upon unholosome reuerfions : vvhether, on the contrary side, our husbands because they may, and wee must, care not for us ; things hop'd vvvith feare, and got with struglings, are mens high pleasures, vvhether dutie palles and flatts their appetite.

Tys. What a tart Monkey is this ? by heauen, if thou hadst not so much wit, I could find in my heart to marry thee. Faith beare with me for all this.

Crisp. Beare with thee ? I vvonder how thy mother could beare thee ten moneths in her belly, when I cannot endure thee two houres in mine eye ?

Tis. Alasse for you sweet soule : by the Lord you are growne a proud, scurvie, apish, idle, disdainfull, scoffing; Gods foot, because you haue read *Euphues and his England, Palmerin de Oliua*, and the *Legend of lies*.

Crisp. Why yfaith yet servant, you of all others should beare with my knowne unmalicious humours, I haue alwayes in my heart given you your due respect : And heauen may be sworne, I haue priuarely given faire speech of you, and protested.

Tys. Nay looke you, for mine owne part, if I haue not as religiously vow'd my heart to you, been drunke to your health, swallow'd flap-dragons, ear glasses, drunke urine, stabb'd armes, and done all offices of protested gallantrie for your sake : and yet you tell mee I haue a brazen face, a leaden braine, and a copper beard. Come, yet and it please you.

Crisp. No, no, you doe no loue me.

Tis. By () but I doe now, and whosoever dares say that I doe not loue you, nay honor you, and if you would vouchsafe to marry.

Crisp. Nay as for that think ont as you will, but Gods my record, and my sister knowes I haue taken drinke and
slept

The Dutch Courtezan.

slept upon't, that if ever I marry it shall bee you; and I
vwill marry, and yet I hope I doe not say it shall bee you
neither.

Tyff. By heaven I shall bee assoone weary of health,
as of your injoying: vwill you cast a smoothe cheeke up-
on mee?

Cris. I cannot tell, I haue no crump shoulders, my back
needs no mantle, and yet marriage is honorable: doe you
thinke ye shall prooue a Cuckold?

Tyff. No by the Lord, not I.

Crisp. Why, I thanke you, ysaith:
Heigho: I slept on my backe this morning,
And dreamt the strangest dreames:
Good Lord, how things vwill come to passe?
Will you goe to the banquet?

Tyff. If you will be mine, you shall be your owne, my
purse, my body, my heart is yours, onely bee silent in my
house, modest at my table, and wanton in my bed, and
the Empresse of Europe cannot content, and shall not be
contented better.

Cris. Can any kind heart speak more discretely affecti-
onately? my fathers consent, and as for mine —

Tyff. Then thus, and thus, so Hymen should begin;
Sometime a falling out, proues falling in. *Exeunt.*

*Enter Frevile speaking to some within, Malhercux
at the other doore.*

Frev. As you respect my vertue, giue me leaue
To satisfie my reason, though not blood.
So, all runs right, our fayned rage hath tane
To fullest life, they are much posselt
Of force most, most all quarrell: now my right friend,
Resolue me with open breast, free and true heart,
Cannot thy vertue having space to thinke,
And fortifie her weakened powers with reason,
Discourses, Meditations, Discipline,

The Dutch Courtezan.

Divine ejaculatories, and all those aydes against devils:
Cannot all these curbe thy lowe appetite,
And sensuall furie?

Mal. "There is no god in blood, no reason in desire:
Shall I but liue? shall I not be forc't to act
Some deed, whose very name is hideous?"

Fre. No.

Mal. Then I must enjoy *Francischina*.

Fre. You shall: ile lend this ring, thew it to that fayre
Deuill, it will resoluë me dead; which rumor with my ar-
tificiall absence, wil make most firme, enjoy her suddenly.

Mal. But if report go strong that you are flaine,
And that by me, vwhereon I may be seiz'd,
Where shall I find your being?

Fre. At Mr. *Shatemers* the Iewellers, to vvhose breast
Ile trust our secret purpose.

Mal. I rest your selfe, each man hath follies.

Fre. But those worst of all,
,, Who vwith a vwillig eye, doe seeing fall.

Mal. Tis true, but truth seemes folly in madnesse spe-
ctacles, I am not now my selfe, no man: Farevvell.

Fre. Farevvell.

Mal. "When woman's in the heart, in the soule hell.

Exit Mal.

Fre. Now repentance the fooles whip seize thee.
Nay if there be no meanes ile be thy friend,
But not thy vices, and vwith greatest sense
Ile force thee feele thy errors, to the vvorst,
The vildest of dangers thou shalt sinke into,
No Ieweller shall see me, I vwill lurke
Where none shall know or think, close ile vwithdraw,
And leaue thee with two friends, a vvhore and knaue.
But is this vertue in me? No, not pure,
Nothing extreameley best with vs indures,
No vse in simple purities; the elements
Are mixt for vse; Silver vwithout alay

The Dutch Courtezan.

Is all too eager to be wrought for use ;
Nor precise vertue ever purely good
Holds usefull size with temper of weake blood :
Then let my course be borne, though with side-wind,
The end being good, the meanes are well assign'd.

Exit.

*Enter Franciscina melancholly, Cocledemoy
leading her.*

Cocl. Come catafugo *Frank* a Frank-hall, who ho ho,
Excellent, ha, here's a plump rump wench with a breast
softer then a Courtiers tongue, an old Ladies gums, or
an old mans *mentula*, my fine rogue.

Fran. Pah you poultron.

Cocl. Gooddy fiest, flum pum pum pum, a my fine
Wagtaile, thou art as false, as prostituted, and adulterate,
as some translated manu-script : *Busse faire* whore, *busse*.

Fran. Gods sacrament, pox.

Cocl. *Hadamoy key* dost thou *frowne medianthon teukey*,
Nay looke here, *Nümeron key* Silver *blithesfor cany*
Os cany geblet : *Us key ne moy* blegefoy *oteeston* pox,
On you Gosling.

Fran. By me fait dis bin very fine langage, Ick sall bush
ye now, ha, be garzon vare had you dat plate ?

Cocl. *Hedemoy key*, get you gon *Puncke* rampant, *key*,
common up-taile.

Enter Mary Fough in hast.

Mary. O daughter, cozen, neece, servant, mistresse.

Cocl. Humpum, plumpum squat, I am gone. *Ex. Cocl.*

Mary. There is one master *Malheureux* at the doore
desires to see you, he sayes he must not be deny'd, for he
hath sent you this ring, and withall, saies tis done.

Fran. Wat sall me do now ? Gods sacrament, tell him
two houres hence he sal be most affectionately welcome,
tell him, (wat sal me do ?) tell him Ick am bin in my bate,
and Ick sal perfume my feets, make a mine body so deli-
cate for his arme two houres hence.

The Dutch Courtezan.

Mary. I shall satisfie him two houres hence, well.

Exit Mary.

Fran. Now Ick sal revenge, hay, begar me fall tartar de whole generation, my brain vorke it : *Fredevill* is dead, *Malheureux* fall hang, and mine rivall *Beatrice* Ick fall make run mad.

Enter Mary Fough.

Mary. Hee's gone forsooth to eat a caudle of cocke-stones, and will returne within these two houres.

Fran. Very vell, give monies to some fellow to squire me, Ick fall goe abroad.

Mary. There's a lusty *Bravo* beneath, a stranger, but a good stale rascall, he sweares valiantly, kickes a Bawd right vertuously, and protests with an empty pocket right desperately, hee'l squire you.

Fran. Very velcome, mine fan, Ick fall retorne presently, now fall mee bee revange ten thousand divela, der fall be no got in me but passion, no tought but rage, no mercy but bloud, no spirit but div'la in me, dere fall no-ting tought good for mee, but dat is mischievous for others.

Exit.

Enter Sir Hubert, Sir Lyonell, Beatrice, Crispinella, and Nurse ; Tylsefw following.

Sir Ly. Did no one see him since ? pray God, nay all is well, a little heat, what he is but with-drawne ? and yet I would to God, but feare you nothing.

Beat. Pray God that all be well, or would I were not.

Tyse. Hees not to be found sir any where.

Sir Ly. You must not make a heavy face presage an ill event ; I like your sister well, shee's quicke and lively,, would she would marrie faith.

Crisp. Marrie ? nay, and I would marrie, me thinkes an old man is a quiet thing.

Sir Ly. Ha, Ma^s and so he is.

Crisp. You are a Widdower ?

Sir Ly. That I am ifaith faire *Crisp.* and I can tell you, would

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would you affect me, I have it in me yet ifaith.

Crisp. Troth I am in love, let me see your hand, would you cast your selfe away upon me wflingly ?

Sir Ly. Will I ? I by the ———

Crisp. Would you be a cuckold willingly ? By my troth tis a comely, fine, and handsome sight, for one of my yeeres to marry an old man, 'truth tis restorative, what a comfortable thing it is to think of her husband, to heare his venerable cough of the everlastings, to feele his rough skinne, his summer hands, and winter legs, his almost no eyes, and assuredly no teerh, and then to thinke what shee must dreame of, when shee considers others happinesse and her owne want ; tis a worthy and notorious comfortable match.

Sir Ly. Pish, pish, will you have me ?

Crisp. Will you assure me.

Sir Ly. Five hundred pound joynture.

Crisp. That you will dye within this fortnight ?

Sir Ly. No by my faith *Crisp.*

Crisp. Then *Crispinella* by her faith assures you shee'l haue none of you.

Enter Freevill disguised like a Pander and Francischina.

Free. Beere leave gentlemen and men of nightcaps, I would speake, but that here stands one is able to expresse her owne tale best.

Fran. Sir, mine speech is to you, you had a sonne *Freevill*.

Sir Sy. Had a, and haue ?

Fran. No point, mee am come to assure you dat one metre *Malheureux* hath killed him.

Beat. O me, wretched, wretched.

Sir Hub. Looke to our daughter.

Sir Ly. How art thou inform'd ?

Fran. If dat it please you to goe wvid me, Ick fall bring you where you fall heare *Malheureux* vid his owne lips

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confesse it, and dare yee may apprehend him, and revenge your and mine loues blood.

Sir. Hub. Your loues blood mistresse, was he your Loue?

Fran. He was so fir, let your daughter heare it: do not veepe Lady, de young man dat be slaine did not loue you, for hee still lovit mee tea tousand tousand times more dearely.

Beat. O my heart I will loue you the better, I cannot hate what hee affected: O passion, O my grieve which way wilt breake, thinke and consume?

Crisp. Peace.

Beat. Deare woes cannot speake.

Fran. For looke you Lady dis your ring he gaue me, vid most bitter jests at your scorn'd kindnesse.

Beat. Hee did not ill nor to loue me, but sure hee did not well to mocke me: Gentle minds will pittie, though they cannot loue: yet peace, and my loue sleepe with him. Vnlace good nurse, alasse, I was not so ambitious of so supream an happinesse, that he should onely loue me, 'twas joy enough for me poore soule that I only might only loue him.

Fran. O but to be abus'd, scorn'd, scoft at, O ten thousand diucla by such a one, and unto such a one.

Beat. I thinke you say not true sister, shall wee know one another in the other world?

Crisp. What méans my sister?

Beat. I would faine see him againe: O my tortur'd mind, Freevile is more then dead, he is unkind.

Exeunt Beat. and Crisp. and Nurse.

Sir Hub. Convey her in, and so fir as you said Set a strong watch.

Sir Ly. I fir, and so passe along with this same common woman, you must make it good.

Fran. Ick fall, or let me pay for his, mine blood.

Sir Hub.

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Sir Hub. Come then along all, with quiet speed.

Sir Ly. O Fate !

Tyff. O sir, be wisely sorry, but not passionate. *Ex.*

Manet Freevile.

Free. I will goe and reveale my selfe: stay : no, no,
Griefe endears Loue : Heaven to haue such a wife
Is happinesse, to breed pale envie in the Saints.
Thou worthy Doue-like virgin without gall,
Cannot (that womans evill) jealousy,
Despight disgrace, nay which is worst, contempt,
Once stirre thy faith? O Truth, how few sisters hast thou!
Deare memory, with what a suffering' sweetnesse, quiet
modesty,

Yet deepe affection she receiu'd my death,
And then with what a patient, yet oppressed kindnesse
She tooke my leudly intimated wrongs. O the dearest of
heaven !

Were there but three such women in the world,
Two might be saved.

Well, I am great with expectation to what devilish end
This woman of foule soule will driue her plots :

But providence all wicked art ore-tops,

“ and Impudence must know (tho' stiffe as Ice,) ”

“ That fortune doth not alway dote on Vice. *Exit.* ”

*Enter Sir Hubert, Sir Lyonell, Tyseflew, Franc, and
three with Halberds.*

Sir Hub. Plant a watch there, be very carefull Sirs, the
rest with us.

Tyff. The heavie night growes to her depth of quiet,
Tis about mid darkenesse.

Fran. Mine shambre is hard by, Ick shall bring you to it
presantment.

Sir Ly. Deepe silence. *On.* *Ex.* *Cocle. Within*
Wa, ha, ho, *Enter Mulligrub*

Mull. It was his voice, tis hee: hee sups with his
cupping

The Dutch Courtezan.

cupping glassses. Tis late, hee must passe this way: Ile ha him, Ile ha' my fine boy, my worshipfull *Cocledemoy*, Ile moy him, hee shall be hang'd in low sic linnen, ile hire some sectary to make him an heretike before hee die, And when he is dead Ile pisse on his graue.

Enter Cocledemoy.

Cocl. Ah my fine puncks, good night, Franke frailty, fraile a Fraile-Hall? *Bonus noches my ubiquitari.*

Mul. Ware polling and shaving sir.

Cocle. A wolfe, a wolfe, a wolfe. *Exit Cocledemoy, Leaving his cloake behind him.*

Mul. Here's something yet, a cloake, a cloake, yet ile after, he cannot scape the watch, Ile hang him if I haue any mercy, ile slice him. *Exit.*

Enter Cocledemoy.

Const. Who goes there? come before the Constable.

Cocle. Bread a God Constable, you are a Watch for the devill, honest men are rob'd under your nose, there's a false knaue in the habit of a Vintner, set upon me, hee would haue had my purse, but I tooke me to my heeles: yet hee got my cloake, a plaine stuffe cloake, poore, yet twill serue to hang him? Tis my losse, poore man that I am.

Enter Mulligrub running with Cocledemoyes cloake.

2. Masters, we must watch better, ist not strange that knaues, Drunkards and Thieues, should be abroad, and yet we of the Watch, Scriveners, Smithes, and Taylors never sturre.

1. Harke, who goes there?

Mul. An honest man and a Citizen.

2. Appeare, appeare, what are you?

Mul. A simple Vintner.

1. A Vintner ha, and simple, draw neerer, neerer: here's the cloake.

2. I Master Vintner wee know you, a plaine stuffe cloake: tis it.

1. Right

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1. Right, come : Oh thou varlet, doest not thou know that the wicked cannot scape the eyes of the Constable ?

Mul. What means this violence, as I am an honest man I tooke the cloake.

1. As you are a knaue, you tooke the cloake, wee are your witnesses for that.

Mul. But heare me, heare me, ile tell you what I am.

2. A thiefe you are.

Mul. I tell you my name is *Mulligrub*.

1. I will grub you, in with him to the stocks, there let him sit till to morrow morning that Iustice *Quodlibet* may examine him.

Mull. Why but I tell thee.

2. Why but I tell thee, wee'l tell thee now.

Mul. Am I not mad, am I not an Asse ? Why scabs, Gods-foot, let me out.

2. I, I, let him prate, hee shall find matter in us scabs I warrant : Gods-so, what good members of the common wealth, doe we proue.

1. Prethee peace, lets remember our duties, and let's go sleepe, in the feare of God.

Exeunt.

Having left Mulligrub in the stocks.

Mul. Who goes there ? Illo, ho, ho : zounds shall I run mad, loose my wits, shall I be hang'd, harke, who goes there ? Doe not feare to be poore *Mulligrub*, thou hast a sure stocke now.

Enter Cocledemoy like a Bel-man.

Cocle. The night growes old,
And many a Cuckold is now. Wha, ha, ha, ho,
Maids on their backs,
Dreame of sweet smacks, and warme : Wo, ho, ho, ho,
I must goe comfort my venerable *Mulligrub*, I must
Fiddle him till he fist : fough :
Maids in your Night-railes,
Looke well to your light——

Keepe

The Dutch Courtezan.

Keepe close your locks,
And downe your smocks,
Keepe a broad eye,
And a close thigh, excellent, excellent, excellent, who's
there? Now Lord, Lord (master *Mulligrub*) deliver us,
what does your worship in the stocks? I pray come
out sir.

Mull. Zounds man I tell thee I am lockt.

Cocl. Lockt? O world, O men, O time, O night, that
canst not discern vertue and wisdom, and one of the
common counsell, what is your worship in for?

Mull. For (a plague on't) suspicion of felony.

Cocl. Nay, and it bee but such a trifle, Lord, I could
weepe to see your good worship in this taking: your
worship has beene a good friend to me, and though you
have forget mee, yet I knew your wife before shee was
married, and since I have found your worships doore
open, and I have knockt, and God knowes what I have
saved; and doe I live to see your worship stockt!

Mull. Honest Bell-man, I perceive thou knowest me,
I priethee call the Watch,
Informe the Constable of my reputation,
That I may no longer abide in this shameful habitation,
And hold thee, all I have about me.

Gives him his purse.

Cocl. Tis more then I deserve sir; Let me alone for
your delivery.

Mull. Doe, and then let me alone with *Cocledemoy*,
He moy him.

Cocl. Maids in your _____
Master Constable, who's that i'th stockes?

1. One for a robberie, one *Mulligrub*, hee calls him-
selfe *Mulligrub*, knowest thou him?

Cocl. Know him? O master Constable, what good
service ha you done; Know him? Hee's a strong theefe,
his house has been suspected for a Bawdie tavern a great
while,

The Dutch Curtezan.

while, and a receipt for Cut-purses, tis most certaine; hee has beene long in the blacke booke, and is hee tane now?

2. Berlady my masters wee'l not trust the stocks with him, wee'l have him to the Iustices, get a *mittimus* to Newgate presently. Come sir, come on sir.

Mull. Ha, does your rascall-ship yet know my worship in the end?

1. I, the end of your worship we know.

Mull. Ha goodman Constable, here's an honest fellow can tell thee what I am.

2 Tis true sir, y'are a strong theefe he sayes upon his owne knowledge: Bind fast, bind fast, wee know you, wee'l trust no stockes with you: Away with him to the Iayle instantly.

Mull. Why but dost heare, Belman, rogue, rascall, Gods why, but

The Constable drags away Mulligrub.

Coc. Why but; wha ha ha, excellent, excellent, ha, my fine *Cocledemoy*, my Vintner fiels, Ile make him fart crackers before I ha done with him; To morrow is the day of judgement: afore the Lord God my knaverie growes unperregall, tis time to take a nap, untill halfe an-houre hence, : God give your worship musicke, content, and rest.

Exeunt.

ACTVS V. SCENA I.

Enter Franciscina, Sir Lyonell, Tisefew, with Officers.

Fran. **Y**OU bin very velcome to mine shambra,

Sir Li. But how know ye, how are ye assur'd, Both of the deed, and of his safe returne?

Fran. O Myn-here, Ick sall tell you, mette *Malheureux* Came all bretteffe running a my shambra,

His

The Dutch Courtezan.

His sword all bloody : he tell a me he had kill *Frevile*,
And pred a me to conceale him : (me.
Ick flatter him, bid bring monies, he should liue & lie with
He vvent vvhilst ick (me hope vidout sins) out of mine
Much loue to *Frevile*, betray him.

Sir Li. Feare not, tis wel: good works get grace for sin.

She conceales them behind the curtaine.

Fran. Dere, peace, rest dere, so softly, all goe in :
De net is laie, now sal ick be revenge.
If dat me knew a dog that *Frevile* loue,
Me would puiffon him ; for know de deepest hell
As a revenging vvomans, nought so fell.

Enter Mary faugh.

Ma. Ho cosen *Frāk*, the party you wot of, *M. Malhereux*.

Fran. Bid him come up, I prede.

Cantat saltatq; cum citibera.

Enter Malhereux.

Fran. O mine here man, a dere liuer Loue,
Mine ten toufant times velcome Loue,
Ha, by my trat, you bin de just, vat sal me say :
Vat seet hony name fall I call you ?

Mal. Any from you is pleasure. Come my loving
Prettinessse, where's thy Chamber ?
I long to touch your sheets.

Fran. No, no, not yet mine seetest soft-lipped loue:
You fall not gulpe downe all delights at once.
Be min trat, dis all-fles-lovers, dis ravenous vvenches
Dat fallow all dovvn hole, vill haue all at one bit,
Fie, fie, fie, be min fait dey doe eat
Comfets vid: spoones.

No, no, Ile make you chew your pleasure vit loue;
“ De more degrees and steps, de more delight,
“ De more endeed is de pleasure hight.

Mal. What you'r a learned wanton, & proceed by art.

Fran. Goe

The Dutch Courtezan.

Fran. Go little vag, pleasure should haue a
Cranes long neck, to rellish de Ambrosia of delight.
And ick pre de tell me, for me loue to heare of manhood
very mush, I fait: Ick prede (vat vas me a saying)
Oh, ick prede tell a me,
Hovv did you killa mettre *Frevile*?

Mal. Why quarreld a set purpose, drew him out,
Singled him, and having th'advantage of my sword,
And might, ran him through and through.

Fran. Vat did you vid him when he vvas stricken?

Mal. I dragd him by the heeles to the next wharfe,
And spurn'd him into the River.

Those in ambush rush forth and take him.

Sir Lio. Seize him, seize him: O monstrous, O ruth-
lesse villaine!

Mal. What meane you Gentlemen? by heaven—

Tiff. Speake not of any thing that's good.

Mal. Your errors giue you passion: *Frevile* liues.

Sir Lio. Thy owne lips say, thou lyest.

Mal. Let me die, if at *Shatewes* the Ieweller, he liues
not safe untoucht.

Tiff. Meane time to strickest guard, to sharpest prison.

Mal. No rudenesse Gentlemen, I ke go undragd.
O wicked, vvicked Devill.

Exit.

Sir Lio. Sir, the day of tryall is this morne,
Lets prosecute the sharpest rigor, and severest end:
“Good men are cruell when th'are vices friend.

Sir Hub. Woman we thank thee with no empty hand,
Strumpets are fit for something. Farewell.

All save Frevile depart.

Frev. I, for hell: O thou unreprivable, beyond all
Measure of Grace damb'd immediatly:
That things of beautie created for sweet use,
Soft comfort, as the very musicke of life,
Custome should make so vnutterable hellish?

O heaven

The Dutch Courtezan.

O heaven, what difference is in women, and their life !
What man, but worthy name of man,
Would leaue the modest pleasures of a lawfull bed,
The holy vnion of two equall hearts,
Mutually holding either deare as health,
The undoubted issues, loyes of chait-sheets,
The unfained embrace of sober Ignorance,
To twine the unhealthfull loynes of common Loues,
The prostituted impudence of things
Senselesse like those by *Cataracks* of Nyle,
“ Their use so vile, takes away sense how vile,
“ To loue a creature, made of blood and hell,
“ Whose use makes weake, whose company doth shame,
“ Whose bed doth begger, issue doth defame.

Enter Francischina.

(Shatewes

Fran. Metre *Freevile* liue : ha, ha, liue at meste
Mush at metre *Shatewes*. *Freevile* is dead, *Malhercux* fall
hang,
And sweet devill, dat *Beatrice* would but run mad, dat
She should but run mad, den me would dance and sing,
Metre *Don Dubon*, me pre yee now goe to Mestres
Beatrice, tell her *Freevile* is sure dad, and dat he
Curse hir selfe, especially for dat he was
Sticke in hir quarrell, swearing in his last gaspe,
Dat if it had bin in mine quarrels,
T would never haue grieved him.

Free. I will.

Fran. Prede doe, and say any ting dat vill vex her.

Free. Let me alone to vex her.

Fran. Vil you, vil you make a her run mad ? here take
Dis ring, sea me scorne to weare any ting dat was hers,
Or his : I prede torment her, Ick cannot loue her,
She honest and vertuous forsooth.

Free. Is she so ? O vile creature ? then let mee alone
with her.

Fran. Vat vill you mak a her mad ? seet by min trat,

Be

The Dutch Courtezan.

Be pretta seruan ; Bush; ick fall goe to bet now.

Frev. Mischiefe whither wilt thou ? O thou teare-lesse Woman, how monstrous is thy devill ?
The end of hell as thee.

How miserable were it to be vertuous, if thou couldst pro-
lle to my loue, the faithfull *Beatrice*, (sper ?

She has wept enough, and faith deare soule, too much.

But yet how sweet it is to thinke,

How deare ones life was to his Lowe, how mourn'd his
Tis joy not to be exprest with breath : (death!

But O, let him that would such passion drinke,

Be quiet of his speech, and only thinke.

Exit.

Enter Beatrice and Crispinella.

Beat. Sister, cannot a woman kill her selfe ? Is it not
lawfull to die, when we should not liue ?

Crisp. O sister, tis a question not for us, vvee must doe
vvhat God vvill.

Beat. What God will ? Alas; cannot torment bee his
glory, or our grieffe his pleasure ? Does not the Nurce
nipple juic'd over with wormwood, bid the child it should
not sucke ? And does not heaven when it hath made our
breath bitter unto us, say we shud not liue ? O my best
sister, to suffer wounds vvhen one may scape this rod, is
against nature, that is against God.

Crisp. Good sister do not make me vveepe: sure *Frevile*
was not false : Ile gage my life that strumpet out of craft
And some close second end, hath malic'd him.

Beat. O sister, if he were not false, whom haue I lost ?
If he were, what grieffe to such unkindnesse :
From head to foot I am all misery;
Onely in this some Iustice I haue found,
My grieffe is like my loue; beyond all bound.

Enter Nurse.

Nurs. My servant, Mr. *Cacature*, desires to visit you.

Crisp. For griefs sake keepe him out; his discourse is like
the long word, *Honorificabilitudinitatibus*, a great deale

The Dutch Courtezan.

of sound and no sense: his company is like a parenthesis to a discourse, you may admit it, or leaue it out, it makes no matter.

Enter Freevile in his disguise.

Free. By your leaue sweet creatures.

Crisp. Sir, all I can yet say of you, is, you are uncivill.

Free. You must deny it: By your sorrowes leaue, I bring some musicke, to make sweet your griefe.

Beat. What ere you please: O breake my heart,
Canst thou yet pant? O dost thou yet suruiue,
Thou didst not loue him, if thou now canst liue.

Freevile sings

O Loue, how strangely sweet
are thy weake Passions,
That loue and ioy should meet
in selfe same fashions.

O who can tell
the cause why this should moue?

But onely this,

no reason aske of Loue.

She swoonds.

Crisp. Hold, peace the gentlest soule is swounded, O my best sister.

Free. Ha, get you gone, close the doores: My *Beatrice*,
Discovers himselfe.

Curst bee my indiscreete trials: O my inmeasurable loving!

Crisp. She stirs, giue aire, she breaths.

Beat. Where am I, ha? how haue I slipt off life?
Am I in heaven? O my Lord, though not loving by our eternall being, yet giue me leaue to rest by thy dead side:
am I not in heaven?

Free. O eternally much loved, recollect your spirits.

Beat. Ha, you doe speake, I doe see you, I doe liue,
I would not dye now: Let me not burst with wonder.

Free.

The Dutch Courtezan.

Free. Call up your blood, I liue to honour you,
As the admired glory of your sexe,
Nor ever hath my loue beene false to you,
Onely I presum'd to try your faith too much,
For which I most am grieved.

Crisp. Brother, I must be plaine with you, you haue wrong'd us.

Free. I am not so covetous to deny it,
But yet when my discourse hath stay'd your quaking,
You will be smoother lip't: and the delight
And satisfaction which we all haue got,
Vnder these strange disguisings, when you know,
You will be mild and quiet, forget at last,
"It is much joy to thinke on sorrowes past.

Beat. Doe you then liue? and are you not untrue?
Let me not dye with joy, pleasure's more extreame
Then grieve, there's nothing sweet to man but meane.

Free. Heaven cannot bee too gracious to such good-
nesse, I shall discourse to you the severall chances; but
harke I must yet rest disguis'd, the sudden close of many
drifts now meet;

"Where pleasure hath some profit, art is sweet.

Enter Tisfifew.

Tyff. Newes, newes, newes, newes.

Crisp. Oysters, oysters, oysters, oysters.

Tyff. Why, is not this well now? Is not this better
then louring, and pouting, and puling, which is hatefull to
the living, and vaine to the dead? Come, come, you must
liue by the quicke, when all is done, and for my owne
part, let my wife laugh at me when I am dead, so sheele
smile upon me whilst I liue: but to see a woman whine,
and yet keepe her eyes dry; mourne, and yet keepe her
cheeks fat: nay, to see a woman claw her husband by the
feete when he is dead, that would haue scratcht him by
the face, when he was living: this now is somewhat ridi-
culous.

The Dutch Courtezan.

Crisp. Lord how you prate.

Tys. And yet I was afraid ifaith, that I should ha seene a Garland on this beauties herse, but time, truth, experience, and varietie, are great doers with women.

Crisp. But whats the newes? the newes I pray you?

Tys. I pray you? nere pray me: for by your leaue you may command me. This tis: the publike Sessions which this day is past, hath doom'd to death ill fortun'd *Malher*.

Crisp. But sir, we heard he offerd to make good, (*reux*. That *Freevile* liu'd at *Shatemers* the Iewellers.

Beat. And that twas but a plot betwixt them two.

Tys. O I, I, he gag'd his life with it, but know, When all approacht the test, *Shateme* deni'd He saw or heard of any such complot, Or of *Freevill*: so that his owne defence, Appear'd so false, that like a mad-mans sword, He stroke his owne heart, he hath the course of law And instantly must suffer: but the Iest (If hanging be a jest) as many make it, Is to take notice of one *Mulligrub*, a sharking Vintner.

Free. What of him sir?

Tys. Nothing but hanging, the whorlone slaue is mad before he hath lost his senses.

Free. Was his fact cleare and made apparant Sir?

Tys. No faith suspitious, for twas thus protested: A cloake was stolne, that cloake he had, he had it Himselfe confest by force, the rest of his defence The collar of a Iustice wrong'd in wine, Ioynd with malignance of some hasty Iurors, (cast. Whose wit was lighted by the Iustice nose, the knaue was But Lord to heare his mone, his prayers, his wishes, His zeale ill timde, and his words unpitied, Would make a dead man rise and smile, Whilst he obseru'd how feare can make men vile.

Crisp. Shall we goe meet the execution?

Beat. I shall be rul'd by you.

Tys. By my troth a rare motion, you must haste,

For

The Dutch Courtezan.

For Male-factors goe like the world upon wheelles.

Bea. Will you man us, you shal be our guid too *Freevile.*

Free. I am your servant.

Tys. Ha servant? zounds I am no companion for Panders, you'r best make him your loue.

Bea. So will I Sir, we must liue by the quicke you say.

Tys. Sdeath a vertue, what a damn'd thing's this?

Who'le trust faire faces, teares, and vowes, Sdeath not I,
She is a woman, that is, she can lye. (ill,

Crisp. Come, come, turne not a man of time, to make al
Whose goodnesse you conceiue not, since the worst of
chance,

Is to craue grace for heedlesse ignorance.

Enter Cocledemoy like a Sargeant. Exeunt.

Cocl. So, I haue lost my Sergeant in an ecliptique mist,
Drunke, horrible drunke, hee is fine: so now will I fit my
selfe, I hope this habit will doe me no harme, I am an
honest man already: fit, fit, fit as a puncks tayle, that
serues every body: By this time my Vintner thinkes of
nothing but hell and sulphur, he farts fire and brimstone
already, hang toasts, the execution approacheth. *Exeunt.*

*Enter Sir Lionell, Sir Hubert, Malhereux piniond,
Tisefew, Beatrice, Freevile, Crisp. Francischina,
and Holberds.*

Mal. I doe not blush, although condemn'd by lawes,
No kind of death is shamefull but the cause:
VWhich I doe know is none, and yet my lust
Hath made the one (although not cause) most just.
May I not be reprimed? *Freevile* is but misloded,
Some lethargie hath seiz'd him, no, much malice,
Doe not lay blood upon your soules with good intents,
Men may doe ill and law sometime repents.

Cocledemoy picks Malhereux pocket of his purse.

Sir Lio. Sir, sir, prepare, vaine is all lewd defence.

The Dutch Courtezan.

Mal. Conscience was law, but now law's conscience,
My endlesse peace is made, and to the poore, my purse,
my purse.

Cocle. I sir, and it shall please you, the poore has your
purse already.

Mal. Thou art a wely-man :
But now thou sourse of devills, how I loth
The very memory of that I ador'd,
He that's of faire blood, well mean'd, of good breeding,
Best fam'd, of sweet acquaintance, and true friends,
And would with desperate impudence lose all these,
And hazard landing at this farall shore,
Let him nere kill, nor steale, but love a whore.

Fran. De man does rave, tinke a got, tinke a got, and
bid de flesh, de vorld, and de dible farewell.

Mal. Farewell. *Freevill discovers himselfe.*

Free. Farewell.

Fran. Vat is't you sea, ha ?

Free. Sir your pardon, with my this defence,
Doe not forget protested violence
Of your low affections ; no requests,
No arguments of reason, no knowne danger,
No assured wicked bloodinesse,
Could draw your heart from this damnation.

Mal. Why stay.

Fran. Vnprosperous devill, vat fall me doe now ?

Free. Therefore to force you from the truer danger,
I wrought the feigned, suffering this faire devill,
In shapes of woman to make good her plot,
And knowing that the hooke was deeply fast,
I gave her line at will, till with her owne vaine strivings
See here shee's tired : O thou comely damnation,
Dost thinke that vice is not to be withstood ?
O what is woman meerely made of blood !

Sir Lyon. You maze us all, let us not bee lost in
darkenesse.

Free. All

The Dutch Courtezan.

Free. All shall be lighted, but this time and place
Forbids longer speech, only what you can thinke
Has been extreamely ill, is only hers.

Sir Ly. To severest prison with her, with what heart
canst live? what eyes behold a face?

Fran. Ick vill not speake, torture, torture your fill,
For me am worse then hang'd, me ha lost my will.

Exit Franciscina with the guard.

Sir Ly. To the extreamest whip and Iayle.

Free. Frolicke, how is it Sirs?

Mal. I am my selfe, how long was't ere I could
Perswade my passion to grow calme to you!
Rich sense makes good bad language, and a friend
Should waigh no action, but the actions end.
I am now worthy yours, when before,
The beast of man, loose bloud distemper'd us,
"He that lust rules cannot be vertuous.

Enter Mulligrub, Mistris Mulligrub, and Officers.

Offic. On afore there, roome for the Prisoners.

Mullig. I pray you doe not leade mee to execution through Cheape-side, I owe *Master Burnish* the Gold-smith money, and I feare hee'l set a Serjeant on my backe for it.

Coel. Trouble not your sconce my christian brothers,
but have an eye unto the maine chance, I will warrant
your shoulders; as for your necke, *Plinius Secundus*, or
Marcus Tullius Cicero, or sombody it is sayes, that a three
fold cord is hardly broken.

Mull. Well, I am not the first honest man that has bin
cast away, and I hope shall not be the last.

Coel. O sir, have a good stomack and mawes, you shall
have a joyfull supper.

The Dutch Courtezan.

Mull. In troth I have no stomacke to it, and it please you take my trencher, I use to fast at nights.

Mrs. O husband, I little thought you should have come to think on God thus soon; nay, and you had bin hangd deservedly, it would never have grieved me, I have known of many honest innocent men have bin hangd deservedly, but to be cast away for nothing.

Cocl. Good woman hold your peace, your prittles and your prattles, your bibbles and your babbles, for I pray you heare me in private, I am a widdower, and you are almost a widdow, shall I be welcome to your houses, to your tables, and your other things?

Mrs. I have a piece of mutton, and a feather-bed for you at all times, I pray make hast.

Mull. I doe here make my confession, If I owe any man any thing, I doe hartily forgive him; If any man owe me any thing, let him pay my wife.

Cocl. I will looke to your wives payment I warrant you.

Mull. And now good yoke-fellow leave thy poore *Mulligrub.*

Mrs. Nay then I were unkind ifaith, I will not leave you untill I see you hang'd.

Cocle. But brothees, brothers, you must thinke of your sinnes and iniquities, you have beene a broacher of prophane vessells, you haue made us drinke of the juice of the whore of Babylon, for whereas good Ale, *Perrys, Bragets, Siders & Metheglins*, was the true ancient *Brittish* and *Trojane* drinkes, you ha brought in *Popish Wines, Spanish Wines, French Wines, tam Marti quam Mercurio*, both *Muscadine* and *Malmesey*, to the subversion, staggering, and sometimes overthrow of many a good Christian: You ha beene a great Iumbler, O remember the sinnes of your nights, for your night-works ha bin unsavory in the tast of your Customers.

Mull. I confesse, I confesse, and I forgive as I would bee

The Dutch Curtezan.

be forgiven. Doe you know one *Cocledemoy*?

Cocle. O very well: know him? an honest man he is and a comly, an upright dealer with his neighbours, and their wiues speake good things of him.

Mullig. VVell, vvheresoere hee is, or vvhatsoere hee is, Ile take it on my death hee's the cause of my hanging, I heartily forgiue him, and if he would come foorth he might saue me, for he onely knowes the why, and the vvherefore.

Cocle. You doe from your hearts, and midrifs, & intrals forgiue him then, you will not let him rot in rusty Irons, procure him to be hangd in lowlie linnen without a song, and after he is dead, pisse on his graue.

Mull. That hard heart of mine has procur'd all this, but I forgiue as I would be forgiven.

Cocle. Hang tofts, my worshipfull *Mulligrub*, behold thy *Cocledemoy*, my fine Vintner, my catastrophomicall fine boy, behold and see.

Tiff. Blisse a the blessed, who would but looke for two knaues heere?

Cocle. No knaue worshipfull friend, no knaue, for obserue, honest *Cocledemoy* restores whatsoere he has got, to make you know, that whatsoere he has done, has bin onely *Euphoniae gratia*, for Wits sake: I acquit this Vintner as hee has acquitted mee; all has bin done for *Emphases* of wit my fine boy, my worshipfull friends.

Tiff. Goe, you are a flattering knaue.

Cocle. I am so, tis a good thriving trade, it comes forward better then the seven liberall Sciences, or the nine Cardinall Vertues, which may well appeare in this, you shall never haue flattering knaue turne Courtier: and yet I haue read of many Courtiers that haue turned flattering knaues.

Sir Hub. Wast even but so? why then all's well.

Mull. I could even weepe for joy.

Mi. Mul. I could weep too, but God knowes for what.

Tiff. Heres

The Dutch Courtezan.

Tisse. Here's another tack to be given, your sonne and daughter.

Sir Hub. Ist possible? heart I, all my heart, will you be joynd here?

Tiff. Yes faith father, marriage and hanging are spun both in one houre.

Coclede. Why then my worshipfull good friends, I bid my selfe most heartily welcome to your merry Nuptialls, and wanton jigga-joggies: And now my very fine *Heli-conian* Gallants, and you my Worshipfull friends in the middle Region:

If with content our hurtlesse mirth hath been,

Let your pleas'd minds as our much care be seene:

For he shall find that flights such triviall wit,

'Tis easier to reprove, then better it:

We scorne to feare, and yet we feare to swell,

Wee doe not hope 'tis best: 'tis all, if well. *Exeunt.*

FINIS.

